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This paper marks the first appearance in The Bookman of the distinguished professor of French literature at Harvard who has been characterized as "perhaps the most powerful mind, as he is certainly the most vigorous personality, in the whole range of American criticism and scholarship". Professor Babbitt is the author of five books: "Literature and the American College", "The New Laokoon", "The Masters of Modern French Criticism", "Rousseau and Romanticism", "Democracy and Leadership".

THREE POEMS — V. SACKVILLE-WEST — 125

Besides several novels and other volumes, Miss Sackville-West has published three books of poetry: "Poems of West and East", "Orchard and Vineyard" and "The Land". The last was a Hawthornden prize winner in 1927.

FORM AND THE NOVEL — GILBERT SELDES — 128

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Mr. Nock has been wandering about France in the footsteps of that great Frenchman, François Rabelais. The present paper deals with Chinon, Rabelais's early home. Later papers will cover most of the important centers of French life in the Sixteenth Century.

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HAMLIN GARLAND

Whose "Roadside Meetings of a Literary Nomad" begins in this issue.

Dear reader:

You will notice that four continuing features begin in this issue of your magazine. I want to say a few words by way of introduction.

1. Ask yourself, as I did, what living American author could tell the most interesting story of books and writers if he let his mind wander back over the years. I think you will agree with me that no one else's story could have the richness of Hamlin Garland's, who has known every figure of consequence in American letters for fifty years, besides being himself in the front rank of interpreters of our national life. Roadside Meetings of a Literary Nomad will run through the next eight issues.

2. Albert Jay Nock is paying off the principal literary debt of his life: to François Rabelais. Mr. Nock has long been engaged on a complete new edition of Rabelais's work. At present he is burying himself in Rabelais's France and reliving the torrential life of that great Frenchman. The record of his adventure will give you "literary travel" articles of a new sort.

3. In your irreverent moments you will turn and return, I think, to the superb literary fooling which H. W. Hanemann has achieved by making popular authors

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take up the current craze for biographies. Next month he will induce Edgar Wallace to tell the complexly gruesome story of the Borgias.

4. In Chronicle and Comment a department is being revived which began in the first number of THE BOOKMAN in 1895 and continued for nearly twenty-five years. In the old volumes of the magazine its photographs and running commentary constitute the richest existing record of the period. That was a comparatively quiet era in American literature; surely these more turbulent days cry aloud for just such an independent and authoritative monthly survey.

No space is left for me to tell you more of the material that has been arranged for future issues. These samples should make it clear that in the coming year THE BOOKMAN's own high standards will be surpassed.

Faithfully yours,

Seward Collins

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Biography

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY YOUTH *by Ernest Renan* (HOUGHTON MIFFLIN. $4.00)

Two defects characterize Renan and his recollections. He indulges his Romantic inclination to poeticize his youth, citing the precedent of Goethe's *Dichtung und Wahrheit.* This does not, however, obscure Renan's courage and progress, or much impair the pleasantness of his memories. The second defect is more serious: out of deference to a comparatively unimportant propriety he does not describe the influence of his sister Henriette, a notable character, a main force in his development. Instead he refers the reader to a privately printed sketch, which is still practically inaccessible. By this omission he leaves the recollections incomplete, indeed half empty and ruins the biography as a record of a spiritual struggle.

JEFFERSON—FRIEND OF FRANCE *by Meade Minnigerode* (PUTNAM. $5.00)

JEFFERSON was not a friend of the French Revolution, but of himself. The point of the title is this: the illusion that Jefferson was a lover of Democracy hastened and embittered the failure, in America, of Citizen Genêt, Minister Plenipotentiary from France to the United States, 1792-1794. In 1797 he wrote Jefferson a long and very outspoken letter on the subject. Mr. Minnigerode elaborates that memorial with picturesque details and shrewd qualifications. He has had the advantage of the use of much hitherto unstudied and unpublished correspondence.

THE WORLD'S DELIGHT *by Fulton Oursler* (HARPERS. $2.00)

MR. OURSLER has yielded himself, heart and mind and a little over, to the personality of Adah Isaacs Menken, one-time circus rider in Texas, who later flashed meteor-like across the theatrical and artistic skies of London and Paris in the 'sixties. To qualify this fictional biography as "romantic" would be to understate the fervor with which the author has portrayed the mistress of Swinburne and Dumas *père.* The more realistically minded might claim that Adah Menken was a restless adventuress and by way of being a specialist in love; in Mr. Oursler's idiom, however, her restlessness becomes the pursuit of a poetic dream and her amatory episodes the glorious, glamorous abandon of a passionate woman. But the stage is well peopled and the scenery excellently designed; if one sits back and gives way to the excitement and fury of three hours' reading, there is every conceivable chance of satisfying enjoyment.

The Social Sciences

THE MIGHTY MEDICINE *by Franklin H. Giddings* (MACMILLAN. $2.00)

THE education of today, in which the modern man places his faith as unquestioningly as the savage placed his in magic, "is descended from magic in the direct male line", says Professor Giddings. One of its present functions is to combat unreasoning superstition and occultism, twin offspring of the same mighty medicine which used their half-brother, education, to perpetuate their fear of the unknowable. "Little by little, science has found ways and means to make visible . . . a thousand things once believed to be eternally unknowable," Professor Giddings points out. Through modern education, science seeks, sometimes against tremendous odds, to impart its discoveries to youth and to impress its mark upon its members, teaching them what to believe, what to accept, what to reject. Some are taught to believe in the newer discoveries of science, others are held to the dark tenets of the occult. The controversy between these two

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ARE WE CIVILIZED? *by Robert H. Lowie* (HARCOURT, BRACE. $3.00)

MR. LOWIE has made his book both accurate and popular. In his discussion of human culture, he describes domestic practices, social institutions, fads and fashions, art, religion and education as they are found in all parts of the world. He presents in interesting juxtaposition variations in custom, folkway and ritual, in language, ethics and scientific accomplishment. Looking back upon the cultural history of mankind, Mr. Lowie concludes that we have come far from our simian forebears but that we are still savages very close to our skins; "to say that we are savage is to say that we are human". He is willing to answer his title-question affirmatively if to be civilized means to have overcome countless natural obstacles. Ethically, though, we are still "human".

THE SALESLADY *by Frances R. Donovan* (UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS. $3.00)

NOT REMARKABLE, but at least unusual, this sociological study of the sales "girls" in two New York department stores reads like a novel. Having worked and lived, for two summers, with sales people in McElroy's (Macy's) and Harold's (Saks-Fifth Avenue) Mrs. Donovan has come to know her colleagues in the dress and hand-bag departments well. She has set down the procedure through which one must go before one is assigned to a position; she has described the type of training for selling, filling out sales slips and getting merchandise wrapped; she pictures, with amusement as well as discernment, the "politics" of inter-departmental competition. She has visited her friends in their homes and at their vacation resorts; she has met their beaux, their husbands, their dependent children. Out of her experiences, she has threaded a bright tapestry of their lives.

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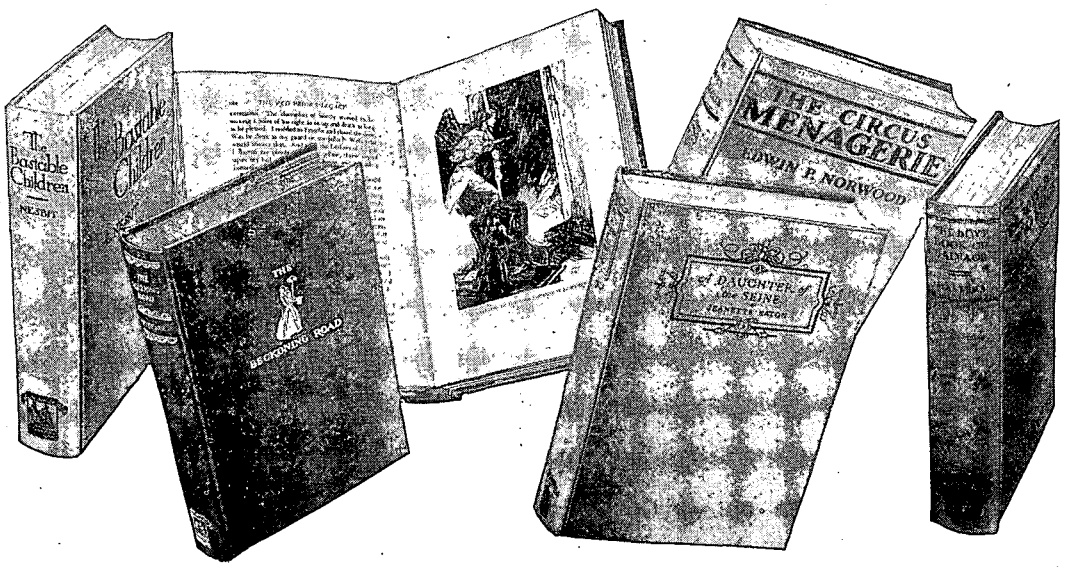

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MAN is a highly complex mechanism, with many functions and many products, with many variations and many problems. These problems are viewed mechanistically throughout Professor Herrick's volume. Man as a machine has developed naturally according to the doctrines of emergent evolution. He functions, in physical and emotional, as well as in spiritual behavior, according to definite laws, the nature of which is not clearly known. His behavior is scientifically discernible and should be viewed functionally. So viewed, it becomes readily changeable. That which can be changed may be improved.

THE ART OF STRAIGHT THINKING *by Edwin Leavitt Clarke* (APPLETON. $3.00)

PROFESSOR CLARKE examines prejudice as one of the obstacles to scientific research and suggests preventive measures for overcoming it. He warns, by apt illustrations, against the flaws of deductive logic. In the last section of his book, Professor Clarke discusses ways and means whereby the student of social problems may assemble his data, pointing out reliable sources of information and waving him away from propaganda-promoting individuals and institutions.

HEREDITY AND PARENTHOOD *by Samuel C. Schmucker* (MACMILLAN. $2.50)

IN simple prose, Professor Schmucker presents the wealth of biological knowledge upon which rest many of the current theories of heredity. He discusses the Mendelian law and the rôle of the genes in determining heritable characteristics; he explains the inheritability of physical malformations due to defects in germ plasm and the non-inheritability of such scourges as disease and alcoholism. He explains, clearly, that children may and do inherit predispositions to typical maladies and constitutional weaknesses which may offer no resistance to the temptations of drink and other vicious, habit-forming stimulants. He includes, among many other topics, criminality and general health, the biology of parenthood from unicellular organisms to man, the biological basis of romance and the social as well as the biological problems of the spinster and bachelor. The book is recommended to those who would renew or acquire an acquaintance with modern biology.

MAN'S SOCIAL DESTINY IN THE LIGHT OF SCIENCE *by Charles A. Ellwood* (COKESBURY. $2.00)

EVEN if the social tendencies of the present are to be regarded pessimistically, Professor Ellwood believes that "there are . . . scientific grounds for our faith in the possibility and probability of a better human world". Just as science has probed the physical world, so may it organize and test social, political and religious knowledge and help to solve "the great problem before our civilization . . . the raising of the general level of culture of the masses along these lines as quickly as it can be done".

WHAT IS RIGHT WITH MARRIAGE *by Robert C. Binkley and Frances Williams Binkley* (APPLETON. $2.50)

MR. AND MRS. BINKLEY define marriage as a personal relationship of considerable intimacy which is "permanent . . . not transferable . . . variable . . . free . . . comprehensive". Marriage, they say, creates a natural family of two, whose true function it is to nurture the affection which has prompted the man and woman to marry. Such a family meets with many problems. Who shall dominate? Shall there be children? Shall sex monopoly be the foundation of its existence or is it to rest on some system of freedom in sex contacts?

THE STORY OF THE RED MAN *by Flora Warren Seymour* (LONGMANS, GREEN. $5.00)

THE student of American Indian history should find this book valuable. It is a chronological account of the struggle of the Red Man with his own kind and his white "brother", from the arrival of Columbus in the Caribbean to the dying down of the last Sioux fires. Names dear to American boys stalk through the pages —the Oneida, the Tuscarora, the Onondaga, Tecumseh, Jo Brant, Black Eagle, Sitting Bull,

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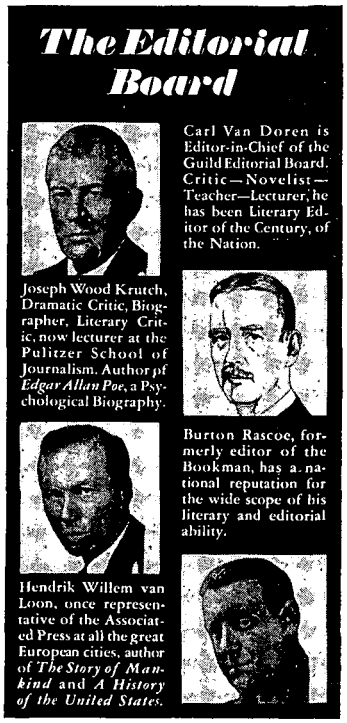

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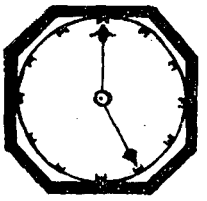

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MANHATTAN MEN *by Alfred Kreymborg* (COWARD-MCCANN. $2.00)

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I ride the great black horses of my heart
With reins of steel across their flying hair;
So slow are they to halt, so swift to start,
The stormy breasted stallions of despair.

THE LADY IS COLD *by E. B. W.* (HARPERS. $2.00)

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THE HEART'S JOURNEY *by Siegfried Sassoon* (HARPERS. $2.00)

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Miscellaneous

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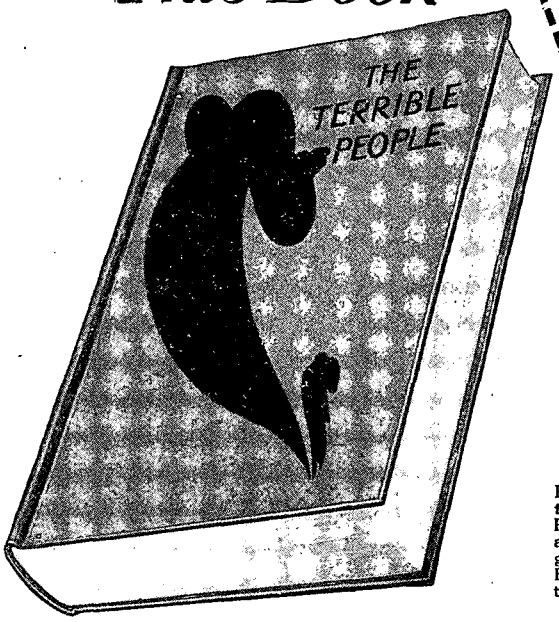

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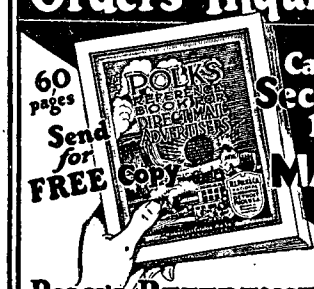

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ticular pretensions except accuracy he tells stories that make most of the present "hard-boiled" fiction seem soft or rotten. In economy and hardness he could give its producers a new idea of excellence. While their prose is redolent of Paris and *transition*, his book implies the Western plains and mountains, where he has lived, their special horses, guns, and fighting men, the barbarous vigor of the recent Western frontier.

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WITH all the flavor of an informal talk, in which form the material obviously first appeared, Mr. Lucas here deals with the seventeenth-century Dutch painter, Jan Vermeer. The web of mystery that surrounds the artist's career and the fate of some of his pictures has ensnared Mr. Lucas as much as perfect artistry has charmed him. It is unfortunate that at least one of the sixteen reproductions could not have been made in color, for while Vermeer's rare quality of light and the perfection of his draughtmanship shine through the sepia, the full glory of his work is not made visible.

ACROSS THE GULF *by Ralph Fletcher Seymour* (ALDERBRINK PRESS. $7.50)

THIS beautifully made book in its attractive typography and well-executed illustrations, tells an interesting tale of the author's travels through Yucatan, his experiences with the natives and his reaction to the awe-inspiring relics of the ancient Maya civilization. The author's sensitivity to color, in both places and people, is imparted to the reader in several excellent descriptions.

THE WORLD'S MASTERS (RUDGE. PAPER BOUND, $.40; CLOTH BOUND, $.75)

IN A half dozen volumes dealing with the work of Rubens, Velasquez, El Greco, Gainsborough, Cézanne and Dürer, *The Studio* of London presents and William Edwin Rudge distributes the first of a new series of interest to artists. Each small volume is prefaced by biographical and bibliographical notes and contains two dozen photogravure reproductions of the master's work. In each case, a slight critical comment by such English critics as Anthony Bertram and R. Gleadowe is included.

Fiction

STEPPENWOLF *by Hermann Hesse.* (HOLT. $2.50)

NO REVIEW, whatever its length, could ever do justice to this amazing book. To sum up its contents by saying that it is the introspective study of Harry Haller, an elderly man who has lived all his life among his books in the regions of the sublime, and is then drawn into the swirling vortex of the modern world, sounds as bare a statement as describing *Hamlet* as the story of a man who revenges his father's murder. *Steppenwolf*—Wolf of the Steppes—is the product of one of the most cultured and sensitive of contemporary German writers whose view of the automobile age, the jazz madness and the modern world to which "thought is in direct antagonism" is expressed in language majestic and biting and, at times, transcendental. "A book for madmen by a madman" will be the verdict of those whose taste inclines towards the snugly comfortable, but for anyone who is not afraid of being disturbed and who strives towards a sympathetic understanding of modern intellectual Germany, *Steppenwolf* is indispensable.

SWORD IN THE SOUL *by Roger Chauvire* (LONGMANS, GREEN. $2.50)

ROGER CHAUVIRE must have lived a great many years in Ireland to have acquired so vast and sympathetic a knowledge of the relations between the British and the Irish residents in that unhappy country. The story, translated by Ernest Boyd, is the conflict between Sir Francis Hackville, an English landowner, and Francis Hackville, a friend of Dermott and Ireland. When the rebellion breaks out, Francis has to decide between his love for Beatrice Austin and her English friends, and his sense of justice, which has been played on by the rebel leader, Dermott O'Donoghue.

Ostracized by the British, and excluded from their clubs, he has to find consolation in ardent patriots like Dermott and Father Tim. For a

(CONTINUED ON PAGE XXIX)

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COLERIDGE AND THE MODERNS

by Irving Babbitt

A STRIKING feature of the whole modern movement has been its passion for origins. Tendencies that in other respects diverge widely agree in the assumption that, not the end as Aristotle asserts, but the beginning is "the chief thing of all". One may detect at least this likeness between the man of science who scoffs at the very idea of final causes and seeks to get back to electrons or chromosomes, and the primitivist who has a predilection for "art's spring-birth so dim and dewy" and sets "the budding rose above the rose full blown". We no longer believe in the nobility of the savage, but still hope, under the obsession of evolutionary theory, to derive our chief enlightenment regarding the human race itself from an endless prying into prehistory. Similarly, in dealing with the individual, we delve in the depths of the subliminal self and incline to interpret maturity in terms of childhood. Here again the backward glance is a bond between points of view that, at first sight, seem utterly dissimilar. At the very age, for example, when the child is hailed by Wordsworth as "mighty prophet, seer blest", he is most likely, according to Freud, developing an "Œdipus complex".

This passion for origins has been especially conspicuous for several generations past in both the creation and the critical study of art and literature. It has at last made possible a work like the recent important volume on Coleridge by Professor John Livingston Lowes.* The search for sources—in this case the sources of "The Ancient Mariner" and "Kubla Khan"—has perhaps never been carried on more competently. In tracking Coleridge's immense and recondite reading Professor Lowes has displayed an industry little short of prodigious. He has claims to be regarded as the most accomplished of literary sleuths. He has devoted well over four hundred pages of his book to building up the background of two short poems, not to speak of a hundred and fifty pages of notes which are, in his own phrase, "securely kenneled in the rear". Moreover, he does not mean that his investigation should cater merely to learned curiosity. He has related it to another main preoccupation of our time—that with

* *The Road to Xanadu, A Study in the Ways of the Imagination* (Houghton Mifflin, 1927).

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subliminal psychology—in the hope of thus throwing light on the mystery of the creative imagination itself.

Professor Lowes distinguishes three stages in the creative process. The first stage is conscious: the fixing of the attention on some particular field and the accumulation of material that bears upon it. In the second and, it would seem, essential stage the material thus accumulated sinks into the region of the subliminal self and there enters into new and unexpected associations. Professor Lowes seeks to show how in "The Ancient Mariner" and "Kubla Khan" the images that Coleridge had derived from his multifarious reading, especially of books of travel, were thus magically modified in the "deep well of unconscious cerebration". The view of creative genius that has been popular ever since the Eighteenth Century has encouraged emphasis on the unconscious and the spontaneous, more or less at the expense of the purposeful. Thus Ruskin writes of Turner: "He only did right when he ceased to reflect; was powerful only when he made no effort, and successful only when he had taken no aim". In much the same vein Emerson declares of the Parthenon and the Gothic cathedrals: "These temples grew as grows the grass"(!). Even the partisan of a pure spontaneity cannot, however, if one is to believe Professor Lowes, afford to be ignorant. An ample preliminary enrichment of the mind is desirable, if only that the unconscious may have something to work upon.

The third stage of the creative process recognized by Professor Lowes is, like the first, conscious. However magically the material supplied by the unconscious may have been modified, it is still more or less inchoate. It is only by an effort, deliberate though still imaginative, that it can be fashioned into a harmonious whole. The "shaping spirit of imagination" has thus presided over "The Ancient Mariner", whereas it is absent from "Kubla Khan". This latter poem may indeed be regarded as the most notable example in literature of creation that has not got beyond the second stage; at least if one accept the usual belief, based on Coleridge's own statements, that it came to him precisely in its present form as a fragment of an opium-dream.

One may grant that Professor Lowes's account of the "ways of the imagination" is relevant to the two poems he has studied and yet ask if he has not exaggerated its general relevancy. He says in his preface that he does not propose to consider whether "The Ancient Mariner" is classic or romantic or whether it meets the Aristotelian test of high seriousness. Actually, he has answered these very questions by implication in the body of the book when he mentions the poetical Coleridge in the same breath with Homer, Dante and Milton and uses the phrase "supreme imaginative vision" in connection with "The Ancient Mariner". My own endeavor will be to show that the imagination displayed in "The Ancient Mariner" is qualitatively different from that displayed in poetry that may rightly be regarded as highly serious. The whole problem has an importance transcending Coleridge and his influence, far-reaching though that influence has been. The imagination, as Pascal puts it, disposes of everything—even of religion, to an extent that Pascal himself would probably have been loath to admit. The importance of the subject is, however, equalled only by its difficulty. The chief difficulty is that "imagination" belongs to a class of words, unhappily tending to increase, that have been used in so many meanings that they have almost ceased to have any meaning. One's first temptation is simply to banish words of this type from one's vocabulary. A saner procedure is to strive for more accurate definition, definition which, if it is to be valid, should be based first of all on a broad historical survey of what the general term under consideration actually has meant.*

* Useful material will be found in *The Theory of Imagination in Classical and Medieval Thought* (1928) by M. W. Bundy. A second volume is promised that will cover the modern period.

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What one discovers in dealing in this fashion with the word imagination is that it has in the past been used primarily to describe the various impressions of sense or else a faculty that was supposed to store up these impressions. It therefore gives only appearances and not reality, as is implied indeed in the very etymology of the Greek word *(phantasia)* of which the Latin *imaginatio* is a rendering. Here is a main source of the persistent suspicion and disparagement of the imagination that can be traced from early Greek times to the Eighteenth Century. When St. Bonaventura, for example, says that the "soul knows God without the support of the outer senses" he merely means to affirm that man is not dependent for his perception of religious truth on the imagination.

The association of imagination or phantasy with mere appearance no doubt explains why Aristotle does not employ the word at all in his *Poetics*. For poetry, he tells us, that is to be accounted highly serious, must penetrate beyond the impressions of sense to the universal. To be sure, this universal is not achieved directly, but only with the aid of "myth" or fiction. Goethe showed that he had caught Aristotle's meaning perfectly, an achievement of which few modern critics have been capable, when he said that great poetry gives us "the illusion of a higher reality".

Moreover the art of representative fiction, as Aristotle conceives it, is intensely dramatic. To imitate the universal means practically to depict human actions not at random but with reference to some sound scale of ethical values. Centrality of vision is necessary if poetry is to have "probability", if, in other words, it is to disengage true unity and purpose from the welter of the actual. But though Aristotle's prime emphasis is in poetry and elsewhere on purpose, he recognizes man's almost insatiable craving for the marvellous. The more wonder the better, he seems to say, provided it does not involve an undue sacrifice of truth to the universal. Tragedy that has with the aid of representative fiction or significant illusion succeeded in portraying the universal through the particular, tends to raise the spectator to its own level and, as a result of this enlargement of spirit, to relieve him of what is merely petty and personal in his own emotions. This is the true catharsis, the "calm of mind, all passion spent", that Milton has, with the intuition of a great poet, rendered so admirably at the end of "Samson Agonistes".

The neo-classic theorist made much of Aristotelian probability but tended to divorce it from illusion. Fiction in the sense of illusion came to be associated with certain forms of romantic extravagance that had their source in a one-sided quest of wonder. Moreover, the word imagination came to be applied to fiction of this eccentric type. Here is another main source of the distrust of the imagination that prevailed until about the middle of the Eighteenth Century. Dr. Johnson, for example, holds that the poet should aim at the "grandeur of generality", but, so far from agreeing with Aristotle that the poet can come at this generality only with the aid of fiction, he displays the usual neo-classic suspicion of fiction and imagination. He felt that he himself had suffered serious harm from fiction, especially from his early reading of medieval romances.

At all events imitation had in Johnson's day ceased to seem creative; it suggested rather an uninspired copying of models. At the same time there prevailed a dry and didactic interpretation of probability and catharsis, that, as I have said, took little account of illusion. Yet Voltaire himself had declared that "illusion is the queen of the human heart". The neo-classic inadequacy at this point was a chief factor in the rise of the romantic movement. The inception of the movement was marked by the appearance of a new phrase, the "creative imagination". This creativeness was associated not with imitation but with spontaneity, which came to mean practically emotional spontaneity. Fur-

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thermore the movement speedily took on a primitivistic coloring.

The Eighteenth Century theorists of originality and genius thus prepared the way for Wordsworth's definition of poetry as "the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings", and for the closely related idea that this overflow is most likely to be found in peasants and other simple folk who are still close to "nature". Wordsworth, however, goes beyond the earlier primitivists by reinterpreting, largely it would seem under the influence of Coleridge, the word imagination. Imagination in the older sense of fiction, whether probable or improbable, he disparages. He himself lacked what he terms the "human and dramatic imagination", but felt he had something better in the "enthusiastic and meditative imagination". The imagination to which he accords his homage is not only "Reason in her most exalted mood" but the faculty that enables one, in contradistinction to the more or less arbitrary associations of mere "fancy", to achieve a true spiritual unity, not to be sure immediately but mediately through the objects of sense. For the Wordsworth of "Tintern Abbey", God is, in M. Legouis's phrase, a "gift of the senses", a position radically opposed to that which appears in the sentence of St. Bonaventura I have just quoted. Wordsworth has coined for his imaginative blending of himself with the landscape the phrase "a wise passiveness". But can one regard this imaginative blending as meditative? Genuine meditation requires effort. One may speak properly of the *act* of recollection but not of the act of revery; and it is pantheistic revery that "Tintern Abbey" plainly encourages. At all events, a striking feature of Wordsworth's poetical theory and, to no small degree, of his practice, is his dissociation of the imagination from effort or action in either the ordinary dramatic or the religious sense.

For the relationship he establishes between sight and insight and the resulting facility with which he reads a transcendental significance into the "meanest flower that blows", Wordsworth was, as I have said, indebted to Coleridge, who was in turn indebted to the Germans; though as to the exact extent of the indebtedness in either case it is well not to be too dogmatic. One would therefore have anticipated that Coleridge in his treatment of imagination and kindred topics in the *Biographia Literaria* would be in accord with Wordsworth. Coleridge would not, however, be the baffling figure he is if such were entirely the case. In the earlier chapters of this work he does indeed set out to define imagination in a way that would apparently have confirmed Wordsworth at essential points, but tends to get lost in what he himself terms "the holy jungle of transcendental metaphysics". One is reminded by all this portion of the *Literary Life* of Carlyle's inimitable account of Coleridge's conversation at Highgate: if anyone asked him a question, Carlyle reports, instead of answering it, or decidedly setting out towards an answer of it, he would "accumulate formidable apparatus, logical swim-bladders, transcendental life-preservers and other precautionary and vehiculatory gear for setting out". After much preparation of this kind in the *Literary Life,* he seems in chapter thirteen to be getting under way at last; but just at this point someone writes him a letter (the someone as we know now was Coleridge himself) warning him that he is getting beyond the depth of his public and advising him to reserve his more recondite considerations for his work on the Logos (which was of course never written). Whereupon Coleridge turns from Schelling and the Germans to Aristotle.

The result of this escape from the "jungle" is a sudden increase in clarity. There arises out of the transcendental haze one of "the balmy sunny islets of the blest and the intelligible" that, according to Carlyle, also emerged at times in Coleridge's conversation. Indeed the chapters in which Coleridge deals on Aristotelian grounds with the paradoxes into which Wordsworth had been betrayed

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by his primitivism constitute the chief islet of this kind to be found in his prose writings. Thus (if I may be pardoned for summarizing material so familiar) Coleridge, having laid down the principle that poetry requires an "involution of the universal in the individual" proceeds to apply this principle to "The Excursion". Wordsworth has in this poem put sublime philosophic discourse in the mouth of a peddler. Some particular peddler may be sublime, Coleridge retorts, but peddlers as a class are not sublime. The peddler of "The Excursion" is a possible but not a probable peddler. Again, a child of six who is a "mighty prophet" can scarcely be regarded as a representative child. Coleridge objects in like Aristotelian fashion to Wordsworth's assertion that the true language of poetry is to be found on the lips of dalesmen who enjoy the advantage of contact with the "beautiful and permanent forms of nature". Excellence of speech, Coleridge replies in substance, is a product of conscious culture. So far as the dalesmen possess it, it has come to them, not as an emanation of the landscape, but as a result above all of their reading of the Bible. Wordsworth was right in rejecting the "gaudiness and inane phraseology" that had arisen from the imposition on poetry of the artificial decorum of a social class. But there is a true as well as an artificial decorum. Though the poet should eschew mere polite prejudice, he cannot afford to neglect in his choice of words their conventional associations, as Wordsworth, a recluse with a defective sense of humor, was at times too prone to do. The intrusion of words with trivial associations into serious verse will produce on readers the effect of "sudden and unpleasant sinkings from the height to which the poet had previously lifted them". Wordsworth is also guilty at times of a somewhat different type of indecorum—namely of using "thoughts and images too great for the subject". This latter type of disproportion Coleridge terms "mental bombast".

Though Coleridge's critique of Wordsworth is thus Aristotelian in its details, transcendentalism would seem to reappear in its conclusion; and transcendentalism is a doctrine that mixes about as well with that of Aristotle as oil with water. "Last and preeminently," he says, "I challenge for this poet [*i.e.* Wordsworth] the gift of IMAGINATION in the highest and strictest sense of the word". If Coleridge had been a more thorough-going Aristotelian, he might have found that the chief source of "mental bombast" in Wordsworth arises from the disproportionate significance that he had been led by his transcendental philosophy to attach to natural appearances; when, for example, he exclaims, on his discovery of the small celandine, that he will "make a stir, like a sage astronomer". The stir would seem justified only in case it could be shown that, through imaginative communion with the small celandine, he attained a real spiritual unity. But what proof is there of the reality of a communion achieved in that way? One may perhaps best reply in the words of Coleridge:

> Oh, William, we receive but what we give
> And in our life alone does nature live.

In that case the nature with which one communes is not nature as known to the impartial observer but merely a projection of one's own mood on outer objects—in other words, a form of the pathetic fallacy. It follows that the unity thus achieved is not real but fanciful, so that the distinction between imagination and fancy that both Wordsworth and Coleridge strove to establish breaks down at the center.

Compared with the poetry that portrays action through the medium of fiction with reference to normal experience, communion with nature of the transcendental sort would appear to be only a new and fascinating mode of escape. The need of escape is deep-seated and universal and has been satisfied in manners manifold in the literature of the past. One would not, indeed, err greatly in choosing as epigraph for about nine-tenths of this

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literature these lines of Emily Dickinson:

> I never hear the word "escape"
> Without a quicker blood,
> A sudden expectation,
> A flying attitude.

The chief instrument of escape is the imagination—a certain quality of imagination. One need not quarrel with imagination of this quality when it shows itself frankly for what it is. It becomes dubious only when put at the basis of what purports to be idealism or even religion. This form of self-deception has flourished especially in connection with our modern return to nature. Thus Rousseau writes: "My soul wanders and soars in the universe on the wings of imagination in ecstasies that surpass every other enjoyment". The results that follow from indulging this type of imagination are scarcely of a kind to satisfy either the humanist or the man of science. The wandering and soaring, they would agree, are for the most part, not in the universe, but in the tower of ivory. Similarly the "liberty" and "intensest love" to which Coleridge lays claim as a result of "shooting his being through earth, sea and air" are accomplished only in dreamland. Like the Wordsworth of "Tintern Abbey", Coleridge is setting up in this passage of "France: An Ode", pantheistic revery as a substitute for true meditation.

This is not of course the whole truth about either Wordsworth or Coleridge. There is more in a poem like "Tintern Abbey" than the "egotistical sublime" of which Keats accused Wordsworth. There is at times genuine sublimity. Wordsworth associates, however, this elevation more or less arbitrarily with the "light of setting suns", thus encouraging a confusion between spiritual and esthetic perception.* As a matter of fact, the first person who seems to have done justice esthetically to the light of setting suns is "the notorious ribald of Arezzo", Aretino (Letter to Titian, May, 1544).

There is, again, in Coleridge an element of genuine religious vision. He seems singularly different, however, in the total impression he produces, from the religious teachers of the past. These teachers, whether a St. Bernard or a Buddha, are as energetic and purposeful as the head of some great industrial enterprise in our own time, though, one scarcely need add, in an entirely different way; whereas one can scarcely find in the whole annals of literature another personality so richly endowed as Coleridge and at the same time so rudderless. According to the familiar anecdote, he could not even determine which side of the garden walk would suit him best, but corkscrewed back and forth from one side to the other. There is more here than the ordinary contrast between the willingness of the spirit and the weakness of the flesh. His irresoluteness is related in at least some measure to his primitivism —above all to his notion that genius is shown primarily in a capacity for sinking "back again into the childlike feeling of devout wonder". It is no doubt true, as Mencius remarked long ago, that the great man is he who has not lost his child's heart; but it is also true that greatness appears in the power to impose on life a masculine purpose. It is not easy to estimate the precise proportion of primitivistic to genuinely religious elements in Coleridge himself. Regarding his major influence, it is possible to speak more confidently. This influence has, in Walter Pater's phrase, been a "part of the long pleading of German culture for the things behind the veil". Practically this has meant an interest in the elusive phenomena that are off the center of normal consciousness; the very phenomena, in short, to which Professor Lowes had devoted so much attention. As a result of his preoccupation with these crepuscular regions Coleridge impressed at times those who approached him as almost somnambu-

* In a notable volume, *The Cycle of Modern Poetry* (Princeton University Press, 1929) G. R. Elliott has shown that the poetic imagination has been largely dominated during the past century by Wordsworth's pantheistic myth of a "spirit" that "rolls through all things".

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listic.* The picture Peacock has drawn of him in "Nightmare Abbey" with his curtains drawn at midday and sprinkling salt on the candle to make the light burn blue has at least the truth of caricature.

This interest in the abnormal was by no means confined to Coleridge. It has been said of his age in general that it "grovelled in the ghastly and wallowed in the weird". Such an age had in "The Ancient Mariner" its appropriate masterpiece. In its psychology and incidents and scenic setting it marks the extreme sacrifice of the verisimilar to the marvellous. It is at a far remove from the Aristotelian high seriousness, which not only requires relevancy to normal experience but a relevancy tested in terms of action. Apart from the initial shooting of an albatross the Mariner does not do anything. In the literal sense of the words he is not an agent, but a patient. The true protagonists of "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner", Professor Lowes remarks rightly, are the elements—"Earth, Air, Fire and Water in their multiform balefulness and beauty". As Charles Lamb puts it: "I dislike all the miraculous part of the poem, but the feelings of the man under the operation of such scenery dragged me along like Tom Piper's magic whistle". Between a poem like "The Ancient Mariner" in which the unifying element is feeling and a poem which has a true unity of action the difference is one of kind; between it and let us say "The Fall of the House of Usher" the difference is at most one of degree. In this and other tales Poe has, like Coleridge and indeed partly under his influence, achieved a unity of tone or impression, a technique in short, perfectly suited to the shift of the center of interest from action to emotion.

Intense emotion, especially under the stress of a unique experience, is isolating. Perhaps no work embodies more successfully than "The Ancient Mariner" the main romantic motif of solitude. ("Alone, alone, all, all alone!") Here if anywhere the soul is a state of the landscape and the landscape a state of the soul—the outer symbol of a ghastly isolation. The mood of solitude based on the sense of one's emotional uniqueness is closely interwoven, again, as every student of the modern movement knows, with the instinct of confession. Rousseau himself says of certain childhood experiences: "I am aware that the reader does not need to know these details but I need to tell them to him". In much the same fashion the Wedding Guest does not need to hear the Mariner's tale but the Mariner needs to relate it to him. The psychoanalysts have, with rare effrontery, applied to the relief that results from a yielding to the confessional urge the noble term catharsis. It should be apparent that the term cannot be applied in its correct meaning to mere emotional overflow nor again to fiction in which wonder and strangeness prevail so completely, as in the present case, over imaginative imitation of the universal.

It follows from all that has been said that "The Ancient Mariner", judged by the quality of the imagination that informs it, is not only romantic but ultra-romantic. One should not therefore disparage it, or in general regard as the only test of poetry its degree of conformity with the model set up by Aristotle in his *Poetics*. One must insist that in the house of art are many mansions. It does not follow that the mansions are all on the same level or of equal architectural dignity. That "The Ancient Mariner" is good in its own way—almost miraculously good—goes without saying. The reason for thinking that this way is inferior to the way envisaged by Aristotle is that it is less concerned with moral choices in their bearing on the only problem that finally matters—that of man's happiness or misery. Professor Lowes's praise will seem pitched in too high a key to anyone who accepts this or some similar scale of poetical values. He himself is not quite consistent at this point. At one moment he

* Cf. the title of the recent volume by J. Charpentier, *Coleridge, le Somnambule Sublime* (Perrin, 1928). Just published in this country by Dodd, Mead as *Coleridge; The Sublime Somnambulist*.

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agrees with Coleridge that the fiction of the poem should have been openly irresponsible like that "of the Arabian Nights' tale of the merchant's sitting down to eat dates by the side of a well, and throwing the shells aside, and lo! a genie starts up, and says he *must* kill the aforesaid merchant, *because* one of the date shells had, it seems, put out the eye of the genie's son". In general Professor Lowes seems to dismiss the whole demand for probability as worthy only of literary philistines like Mrs. Barbauld, who complained, it will be remembered, of "The Ancient Mariner" that it was "improbable and had no moral".

At other moments, though recognizing the grotesque disproportion between the Mariner's initial act and its consequences, Professor Lowes seems to take the tale seriously as a treatment of the great drama of guilt and expiation. The fact is that it is impossible to extract any serious ethical purport from "The Ancient Mariner"—except perhaps a warning as to the fate of the innocent bystander; unless indeed one hold that it is fitting that, for having sympathized with the man who shot an albatross, "four times fifty living men" should perish in torments unspeakable.

In the meanwhile, contrary to Mrs. Barbauld's assertion, "The Ancient Mariner" actually has a moral ("He prayeth best, who loveth best," etc.). Moreover, this moral, unexceptionable in itself, turns out, when taken in its context, to be a sham moral. The mode in which the Mariner is relieved of the burden of his transgression, symbolized by the albatross hung about his neck—namely, by admiring the color of water-snakes—is an extreme example of a confusion to which I have already alluded: he obtains subrationally and unconsciously ("I blessed them *unaware*") the equivalent of Christian charity. Like many other works in the modern movement, the poem thus lays claim to a religious seriousness that at bottom it does not possess. To this extent at least it is an example of a hybrid and ambiguous art.

By turning their attention to the wonder and magic of natural appearances Wordsworth and Coleridge and other romantics opened up an almost inexhaustible source of genuine poetry. Wonder cannot, however, in this or in any other form serve as a substitute for the virtues that imply a something in man that is set above the phenomenal order. If we are to believe the great teachers of the past, the pathway to religious wisdom does not lie through the flower in the crannied wall or the equivalent. The attempt to base religion on wonder becomes positively grotesque when Walt Whitman declares that "a mouse is miracle enough to stagger sextillions of infidels". The underlying confusion of values has, however, persisted in less obvious forms and is indeed the most dubious legacy to our own time from the romantic age. Thus Professor C. H. Herford asserts in the *Cambridge History of English Literature* that what Shelley has done in the "Prometheus Unbound" is to give "magnificent expression to the faith of Plato and of Christ". According to Mr. Middleton Murry, again, when a person does not dare to come out and attack Christ openly he vents his spleen on Rousseau. The acme of confusion is reached by an American scholar, Mr. Joseph Warren Beach, in the following defense of Wordsworth's "Expostulation and Reply": "If Wordsworth assured his bookish friend that one impulse from a vernal wood may teach him more than all the sages can, that is the principle upon which the sages themselves have generally acted. Wordsworth on his old gray stone is occupied much like Buddha beneath his sacred Bo-tree. Even the professor is the better for his summer vacation".

The distinction between two entirely different orders of intuition that is being blurred or obliterated by the writers I have just been citing is closely related to the problem of the imagination. Perhaps no recent critic has spoken more wisely on the nature of this relationship than a French contemporary of

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Coleridge—Joubert; and that at the very time when Coleridge was insinuating that "a Frenchman is the only animal in the human shape that by no possibility can lift itself up to religion or poetry". Joubert not only displays the same high type of vision that appears at times in Coleridge but he has the advantage over Coleridge of not being addicted either to opium or German metaphysics. The most important distinction made by Joubert is that between an imagination that does not rise above the impressions of sense and an imagination that gives access to the supersensuous, that is, in short, an organ of insight. It is only with the aid of this latter type of imagination that one achieves the "illusion of a higher reality"; the illusion is indeed, according to Joubert, "an integral part of the reality".

One cannot afford to disdain in the creative process what may be termed the spontaneities, all that seems to come as a free gift, for example, the magical combinations and permutations of images in the "deep well". Coleridge, however, falls into a dangerous primitivistic exaggeration when he says that "there is in genius itself an unconscious activity; nay, that is the genius in the man of genius". The imagination that Joubert calls the "eye of the soul" is fully conscious and also creative, though in a different sense: it creates values. It does so by coöperating with reason in the service of a higher will. The unconscious activities must be controlled with reference to the values thus created with the help of the ethical imagination, as one may term it, if they are to have direction and purpose, in other words human significance. Technique is admittedly something that must be consciously acquired. The question of the ethical imagination is, however, plainly one that concerns not merely the technique or outer form of creative work, but its inmost essence.

Failure to make some such distinction as that I have been attempting, exposes one to the risk of confounding work that has abundant human substance with work that has little or none. Serious confusions of this kind are rife at the present time—more serious indeed than any with which Professor Lowes may be properly charged. For example, Mr. E. E. Kellett writes in his recent volume *Reconsiderations*: "There is something in the very choice of subject which marks out the *supreme* poet from his fellows. It is not an accident that Coleridge chose to write of *diablerie* and witchcraft. . . . The fact that Chaucer's subjects are in the main of the earth, earthy, is significant of the limits of his poetic genius".

It may be maintained that Dante has a depth of religious insight that puts him definitely above Chaucer. But to accord to romantic *diablerie* the same rating as to religious insight and to dismiss Chaucer, one of the most human of poets, as "of the earth, earthy" in comparison with the Coleridge of "The Ancient Mariner", is surely inadmissible. Here and elsewhere in his volume, Mr. Kellett reminds one of the French partisans of "pure poetry". So much is eliminated by the Abbé Bremond*, the chief spokesman for this group, as not being of the essence of poetry, that it is, like Jowett's idea of God, in danger of being defecated to a pure transparency. Poetry becomes a *je ne sais quoi*, an "electricity", an indefinable magic that is similar, the Abbé Bremond would have us believe, to the mysterious and impalpable something that is present in the attitude of prayer. The truth is that the Abbé is ready to make an abject surrender of conscious discrimination and control in favor of a pure spontaneity, with a resulting confusion of the subrational with the superrational and finally of romanticism with religion that, in so prominent a churchman, is positively disconcerting.

The sacrifice of human substance to the Moloch of spontaneity is even more manifest in the contemporary French group known

* See his volumes *La Poésie pure* and *Prière et poésie* (1927).

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as the "super-realists" (*surréalistes*), affiliated in point of view with the English and American writers who abandon themselves to the "stream of consciousness". The very name that the members of this group have assumed would indicate that they are in error as to the direction in which they are moving. What they term "reality" is plainly not above but below the human and rational level. The upshot of the quest of creative renewal in this region would appear to be, if one may judge from some of the contributions to *transition*, the organ of the group, a sort of psychic automatism.

I am not going too far afield in speaking of the *surréalistes* apropos of Coleridge. If a poem like "The Pains of Sleep" anticipates Baudelaire, "Kubla Khan", as I have already remarked, probably remains the best example of a spontaneity that, so far from having been disciplined to either humanistic or religious purpose, has not even undergone any technical shaping of the kind one finds in "The Ancient Mariner". It illustrates what Coleridge himself calls the "streamy nature of association" in revery at least as well, and far more agreeably, than, let us say, the closing pages of Joyce's *Ulysses*.

The notion that one becomes creative only by being spontaneous is closely related to the notion that one becomes original only by being unique. If we are to judge by *surréalisme* and other recent literary cults the time is approaching when each writer will, in the name of his genius conceived as self-expression, retire so completely into his own private dream that communication will become impossible. To be sure the drift of these recent cults towards sheer unintelligibility marks a violent extreme of the kind that usually comes towards the end of a movement. It is an extreme, however, that points to a one-sidedness in the movement from the start—the tendency, namely, to exalt the differences between man and man and to disparage or deny the identities. The result has been a fatal confusion between individuality and personality. True personality is not something that, like individuality, is bestowed upon a man simply because he has taken the trouble to be born. It is something that he must consciously win with reference to a standard set above his merely temperamental self; whereas there has probably never been a blade of grass, which, if it become vocal, might not say truthfully, in the language of Rousseau, that, if not better than other blades of grass, at least it was different. The notion that one may become creative simply by combining temperamental overflow with a greater or lesser degree of technical skill has resulted in work that often displays genius indeed but suffers at the same time from a taint of eccentricity; work in which, in Aristotelian parlance, the wonderful quite overtops the probable. Anatole France writes of Victor Hugo, perhaps the extreme example of genius of the eccentric type: "One is saddened and at the same time frightened not to encounter in his enormous work, in the midst of so many monsters, a single human figure. . . . He wished to inspire wonder and long had the power to do so, but is it possible always to inspire wonder?"

The doctrine of imitation, setting up as it does some standard with reference to which a man must humanize his gift, whatever that gift may chance to be, is, in all its forms, chastening; perhaps, in some of its forms, too chastening. One remembers the prostration of the literary aspirant before the models during the neo-classic period. On the other hand, the doctrine that discredits imitation in favor of spontaneity does not put a man sufficiently on his guard against what Buddha and other sages have declared to be the two root diseases of human nature—conceit and laziness. It would not be difficult to find modern applications of a sentence that was written by Robert Wolseley as long ago as 1685: "Every ass that's romantic believes he's inspired".

But to return to Coleridge: at his best, especially when he insists that great poetry

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must be representative, he can scarcely be charged with having encouraged the over-facile type of inspiration. One may ask however whether he has brought the doctrine of representativeness, with its inevitable corollaries of imitation and probability, into sufficiently close relation with his actual defining of the imagination and its rôle. The most famous of his critical phrases, "that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment, which constitutes poetic faith", does not appear to afford any adequate basis for discriminating between poetic faith and poetic credulity. The fact that a fiction of any kind is enthralling is no sure proof that it has human substance. Otherwise certain detective stories would merit a high literary rating. The phrase was actually framed with a view to justifying "The Ancient Mariner", a tale that lacks probability, not only in Mrs. Barbauld's sense, but, as I have been trying to show, in Aristotle's as well. Nor is it enough to speak of "the shaping spirit of imagination", for the imagination may shape chimeras. One cannot again be wholly satisfied with the definition of "the primary imagination" as "a repetition in the finite mind of the eternal act of creation in the infinite I AM". This would seem to be an invitation to the romantic to exalt himself to the level of deity before making sure of the validity of his imaginings apart from his own emotions.

We must conclude therefore that, in spite of many admirable remarks by the way, Coleridge does not succeed in disengaging his theory of the imagination sufficiently from the transcendental mist. It is to be regretted above all that he did not affirm clearly the rôle of the imagination in giving access to a supersensuous reality; an affirmation that is necessary if the doctrine of imitation and probability is to be relieved of every suspicion of formalism. Instead, he inclined to see the highest use of the imagination in Wordsworth's communing with natural appearances, and so became one of the promoters of the great pathetic fallacy that has been bewildering the human spirit ever since.

Wordsworth, who tended to read into the landscape what is not there (for example, "unutterable love"), at the same time that he rendered, often fortunately, the wonder that is there, disparaged science. Yet probably the chief reason for the comparative eclipse of the imagination that seizes what is normal and central in human experience in favor of the imagination that yields to the lure of wonder has been the discoveries of science. These discoveries have engendered an intoxication with novelty for which the past offers no parallel. The modern man has been kept on the tiptoe of expectation by one marvel after another. For the moment he is thus imaginatively enthralled by the conquest of the air. He is infinitely removed from the Horatian *nil admirari,* even though he does not set out deliberately, like a certain French minor poet, to "live in a state of bedazzlement". As a result of the interplay and coöperation of the various forms of naturalism, the attitude of the modern man towards life has become purely exploratory—a sheer expansion of wonder and curiosity. He cannot even conceive another attitude. Yet a situation is gradually growing up that may force him to conceive it. Wonder has a large place in the scheme of things, but is after all only a sorry substitute for the law of measure of the humanist or for the religious virtues—awe, reverence and humility.

If one wishes to understand how humanism and religion have been more or less compromised by the modern movement with its "Renascence of Wonder", it is still helpful to go back to its earlier stages. Matthew Arnold expressed the opinion that the burst of creative activity in English literature through the first quarter of the Nineteenth Century had about it something premature. Whatever justification there may be for this opinion is found in the failure of the romantic leaders to deal critically enough with the idea of creation itself. The doctrine of creative spontaneity towards which they inclined, though

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in the case of Coleridge with reservations, suffered, as I have been trying to show, from a one-sidedness that has persisted to the present day. Unless this one-sidedness is corrected, it is to be feared that art and literature will be menaced with a more than Alexandrian decline. As a matter of fact, Joyce's *Ulysses,* which has just been saluted by Miss Rebecca West, speaking for no inconsiderable portion of the younger literary set, as a work of "majestic genius", marks a more advanced stage of psychic disintegration than anything that has come down to us from classical antiquity. If there is to be any recovery of humanistic or religious truth, at least along critical lines, it would appear desirable to associate the creative process once more, not with spontaneity, but with imitation, imitation of the type that implies a supersensuous model imaginatively apprehended. According to the late Stuart Sherman, "the great revolutionary task of nineteenth-century thinkers was to put man into nature. The great task of twentieth-century thinkers is to get him out again". Superficially, the most serious danger of the primitivisitic immersion of man in nature to which Sherman refers is that it leads to a denial of reason; a still graver danger, one finds on closer scrutiny, is that it leads to an obscuring of the true dualism —that between man's natural self and a higher will—or more frequently to the setting up of some subrational parody of this will such as one finds in "The Ancient Mariner". The obscuring of the higher will has coincided practically with the decline of the doctrine of divine grace with which it has in the Christian Occident been traditionally associated. The issues involved evidently extend far beyond the boundaries of literature. But, to consider literature alone, it would seem necessary to recover in some form, perhaps in a purely psychological form, the true dualism, if creation is once more to be achieved that deserves to be accounted highly serious—creation, in other words, that is informed by the human and dramatic quality of imagination.

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THREE POEMS

by V. Sackville-West

I

She bought with careless hand
Meadow-sweet, cherry,
Honeysuckle, berry,
Agrimony, broom,
And left them in my room
As a token planned.

So that the room was rich
With her memorials,
A store of festivals
For my undoing,
And this bestrewing
Did helpless me bewitch.

She should have brought
Enchanter's nightshade,
A mandrake's root,
And out of Egypt fruit,
And thus have made
Me turn to naught;
But with such innocent
And way-side blooms
Should not have wrought
Such havoc in my rooms
Or in my heart.

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No, I protest
She should have used her utmost art
And magic best.

No less did I deserve
Who scornful am, and proud,
If she would have me serve
In love avowed
She should not tangle me
In simple wreaths,
Nor with such garlands strangle me
To happy deaths.
She cheated in the game,
Sweet rogue, that day she came
And snared me unawares.
Nor shall I tell her name and shame,
Or shall I yield me pliant to her snares?

II

Stave off the moment when the meddling tick
Of clock will make her say, "I must be gone".
Such four-and-twenty-hours arithmetic
Is but of bliss a wanton jettison.

How can she better be employed than here
In dalliance with one who finds her fair?
What business calls her, that she's so severe
And sets her errands over my despair?

What does she hope to meet, if go she will?
A swan with cygnets walking down a lane?
Two fighting hedgehogs, fierce with prickly quill?
An adder waking to the sun again?

Fine sights! a charm of finches in a brawl;
A string of elvers hurrying from the sea;
A pride of peacocks preening on a wall—
But not so fine as she might have with me.

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Why haste, Princess? For all your grand pretence
You've nothing better in the world to do;
So stay with one who'd change for paltry pence
This hour against the riches of Peru!

III

Onyx is counted black, and marble white;
Peaches that ripening hang on sunny wall
Are counted soft and downy to their fall.

So may they be, yet I will not compare
Her heart to onyx, throat to marble fair;
Nor say, "Beside her skin are peaches rough".
She is herself, and that shall be enough.

Although the blackness of her heart torment
Me, and her whiteness make me turbulent,
I'll draw no proverb from another sphere:
She has no strict comparisons to fear.

If she's black-hearted, that's her single choice;
If she's white-skinned, that's Nature's proper voice;
If in my arms she soft as peaches lie,
Why then, I'll simply say, "How happy I!"

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FORM AND THE NOVEL

by Gilbert Seldes

Fifteen years ago I was sure that I knew all that needed to be known about the technique of fiction. I had read a great deal of James and, what was more important, had read that extraordinary series of prefaces to the New York Edition which must always remain a perfect example of the analysis of the structure and composition of works of fiction. Profoundly impressed by the circle of lamps which James once drew before the bewildered eyes of an editor to illustrate the design of *The Awkward Age,* I drew circles and lamps of my own before setting out on one of those novels which I carried on to three, ten or fifteen chapters and then, with rare judgment and courage, burned. On second thought, my judgment was right, but the other quality which prompted destruction may have been rather the reverse of courage.

Some five years later Percy Lubbock's masterly analysis of the structure of the novel, derived from James and using the Jacobite principles to measure the works of Thackeray and Dickens and Tolstoy, confirmed me in my faith. I carried on a private war against the chaotic novel; I asserted that the writer of fiction must be conscious of the form he was giving to his work; and I believed passionately that the problem of "the point of view" was central. The point of view in this case does not mean the author's feeling about life. Under the influence of James's prefaces a young man easily learned to believe that the feeling about life didn't matter very much. The central problem seemed to be where to set up that mirror (representing the author) in which the entire body of the particular novel is reflected, how to make everything pass before that mirror, and how to keep out of the novel everything which failed to be reflected there. Because in *Martin Chuzzlewit* Dickens had one mirror in London and one in New Eden, it was possible to dismiss Dickens as a bad novelist—which is not the same thing as a bad writer. And when the overwhelming impact of *War and Peace* made it dangerous to say the same of Tolstoy, one could agree with Lubbock that that masterpiece was not one novel, but several.

I believed, in short, that because the novel must have form—its essence being to give form to the chaos of life—it must have a specific form. The one elaborated by James was diagrammatically most attractive.

And even now, as I prepare to set down the recantation which I have come to, after five years and the writing—without burning—of a novel, I feel a sense of loss. I think of the stately beauty of those late masterpieces of James: *The Wings of the Dove, The Ambassadors, The Golden Bowl;* I think of that added sense of satisfaction which comes from being aware, as you read, of the shapeliness of a well-made novel; and even of the displeasure when you plough through the formless, terrifyingly "real", and totally chaotic pages of the average novel, when you see situations spoiled, effects lost, because the novelist has

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not learned the lesson of the master. There is a novelette of Schnitzler's, *Dr. Graessler,* which I had to read in sections, preparing them for the press; I lost, in that way, any feeling of its quality. And I recall that Mr. Kenneth Burke pointed out to me the skill with which each episode of the Doctor's love affairs was so arranged that with infinite skill it foretold and led into the next. Far from spoiling my pleasure in the narrative, this clue to the form of the book proved essential, the sense of life emanating as much from the form as from the material.

Most novels still are written in the belief that "a good idea for a novel" invariably results in a good novel, and most novels are not good novels. The idea, countenanced by the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, that every man has one good novel in him, is a fallacy; every man may have the material of a good novel in him, but it takes a novelist to bring it out. And the way to bring it out is by selection and by the imposition on the material of a suitable form.

It was easier to believe that one form was better than all others and that the really great novelist could impose that form on any material. But too much has happened to the novel in recent years to leave that naïve faith intact. Joyce and Marcel Proust have so captivated the novelists of our time that—quite apart from superficial imitations, of which Joyce is especially the victim—they have extended the limitations of the novel for serious writers, have suggested and practised a new technique.

(Yet, "the more one reads of Proust," says Mrs. Wharton in her *The Writing of Fiction,* "the more one sees that his strength is the strength of tradition. All his newest and most arresting effects have been arrived at through the old way of selection and design. In the construction of these vast, leisurely, and purposeful compositions nothing is really wasted, or brought in at random". It should be held in mind that this is the comment of a disciple of James and that, as I have already indicated, these disciples tend to be fanatical; I recall upholding the thesis, for a very short moment, that the technique of Joyce derived from that of James. I have not finished the Proust cycle and cannot say how true Mrs. Wharton's judgment is, but it is at least plausible. Early readers of Proust were baffled because they tried to follow small patterns, arabésques made up of the tenderest inclinations, the faintest memories, the slightest velleities, and were unconscious of the quite bold lines of the general pattern which have now become visible in the completed work.)

Another series of events has also affected the art of fiction and this goes back directly to James: the novelists themselves have become what he wanted them to be, self-conscious and critical. Storm Jameson, Virginia Woolf, Ford Madox Ford, Mrs. Wharton, E. M. Forster—all novelists of note, have published their ideas on the technique of their art, and among those better known as critics, Edwin Muir and John Carruthers have joined the discussion.

Mr. Muir sums up a few of the other solutions in *The Structure of the Novel:*

> Mr. Lubbock is concerned chiefly with "form" . . . but . . . he does not quite divulge what form is. . . . Mr. E. M. Forster follows with *Aspects of the Novel.* Mr. Forster does not hold much with form; he sees no reason why a novel should stick to one "point of view"; he is content so long as the novelist "bounces" us into a belief in his characters and gives us "life". . . . Mr. John Carruthers with his packed little essay, *Scheherazade, or The Future of the English Novel,* proving that the novel must have form because Professor Whitehead says that life has it. . . . According to this, life has a pattern; therefore a novel must have a pattern.

To which I append Miss Storm Jameson (in THE BOOKMAN for July):

> Pattern is not a necessity to a novel. . . . A novel can come into being without one. Most of the novels of Sir Walter Scott did. . . . A pattern imposed on a novel from the outside may easily turn out a Procrustean bed. A book

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made to conform to a Pattern can die of that act of faith. The later novels of Henry James are written to such a pattern, to round off which he recklessly lopped legs and arms until life ebbed from his victims. . . . The inner Pattern is the soul of a novel. . . . The rhythm. Which is dictated by some necessity of the novelist's mind. Or of his spirit.

And now note carefully the subtle modulation from this point by which Miss Jameson arrives at the next, the essential point:

. . . Or of his spirit. It is the faith by which the dry bones of plot and character live. . . . It is what, ultimately, . . . books are "about". [Of Henry Esmond:] That life is, at bottom, decent and orderly. Something like that. . . . For the Pattern, the rhythm, of a novel is the expression of the novelist's attitude to life, to his fellow-men, and to God. . . .

I find this transition shocking, but I know that it means only a difference in apprehension of terms; what Miss Jameson calls inner pattern I must find another name for, since the coincidence at every point of inner and outer pattern seems to me the essence of perfect form in the novel, and this does not signify an attitude to life, or fellow-men, or God, but to the novel. However, here is a more detailed statement from Mr. Carruthers:

. . . The philosophy that is being propounded now—we may call it indifferently the philosophy of purpose, or of emergent evolution, or of organic realism, or . . . of form (*Gestalt*)—is overwhelming in its implications. . . . it displaces mechanism by purpose in vital affairs; it reaffirms values that nineteenth-century science did its best to annihilate: most important of all for literature, it reinstates the soul.

And as Mr. Carruthers believes that the good novelist will be aware of this new philosophy, he sees the "imperative need for organic pattern" in our novels, to correspond to this organic pattern which philosophers and science are rediscovering in life. Mr. Carruthers remembers that the word "design" has two meanings: pattern and purpose.

The practising novelist who is willing to think of his art as honestly as even the average second-rate painter thinks of his and as almost all great painters and composers have always thought of theirs, will probably be most interested in Mr. Muir's analysis of the problems of time and space in the novel. But the reader who is not a writer and wants only to get every drop of satisfaction from his fiction-reading, will turn to Mrs. Woolf's pages (in THE BOOKMAN from April to June; the essays will appear in book form in the spring). Mrs. Woolf for intelligence, delicacy of perception, the ear which listens to the trill without losing the long line of melody, and for a hundred other qualities, is an ideal critic. She is also a fine novelist, and in writing about the novel she has managed, with admirable skill, to discuss the problem of form while she seemed to be discussing only the attitude of mind, the subject matter, and the general tone. She begins with the truth-tellers (Defoe, Swift, Trollope—in French, Maupassant), proceeds to the romantics (Scott and Mrs. Radcliffe), then the novelists of character and the comedians (Dickens, Jane Austen, George Eliot), the psychologists (James, Proust, Dostoievski), the fantastics (Peacock and Sterne) and the poets (Brontë, Hardy, Meredith). You fancy yourself reading about changes in intellectual and social temper; the divisions sound like collegiate courses in literature. And at the end you are somehow aware of the reason why certain novels require certain forms, and aware, too, of the pleasure which these forms can give you.

"That . . . architectural quality can be possessed by a novelist, Jane Austen proves. And she proves, too, that far from chilling the interest or withdrawing the attention from the characters, it seems on the contrary to focus it and add an extra pleasure to the book, a significance. It makes it seem that here is something good in itself, quite apart from our personal feelings." And, still omitting

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God, she says of the pleasure of reading some of James's most delicately constructed novels: "It is a pleasure somewhat akin, perhaps, to the pleasure of mathematics or the pleasure of music. Only, of course, since the novelist is using men and women as his subjects, he is perpetually exciting feelings which are opposed to the impersonality of numbers and sounds; he seems, in fact, to ignore and to repress their natural feelings, to be coercing them into a plan which we call with vague resentment 'artificial' though it is probable that we are not so foolish as to resent artifice in art."

Mrs. Woolf hasn't banished God from the novel, but she has not given him the place he occupies in the cosmogony of Miss Jameson and Mr. Carruthers; she hasn't abandoned vitalism, but she doesn't ask so much of a bounce as Mr. Forster does. (There is, by the way, a mystery in Mr. Forster's rough dealing, in his fig for form and all for bounce. Read his most beautiful book, *Howards End,* and assay the bounce there—it is almost negligible, but *Howards End* lives beautifully and serenely and tragically.) In the end Mrs. Woolf analyzes the great difficulty. "The novel," she says, "is the only form of art which seeks to make us believe that it is giving a full and truthful record of the life of a real person. . . . From the first page we feel our minds trained upon a point which becomes more and more perceptible as the book proceeds and as the writer brings his conception out of darkness. . . . As the pages are turned, something is built up which is not the story itself . . . The most characteristic qualities of the novel—that it registers the slow growth and development of feeling, that it follows many lives and traces their unions and fortunes over a long stretch of time—are the very qualities that are most incompatible with design and order. It is the gift of style, arrangement, construction, to put us at a distance from the special life . . . while it is the gift of the novel to bring us into close touch with life. The two powers fight if they are brought into combination. The most complete novelist must be the novelist who can balance the two powers so that the one enhances the other."

The reader may well compare this "balance" with the question of telling and rendering, examined by Mr. Ford in *The English Novel.* (Mr. Ford's present book is a compact outline of the novel, with its climax in Crane, Conrad and James; the alert ones will fall back on certain chapters in his study of Conrad to examine the problem of method; they may also proceed to *No More Parades* and *Some Do Not* to study technical masterpieces in which the sense of life abounds; beyond that point, they proceed at their own peril.

I have not attempted to say which of all these writers about the novel has told the whole, the essential truth. I can hardly make up my mind. It seems to me that those critics are best who are aware of the novel as a growing thing, whether they hold that the growth will be by fissure, so that half a dozen forms will come into being, or by the more common method of persistence of types, variation, and the evolution of new types. That a novel has a perfect form, we can say with assurance; but that *the* novel has such a form, I doubt.

I doubt it precisely because I believe as devoutly as Mr. Carruthers in the design which is both pattern and purpose; I believe that the purpose imposes the pattern. And everything I have read, in fiction or in the criticism of fiction, convinces me that while you may have a novel without pattern (or even without much purpose), you cannot find a great novel without both—in perfect harmony.

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THE FRANCE OF RABELAIS

THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF VISITS TO THE TOWNS OF SIXTEENTH CENTURY FRANCE

by Albert Jay Nock

THE next day, having put on a clean white jacket, he takes on his back the two precious hatchets and comes to Chinon, famous city, noble city, ancient city, yea, the first city in the world, according to the judgment and assertion of the most learned Massorets." Chinon still keeps its luck, after all the centuries. It missed destruction by the religionists in the Sixteenth Century and by the revolutionists in the Eighteenth, but only by the closest kind of shave. Now, in the Twentieth, it escapes the worse fate of vulgarization by tourists. Every year thousands of tourists who are doing the round of the châteaux in the Loire valley visit the great ruined castle that lies up on the hill, but they do not stop. Some of them troop into town for luncheon, but as soon as their meal is over they pile into their chars-à-bancs and leave, for they are on a schedule and must keep moving. Thus the town gets only a dissolving view of strangers, and remains unspoiled.

The tourist, however, gets his money's worth out of the castle's associations with the Plantagenets, especially with Henry II of England, and with Jeanne d'Arc, who ferreted the weak and wabbly Charles VII out of his seclusion there, and galvanized him into asserting himself. The lover of beauty also gets his money's worth. Chinon's situation in what Panurge so well called "the garden of France", the panorama seen from the heights where the castle stands, the graceful bend of the little river Vienne, the gardens and pointed roofs of the old town clustered at one's feet, make up an incalculable deal of loveliness. One of the most charming and mysterious things in the world is the solid mass of foliage on a half-mile of huge plane trees along the river front. The mystery is how these enormous trees do so well so close together, most of them being not more than fifteen feet apart.

But it is the literary man who gets most, for, knowing a good thing when he sees it, he camps down in Chinon and stays. Thus he gets all that appeals to the tourist and connoisseur; moreover, he can take his time about it and let the flavor soak in. He sits on a bench by night at the end of the boulevard, under the plane trees, and watches the moonlight on the Vienne; looking over his shoulder, he sees the castle in a spectral, washed-out appearance which gives a better tone to its burden of legend than it has when seen under the midday sun. By day he moves about among the old houses, in and out over the old thoroughfares, quite at his leisure; no guide whistles him back to his round of organized sightseeing—a wearying business—no one flaunts any catch-penny devices at him or tries any ruinous English on him to get him to buy something. He is left alone with his self-respect amidst a self-respecting people, courteous, speaking no language but their own, devoid of vulgar curiosity, and who seem—perhaps it is imagination—a bit more

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on the merry side than one sees usually in France, short of the Midi. Quite the people for Rabelais to spring from, one would say, just as one would say that this country-side was specially designed and made for the sake of producing him. The natural genius of the Touraine still seems to be his—fruitful, beautiful, stable, wise, experienced, dignified, and above all, charming—its pervading genius is of *la vie laborieuse,* which he understood so well, *"une succession de travaux qui remplissent et moralisent les jours".* One wonders why Americans with ever so slight a literary turn do not oftener come over here to spend a summer without stirring outside the Touraine and the Poitou.

As far as civilization has developed, which is no great way, political and commercial interests are always uppermost, which is why the Plantagenets and Jeanne d'Arc mostly touch the imagination of visitors here, to the exclusion of personages whose value is greater and more nearly permanent. There is a tablet on the site of one of the old gates, showing where Jeanne entered the town, and her route to the castle. One wonders whether she has as much significance for the best reason and spirit of the race as she is supposed to have. Mr. Shaw dramatized her story and got fine social and moral lessons out of it, but they still leave one wondering. On the other hand, who would not give all he has to know where Tom Wellhung entered Chinon with the gold and silver hatchets on his shoulder, the gift of Jupiter, and what route he took to the goldsmith's where "he turned his silver hatchet into fine testons, crown-pieces and other white cash; his golden hatchet into fine angels, curious ducats, substantial ridders, spankers and rose-nobles . . . and in a short time became the richest man in the country, nay, even richer than that limping scrape-good Maulevrier"? One feels that whatever may happen to our theories of nationalism, Tom's great story, as told in the prologue to the Fourth Book, will lose no force upon our descendants. Even now, the church that Henry II built, which is very fine and looks as if it had been built last year, does not quite stir the cultivated spirit as do some other landmarks here; the Painted Cellar, for instance, where Pantagruel said he had drunk "many a glass of cool wine"; or the residence of "the hermit of Sainte-Radegonde, a little above Chinon", whom Friar John of the Funnels quotes as authority in a delicate question of morals, in the thirty-first chapter of the Third Book. Jeanne's story may in time become attenuated into one of simple peasant faith and goodness cruelly sold out—affecting, certainly, and worthy of all respect, but essentially not uncommon. Plenty of simple peasant faith and goodness was as cruelly sold out before her time, and has been since.

Chinon was once the capital of France, in the days of Charles VII, when France was a shrunken kingdom, a good share of it being in the practised and capable grasp of the English. It has always been distinctively aristocratic, like Le Mans, in contrast to towns like Toulouse or Lyons where the traditional tone of the civilization is pretty strictly bourgeois. Literature was never particularly an aristocratic pursuit, less so perhaps in the early days than now; but Chinon could put in a fairly respectable claim to be called a cradle of good prose, on the strength of having not exactly produced, but harbored, two great prose artists, one perhaps the greatest of all who ever wrote in prose since Plato's day. Rabelais's family owned property in Chinon and had a town house here; but he himself most probably was born on a farm-property of the family, called La Devinière, across the river, a few miles out of town. In a general way, however, he owned allegiance to Chinon; as when he matriculated at the University of Montpellier, he signed himself, *Fr. Rabelæsus, Chinonensis.* The other great prose artist was not born in these parts, not even in France, in fact, but he lived in Chinon a long time and was peculiarly identified with it. This was Philippe de Commines, or Filips van Commijnes, as his later editors

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give his name, a Flemish man who took service with Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, in 1464. Eight years afterward he deserted, and went over to Louis XI; the old fox, who seldom made a mistake in his judgment of men, had his eye on Commines for some time and won him over, as he did many others; no one knows exactly how. Louis XI put Commines in charge as governor of Chinon at one period and found him an excellent executive; Commines even had time enough on his hands to build a church, which is still here. He wrote out his personal recollections of the reign of Louis XI, to accommodate the archbishop of Vienna, Angelo Cato, who wanted them as material for a history that he thought of writing. This enterprise did not come off, but Commines's memoirs survived, and got into print some years after the author's death.

They are today worth a huge deal of respectful study on the part of anyone who proposes to write good prose in any language, especially ours, or even to read with an intelligent appreciation of narrative-prose style. Commines was in no sense a man of letters, but he had the faculty, common to a good many unlettered men, of telling a story straight ahead, with the utmost simplicity and directness. In *Lavengro,* George Borrow says he was struck by this faculty in certain Newgate prisoners, the very offscourings of England, when he was reading the reports of their trials. He remarks one sentence in particular from the testimony of a murderer named Simms: "Then they took me into a music-booth, where they made me almost drunk with gin, and began to talk their flash language, which I did not understand". Borrow says that this sentence always remained with him as a model of what an English narrative-prose sentence ought to be. Certainly one would be hard put to it to make a better one. This faculty is best observable, probably, in the writers of the Gospels; one wonders how many of our literati have examined the prose structure of the story of the Prodigal Son, for instance. Turgeniev had this faculty above all writers of a more nearly modern period. He was born with it, apparently, for his earlier work shows as much evidence of it as his latter work. *Pyetushkov,* which he wrote as a very young man, is a superb example of it. There is no suggestion of the author's personality anywhere; it sinks down completely out of sight behind the story, and the story rises up and tells itself. Among American writers, Richard Henry Dana had this faculty so highly developed that his *Two Years Before the Mast* is to this day the best sustained narrative-prose ever produced in our country. More than that, it is probably the best example of how a good prose can make even a rather dull story interesting. Very few Americans nowadays could find Mr. Dana's story much worth reading for its intrinsic interest, but the reader who has anything of the artist in him, once started on it, can hardly lay it down.

Very few likewise, no doubt, would lie awake nights over a sheer chronicle of events in France during the reign of Louis XI, even if they had got a little previous stimulation from *Quentin Durward,* but any reader, again, with a touch of the artist about him would find it hard to pry himself loose from the structural interest of Commines's narrative. There was once a good translation of Commines in the old Bohn Library, but it has probably disappeared by now. This is no great loss, however, for the reader, especially if he wishes to sharpen up his own prose style, will most enjoy trying to turn Commines's cold-pressed French into an English idiom exactly corresponding—let us say the monosyllabic idiom of the Gospel narratives. It can be done; our idiom is found to lend itself handily, if one only knows it well enough and can manage it; but there is the rub.

Et incontinent passa oultre et tira au pays de Liége, pour ce qu'ilz avoyent desja faict la guerre par l'espace de cinq or six mois à son père, lui estant dehors, ès pays de Nammur et Brabant; et avoyent desja lesdicts Liégeoys une destrousse

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entre eulx. Toutesfois, à cause de l'yver, il n'y peüt pas faire grant chose. Grant quantité de villages furent brusléz et de petites destrousses faictes sur les Liégeoys, et feïrent une paix. Et se obligèrent lesdictes Liégeoys à la tenir, sur peine d'une grant somme de deniers; et s'en retourna ledict conte en Brabant.

Take this passage, for instance, which was chosen at random where the book happened to fall open, and turn it into an English that has the force and accent of Borrow's model sentence. It can be done, and the doing of it is a superb exercise. This faculty of clear, straight, forceful narration has rather gone out from among us, and our literature would be improved by its recall.

There is moreover a good deal of amusement to be had every now and then out of Commines's text itself. The foregoing passage, and others that hint the same thing more strongly, make one wonder whether filial piety and family affection are bourgeois virtues. The Fifteenth Century nobles seem to have had very little of them. They would do up their brothers and fathers and trade off their sisters with a workaday calmness that seems surprising. Then again, there are curious features of the way warfare was practised in those days. The combatants seemed to keep union hours, or something of the kind. An army would go out against a fortified town and fight the garrison, say, from ten o'clock to three in the afternoon. Then all hands would knock off, without any apparent reason, until next day, and all the evening there would be nothing but jigging and feasting in the rival camps. It is a commonplace that war is a dull business nowadays by comparison with what it used to be, and Commines's narrative seems to prove it in many ways.

But all this is meandering far from Chinon of the present day. The town has done its formal duty by literature in the usual footling fashion, by misnaming streets. It has a Michelet Street, Jean-Jacques Rousseau Street, Voltaire Street, and no doubt none of these worthies ever set foot within a hundred miles of Chinon. A street is the most nearly permanent of all human institutions. Buildings rise and fall, but the street, more likely than not, remains indefinitely, like the cowpaths of Boston and Brooklyn. There are streets here in Chinon that are all of eight hundred years older than any of the old buildings, and some of those are very old. On this account, naming a street is a serious business, and should be undertaken seriously, but Chinon has made rather a mess of it. One street was originally called Lamprey Street; its name was changed to Rabelais Street, which was proper, because the Rabelais domicile was on it. Not long ago, however, the name of Rabelais was transferred to another street which perhaps did not even exist in his day, and the old street resumed the name of Lamprey. This botching of street-names goes on everywhere in Europe and America; it shows how little of the historical sense is developed by all the instruction in history that is given in our schools. The street named for Philippe de Commines is properly named, for the old church which he built fronts on it; and when there is nothing left of the church the street-name will still be a reminder both of the church and of him—that is, if meanwhile some crew of ignorant blackguards in the city hall does not change it to commemorate a horse-marine general or a small-fry politician who was never nearer Chinon than the Quai d'Orsay in the whole course of his life.

The rule should be to let no street bear a name, except for something or somebody definitely related to the life of that particular street. No other rule was known to the Romans or to Europeans generally, down to the time of the French Revolution, and it should be restored. Until something happens of enough importance to enable a street, as one may say, to name itself, as European streets always did of old, let it bear a number only. The city that resumes this sound and ancient policy will put itself back in the line

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of a fine tradition, and will gain respect for itself in the course of ensuing centuries.

Hébert's imposing statue of Rabelais is in a magnificent situation on the waterfront, commanding the whole town. The site is worthy of a better statue. It is a pity that no contemporary portrait of Rabelais has been discovered. He was so distinguished in his own time that one can hardly suppose none was ever made, but none has come down to our day, so no one knows what he looked like. Artists usually try to represent him according to the twofold tradition that early grew up around his name and was intensified in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries; a tradition so utterly preposterous that any artist who tries to conform to it is bound to get a very puny effect. A man with all the learning of the Renaissance fermenting in his head; also a red-hot social, political and ecclesiastical reformer; also occupying a place of the highest social and scientific distinction, the friend and trusted confidant of the most illustrious men in the public life of the period; also a low-lived, obscene, drunken atheist and buffoon. No painter or sculptor can "get" this bizarre combination, because there is no such thing existing in nature and it is too fantastic to be put in clay or on canvas as a vision of fancy.

Going up to see the residence of "the hermit of Sainte-Radegonde, a little above Chinon"—and no one who has read Friar John's citation of him would miss going there, especially since it is but a half-mile out—one sees a great deal of cave-dwelling going on, and a great many caves that look as if they had only lately been abandoned. This mode of life prevails largely in the whole region, and on examination one acquires a considerable respect for it. The district is made of a white chalky stone, white as coral, and just a little harder when quarried than good hard Parmesan cheese; it is cut into building-blocks with an ordinary handsaw. Exposure to the air hardens the surface, but only to the depth of a half-inch at most. One sees blocks of it in the castle wall that have been out in the weather for eight hundred years and have no more than this half-inch skin over them. Hence it is no trouble at all to worm out any size of cellar you like, and any shape; the town is honeycombed with them. If one wants a permanent residence, one gets it by burrowing into a side-hill; one can either sell the excavated stone, or use it to build a sort of lean-to by way of frontage. There is never any trouble about keeping warm in winter or cool in summer under this arrangement, and one never has to buy any ice. Going no more than twenty steps into Pantagruel's Painted Cellar on a piping hot day, one encounters an Arctic cold, and no dampness withal. The hillside east of Chinon is terraced with four or five rows of cave dwellings, which give it a picturesque appearance. These caves have chimneys, all regular and apparently practicable—they are simply bored up through the soft rock and slanted outwards to open on the hillside, eighteen or twenty feet above the floor level. The occupants do not necessarily live in squalor, by any means, nor do they actually, as a rule, as far as one can judge by casual observation. The Touraine generally, in fact, is clean. This is worth mentioning, because, like our South, France has districts that make the description of the Strophades sound as alluring as if it had been written by the general passenger agent, and where the personal habits of the people cause one to suspect that Virgil got what he knew about *dira illuvies* from hearsay. But the Touraine is not one of these. It is in the great flea belt, like most of the Continent, but that is the worst one can say. The inhabitants are stoical towards fleas; not so the cats and dogs, which exist here in whole battalions. Pro-rated to the population, there are about enough for six apiece of each, all round.

The hermit of Sainte-Radegonde lived in one of these stone grottoes, very commodious and pleasant. Being a hermit was a meditative occupation, apparently, like fishing, but

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not so laborious; and one thinks that this one must have had rather a good time of it on the whole, with the neighbors sending in enough to live on, and nothing much to do but reflect on the vanity of general human endeavor. His name was Jean, and he was a protégé of the pious queen Radegonde, wife of Clotaire, in the Sixth Century. He is dead now; he died in the odor of sanctity. His grotto was subsequently converted into a chapel, and remains as such at present, very charming and interesting to see. The visitor has a comfortable feeling about him. Evidently from what Friar John says of him, he saw enough of human nature to put no exaggerated expectations on it, and doubtless lived in the equanimity which this experience brings. Peace and repose be his!

Chinon strikes one, as most French towns do, as being curiously self-sufficing. They whittle out their own furniture, raise their own food and drink, make nearly everything they use, all by small local industry. A blacksmith here makes his own horseshoes, instead of buying them in gross lots. He does a land-office business, too, from dawn to dark, bearing testimony that the horse and donkey still hold a reputable place somewhere in the world. The literary man draws the conclusion from all this that if anything worth keeping is ever to be salvaged from our civilization, it will be saved by the dogged French antipathy to the doctrine and practice of mass-production. The French seem to stand out against the idea that they can live, not by bread alone, but by *things* alone—things that can be made and sold for profit—and that if they can only have never enough things and can occupy their minds closely enough with ever wanting more things and getting more things, they will be truly happy. Perhaps they will change in time, and fall in line with ourselves and some other nations—that is, if the doctrine of mass-production does not blow up first—but they have not yet done so.

The grapes are coming on nobly, and it looks to be a good year; though, as they say here, it is only when the wine is in the barrel that you can say whether the year was good. But there is every prospect that, like Gargantua's chaplain, the citizen may soon have "his breath pretty well antidoted with the vine-tree syrup". There are no more cake-bakers at Lerné; their art seems to be lost, and one no longer can know "that it is a celestial food to eat for breakfast hot fresh cakes with grapes, especially the frail clusters, the great red grapes, muscadine, the verjuice grape and the luskard", nor may one test the medicinal properties that Rabelais remarks as residing in that kind of diet. The French breakfast has degenerated since his day—that is, if he meant breakfast and not luncheon; the same word answers for both. It may be heresy to say so, but the legendary French cuisine is a long way from being a national institution.

Yes, Chinon is an aristocratic town; once the capital of France, once too the capital of England, when Henry II lived here as sovereign over everything from the Pyrenees to the Scots border. No wonder Rabelais's essentially aristocratic spirit loved it. His doggerel verse in the thirty-fifth chapter of the Fifth Book has truth and point:

> Chinon,
> Little town,
> Great renown,
> On old stone
> Long hath stood;
> There's the Vienne, if you look down;
> If you look up, there's the wood.

He humorously makes Chinon out to have been built by Cain, and thus to be the oldest city in the world, named originally Cainon, after its builder. However this may be, there is none of the bourgeois ideal in the grace and beauty expressed by the line of its plane trees and poplars along the Vienne, especially as seen under a moonlit sky. It is the sort of thing that kings sought out, and that the noble-spirited of the earth may yet today rejoice in.

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ROADSIDE MEETINGS OF A LITERARY NOMAD

I. FROM SOUTH DAKOTA TO BOSTON, IN THE EARLY 'EIGHTIES

by Hamlin Garland

Introductory

In taking up the literary side of my experiences during the last forty-five years, I shall necessarily parallel to some extent the line of advance presented in *A Son of the Middle Border,* but the interest in *Roadside Meetings* is almost entirely esthetic. I have excluded most of that which is purely personal or which concerns my family.

Furthermore, as my actual diary did not begin till 1896, I have written in the tone of a man recalling his red-letter days, which I had not originally planned to do. Forced to adopt a narrative form, I have used only such part of my personal story as was required to bind the dated records and my comment together, with intent to save the reader from the necessity of referring back to my other books for a statement of my social condition and the place of my residence.

The larger effect sought is to present, by means of a loosely-strung series of literary and artistic portraits, a revealing concept of the various esthetic "invasions" which have from time to time set in from over-seas, agitating (each in its way) our alert and devoted intellectuals. Without claiming for it the value of history, it will, I trust, illustrate our progress, if it can be called progress, during the fifty years which lie between 1880 and 1930, and present some portraits of the men and women who represented and vitalized that progress. All of them were known to me and many of them were my friends. For the most part I have included only those with whom I came into friendly relationship.

I

One Sunday afternoon in the summer of 1884 whilst I, a young man of twenty-three, was sitting with my mother and father in our home in Ordway, South Dakota, I heard a knock on the door and, thinking it a neighbor, called out heartily, "Come in".

The visitor proved to be a stranger, a tall, fair-skinned, blue-eyed man of thirty-five, who said, "My name is Bashford. I have just been preaching in your little Methodist church. Someone told me you were from Wisconsin, and I have called to have a chat with you".

We gave him a chair and talked with him as freely as we would have done with a relation. He was humorous, kindly and understanding, and appeared not to count our humble home against us.

My father had been one of the first to settle in Ordway, which was but three years old and had suffered two arid summers. He owned a general store but had not prospered. My mother was keeping house in a narrow one-story building which ran alongside the ware-room—camping out while waiting for something more like a home.

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The talk fell at once upon the price of land. Mr. Bashford confessed that he had been lured into buying a claim. "I have come to look at the pig-in-the-poke I purchased," he said with some humor. "I am a native of Dane County, Wisconsin, but am now the pastor of a church in Portland, Maine".

In less than fifteen minutes he completely won my confidence, and I confessed to him that I was in despair of the country. "I've had enough of it," I said. "I am planning to sell my claim and spend a year or two in some Illinois Normal School and fit myself for teaching. I hope to teach literature and oratory."

This appeared to surprise him. "Why don't you go to Boston and take special work along these lines?"

"Oh, I couldn't do that," I declared. "I daren't do that. I have very little money and I am afraid of the city. I couldn't earn a living in the East."

"Nonsense," he genially retorted. "You can earn a living anywhere. I went to Boston at your age without money, planning to work my way through the Boston University, and I did it easily. I found the eastern people very kind and so will you. I'll give you letters of introduction to the head of a School of Oratory and to the Professor of English Literature in the University. They will make your course easy."

Although I protested that I could never use the letters, he wrote them out and when he went away said with a smile, "I shall expect to see you in Boston".

His suggestion changed the direction of my ambitions. I began to figure on the cost of a year in Boston.

For nearly two years I had been "holding down a claim" in McPherson County, some forty miles west of Ordway. It was a handsome piece of upland prairie in May but in August it was almost as hot and hard as a brick pavement and in winter it was terrifying; a desolate wind-swept arctic plain. I had lived out several blizzards in my little shanty and I hated the sight of it. Dakota no longer interested me. My pioneering enthusiasm had evaporated, and I longed for the hills and trees of my native valley in Wisconsin.

With no title to the land, which, in fact, had only recently been surveyed, I planned to "prove up" in September, secure a deed and then sell my equity and use the money for my great adventure. At most, my cash return above the government price of a dollar-and-a-quarter per acre would be less than two hundred dollars, and the fare to Boston was nearly forty. I figured that I would have less than one hundred and fifty dollars when I landed in Boston. Nevertheless I said to my father, "I shall not ask help from you. If Mr. Bashford is right, I'll find some way to earn my way through the school".

In truth my plans were all so vague that I was like a man groping in a fog. Not only was I fully aware of the audacity and danger of my design, I knew that in following it I was running counter to all the instructions I had hitherto received. Horace Greeley's "Go West, young man, go West" had been the marching orders under which my father and all his neighbors had moved for forty years. I had never known anyone to go East from choice. All promise was in the sun-set sky, and I felt that in facing the sunrise I would rouse the astonishment or amazement of all my fellows. Had I said "I am starting for Montana or Colorado or California" no one would have wondered, and many would have expressed a wish to accompany me. But to Boston! That was unaccountable.

It was late October when I left Ordway on a second-class ticket which provided only a seat in the smoking-car. Late the next day I reached Chicago, where I stopped long enough to buy a suit of clothes, a suit of which you will hear more. It was a Prince Albert frock of a purplish color, mostly cotton and dyed with aniline, but it fitted me well and I was satisfied. For purposes of contrast, I must state that I was stalwart, brown-bearded, a man of middle height, and that I

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wore a broad-brimmed black hat and carried a plump imitation-leather valise which contained a few shirts and socks. I may even have had a small trunk with some books and other treasures in it, but of that I am not sure.

The train was very slow. I spent two nights and two days in that smoking car, living on sandwiches, doughnuts and vile coffee, so that when I landed in Boston, one rainy autumn day, I was weak from loss of sleep and dizzy from the effects of bad food and bad air. I could hardly stagger under the weight of my valise, but I refused to board a street car, partly because I could not afford it and partly because I was afraid the driver would not permit me to take my valise inside. No aspiring youth ever entered Boston in less exultant confidence. The weeping elm trees on the Common and the mud under my feet were in perfect harmony with my mood of weakness and despair.

II

When I entered Boston in 1884 it was still the chief literary center of America. Its roll of writers was impressive. Whittier, Holmes and Lowell were still alive. William Dean Howells and Thomas Bailey Aldrich were at the height of their fame, and Edwin Booth, most highly honored of tragedians, was an elusive resident. Although in reality a small city, it was to me a splendid capital, overpowering with its historic monuments and its records of great men and great events. Innumerable red, yellow and green horse-cars tinkled along the streets amid thunderous horse-drawn trucks. At night arc lights sizzled and lamplighters still went their rounds to light gas jets in iron lanterns.

There were no high buildings on Tremont Street, but the trees on the Common were magnificent; the golden dome of the State House was to me, as to other literary pilgrims, "the Hub of the Universe", and Beacon Street the synonym of quiet grandeur. The Public Library, a plain brown building on Boylston Street, became one of the landmarks for me, for I secured a room in Boylston Place, which led off the Common just beyond it.

The Parker House was the outstanding hotel. Department stores were few. Music Hall and Tremont Temple were shrines of music and oratory, just as the Boston Museum and the Howard Athenaeum were centers of drama. The *Transcript* was the chief evening paper and the *Herald* the most widely-circulated morning journal. Houghton Mifflin, leading publishers then, as they still are, owned the *Atlantic Monthly,* of which Thomas Bailey Aldrich was the editor. Book advertising, like other forms of publicity, was keyed low and while an increasing material traffic thundered distractingly over granite cobbles, the city's intellectual life was low-toned and the pace of its citizens sedate.

Some of these things I am describing from my present standpoint, for at that time I was too awed and too humble to achieve any well-defined comment on the town's tumult. My concern was to find a coign of safety. With less than one hundred and forty dollars in my pocket to carry me through the winter, and with no hope of earning another dollar till summer again, I was merely a bewildered plainsman, a scared rustic in the midst of a gigantic metropolis. I had but two clear ideas: to make my money go as far as possible, and to get all the learning I could while it lasted.

That it was all a kind of insanity I knew—a blind following of a desire to see and know the capital in which my father had lived and which he had taught me to venerate, the center of a vaguely alluring literary universe. New York meant little to me then, whereas Boston connoted Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow and many others, whose writings had created a longing to see the places they had made illustrious. Here too was the center of lofty oratory. Faneuil Hall suggested Daniel Webster, Wendell Phillips and William Lloyd

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Garrison. I felt a stir of wonder each morning when I woke and remembered where I was.

Of the literary Boston I knew a little, of the actual city nothing. No Jason ever sought a golden fleece with less knowledge of the seas before him. All waters were to me uncharted.

Furthermore, I was utterly without help in time of trouble. I knew but one man in all New England, and he, a Methodist preacher in Portland, Maine, was only a chance acquaintance. His introductory letters did not help me to any new friends. I was in much more difficult a case than Lemuel Barker, from Willoughby pastures, the chief character in Howells's story, *The Minister's Charge,* for he could walk back to the farm in a few hours, whereas I was more than fifteen hundred miles from my father's door.

My share in the city's hospitality was a sunless hall-bedroom in Boylston Place, a dismal blind alley whose only advantage was its nearness to the Public Library, the reading room of which was always lighted and warmed, and as my room was usually cold, I found much comfort in Bates Hall, as it was called.

As soon as I had recovered from my journey, I presented my letters of introduction, one to the professor of English at the Boston University, the other to the head of a dramatic school. Neither of these men took even a polite interest in me, and when I went to Harvard to see if I could take courses of lectures in some way, I was told that they had no place for such students as I wished to be. I was not precisely shown the door in the three institutions, but I went away bitterly aware of my mistake in taking Bashford's letters so seriously. There was but one thing to do, and I did it. I went every day to the great hall in the Library, and there read with desperate intensity, resolved on becoming as learned as possible before my money should melt away.

In the resolution to stay as long as possible I set to work. I adopted a rigid routine. For breakfast I allowed myself a three-cent cup of coffee and two doughnuts which I ate standing at a little booth just around the corner, and for the noon-day meal I went to a restaurant on Pleasant Street where rough workmen ate, and where for fifteen cents I could get a meal of bread and meat. In going to this place I passed a house in which Hawthorne was said to have lived very humbly for a time, and in this I took comfort. For supper I drank a glass of milk and ate two buns or rolls. My room and laundry cost me about three dollars per week. In this way I was able to keep within my budget of five dollars per week and could count on lasting through the winter.

Naturally I went only to such places as I could reach on foot. I had no nickels for carfare. I attended only such lectures and concerts as were free. With no money to pay tuition in any school, I made the Public Library my university and it was in this connection that I made my first distinguished acquaintance.

The rules of the circulating department very properly did not permit readers, without endorsement, to take books to their homes; and as I was neither a pupil in a school nor an employee in a business house, I could read only under the eyes of attendants. As a consequence all my Sundays and other holidays were lost hours. I cast about to see what could be done to get a regular reader's card. Judge Chamberlain, the librarian, after quoting the rules, said, "See Dr. Hale. He is one of the Directors, and can help you". I decided to follow his advice.

One of my Sunday diversions had been attendance upon historic churches, and Edward Everett Hale was among the preachers I had heard. I had read his stories. Indeed his had been one of the names in our game of Authors in Iowa. He was a tall, shaggy-haired, deep-eyed New Englander with a booming voice, beloved by his congregation and widely known for philanthropy.

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His study was in his South End Church, but his home was in Roxbury, two or three miles away. I decided to call upon him.

It took courage to ring his bell, but I did it. He opened the door himself and greeted me with the bluff kindness of a man whose duty it was to aid the destitute and comfort the sorrowing. As he towered above me I would have been utterly intimidated but for the compassionate look in his deep-set eyes.

I think my dress and accent interested him. "Take a seat and tell me how I can serve you," he said.

I stated my case plainly and, I fear, bitterly.

"Well, well," he exclaimed in his booming voice, "this surprises me. In theory our library is free, open to any student. You are precisely the reader we want."

I went on, "The librarian says there are twenty thousand young people like myself with no one to endorse them".

His surprise was manifest. "No one has explained that to me. We'll look into that. Meanwhile I'll see that you are taken care of".

He gave me a card to the chief librarian, and sent me away in the belief that in him I had a friend whenever I should need one. Thereafter I was a privileged reader in the library. This was my first literary contact in New England.

III

My only extravagance during this month was the purchase of tickets to the Boston Museum where Edwin Booth was playing a special six weeks' engagement. By paying fifty cents I was allowed to stand at the back of the first balcony, and from this place I saw each of the principal rôles which this noblest of tragedians was giving. I saw and remembered what I saw. His voice, his English, filled me with admiration. I became conscious of my western burr, and I began to study the laws which govern beautiful speech. I justified my extravagance as a part of my education. Each day I made records of these Shakespearean characterizations, setting down minute observations of Booth's methods with an attempt at their interpretation.

By day I read in the library books on the evolution of the drama, the rise of poetry, the development of the novel and the like. What an education that was! With reckless disregard of the expenditure I paid my fifty cents, and stood hour after hour in the semi-dark of my place, a mind which took no account of aching limbs, a brain which was at once photographic and phonographic. Each night I spent an hour in my room setting down on paper my memories of Booth's gestures, inflections, pronunciations, and above all his emphasis and the musical cadences of his voice. Booth taught me, as he taught millions of others, the glory of English speech. He made me feel rude and small and poor, but he inspired me. I bear witness to his wizardry, for I was made ambitious by its spell. If you say it was mostly in my imagination I shall not contend with you. The fact remains that he and his Shakespeare were the greatest influences of my life at this time. Night by night I studied his voice and face, and day by day I wrought my observations into a series of addresses on his greatest interpretations.

It was this aroused interest in speech which led me to attend a series of lectures on the laws of expression at the Young Men's Christian Union. These lectures, by Professor Moses True Brown, were open to outsiders, and I heard the entire series.

I was delighted with Brown, who was advertised as the principal of the Boston School of Oratory, and at the close of the series I was moved to go forward and tell him that I had just finished reading Darwin on *Expression in Man and Animals,* and that I was greatly pleased to hear him quote it with approval.

Brown, a large man with a full beard, smil-

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ing gray eyes and a pleasant voice, appeared interested and we exchanged a few quotations. "It is too late to go into the subject here," he said. "Come to my study tomorrow after four. I'd like to discuss the subject with you."

This invitation meant a great deal to me, for up to this time I had talked with no one —my interview with Hale could hardly be called a talk.

Brown's office was at Number 7 Beacon Street, at the top of a four-story building, without an elevator, and as I climbed the stairs I found my breath shortened by something other than the exertion of the ascent. I was almost as sadly intimidated as I had been in Dr. Hale's study.

Brown met me as a fellow of the science of oratory and I soon lost my feeling of weakness. Outlining my studies in comparative literature, and my reading in modern biology, I ended by declaring that Edwin Booth was my chief delight, and that I was making a study of his art.

Brown listened to this torrential out-giving on my part with an amused by sympathetic smile and, when I paused for breath, or possibly for shame, he explained that he was just finishing a volume on the Philosophy of Expression wherein he sought to define the physical or natural basis for every gesture and tone. "I am not a mystic," he said, "I base myself on the laws of evolution". He showed me the manuscript and read some of it to me, and my comment so pleased him that at last he said, "I want you to work with me on this book. I'd like to read it all to you and get your notion of it in detail, and if you care to enter my school I will put your work with me over against the charge for tuition".

This was my second literary contact and I went away from it with a feeling that I had found another friend. In the weeks that followed I sat with certain of the classes and every afternoon I worked with Brown on his book. For him I translated several French authorities on Expression. These hours in his study were very precious to me, for I had no other conversational outlet. I had no youthful friends at all. The people I met at my rooming-house did not interest me and as I allowed nothing to interfere with my reading concentration was intense. Aside from an occasional walk, I kept to my studies.

Meanwhile I was coming to a partial understanding of the city. Each morning I read the *Herald* and each evening the *Transcript*. I heard every free lecture in the Young Men's Union, and I knew the voice and mannerisms of every notable preacher in the city. I attended the Symphony concerts once or twice and whenever a public meeting in Faneuil Hall took place I was there. I read all the book reviews in the *Transcript* and in the magazines and at last I began to feel at home in the midst of Boston's literary activity. Its writers were remote and radiant stars in my sky, but I began to have some conception of their relative orbits in the world of letters.

In this way I spent the winter in a gloomy wretched room, badly clothed, poorly nourished, but with gorgeous occasional moments.

Through Brown I met a pleasant little red-cheeked matron named Mrs. Payson, who lived in Hyde Park and came to Brown's classes several times each week. Naturally as I came to know her we discussed poetry and the drama and I found her quick in response to my confident judgments. She was a kind of woman I had never known, aspiring and studious.

One day in April I went in to see Brown in a most tragic mood. My money was so nearly gone that I could not have paid my way as far west as Albany. I confessed this to Brown and told him that I must give up my work in his school.

He became serious. "Let's discuss this situation," he said. "A man who can think and write as you can should not be forced to farm. I have some work for you to do. You can help make the circulars for my summer school, and take my classes in American Literature. I'll let you have all you take in."

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This offer argued a confidence in my ability and a warmth of interest which changed my whole outlook. I made no delay about accepting. I helped make out and mail the prospectus and when Brown suggested that I announce a lecture of my own I asked him to read one of the essays I had written, "The Art of Edwin Booth".

He approved it and put it on his schedule, and so I not only went into the catalogue as "Professor Garland" conducting a class in American Literature, but as one of the special lecturers during the term. I was on the way to earn a living in Boston!

One of the first to enroll in my class was Mrs. Payson, the little lady from Hyde Park, who had achieved the singular conviction that I was worthy of promotion. She not only brought other pupils to me, she organized a series of four lectures to be given by me in her home at Hyde Park during the last month of the term. She went about among Brown's most distinguished associates and dragooned them into taking tickets. She levied with equal persistence upon her neighbors, so that when, one August evening, I faced my first audience in her sitting room, I was exalted to know Parker Pillsbury, the famous abolitionist, Professor Churchill of Andover, George L. Raymond of Princeton and two Boston editors were among my auditors.

As I think back upon this venture, I wonder what those kindly people really thought of me, a bearded Westerner in a long frock coat, and wearing a Windsor tie! The room was crowded, the chairs came to the foot of the little platform on which I stood, and the night was so warm that Mrs. Payson went about mopping her face with a handkerchief while her guests sweltered in most miraculous patience. My paper was on "Edwin Booth as Iago".

As I began my reading I observed just before me a small brown-bearded pale-faced man of middle age, who sat with one hand shading the light from his eyes. He never once glanced at me and I was not at all sure that he was interested in what I was saying, but his indifferent attitude stimulated me to do my best.

My audience applauded me generously and as I closed many came up to congratulate me. Among them was my bored auditor, whom Mrs. Payson introduced as "Mr. Charles Hurd, Literary Editor of the *Transcript*", who surprised and in a sense, shocked me by treating me with sincere respect. "I am, myself, a Booth idolator," he explained, in a soft rather hurried utterance. "I would like to talk with you about your paper. Come in some afternoon and see me. My office is just opposite the spire of the Old South Church."

One other comment of a differing sort lingered in my mind. I overhead Churchill of Andover saying to my hostess, "He's a diamond in the rough", a fact which I myself dimly appreciated. I also felt that I was proving the prediction of my friend Bashford, who had assured me that I would find the New England people sympathetic and helpful.

The thought of penetrating to the center of New England's literary journalism was highly exciting and as soon as I decently could I set out to climb the three flights of stairs which led to Hurd's office. It was a tiny room overlooking Washington Street, but it also owned a window which faced the steeple of the Old South Church. His desk had a tall rack of pigeon holes crammed with papers and clippings and the chairs were heaped with books for review. He was at work with pen and ink writing on a long strip of smooth, orange-colored paper. "I find it easier on my eyes," he explained. He was most cordial and asked me to be seated and tell him about my past and my future.

In truth he was a sincere and kindly soul, one of the most valuable of all my friends up to this time, for he was not only in touch with what was going on in American literary circles, but as a student of the Scandinavian

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languages and literature had much to say of Ibsen and Björnson, names new to me. I caught a glimpse of many isms and movements that afternoon, for he talked freely and well. "Come and see me whenever you can," he said as I rose to go.

Taking him at his word I called upon him as frequently as I dared. He showed me letters from poets of many sorts, young and old, and stacks of books autographed by famous novelists and essayists. He knew something of every writer. Hard-worked as he was, he never failed of a courteous reply to the letters which came to him, and his judgments were always tolerant—too tolerant, perhaps. It was partly to relieve him of some of his drudgery that I offered to write reviews for him.

He accepted my offer, saying with a note of deprecation which was almost shame, "We never pay anything for such writing. I wish we did".

It must have been in the early autumn that he gave me one of Howells's novels to review. He was rather opposed to Howells and so was I, without having read more than one of his books; therefore I think he was surprised by the warmth of my comment. I had read *The Minister's Charge* as it appeared in the *Century* and I had been converted by it. Whatever Hurd thought of it personally, he valued it for his readers. He not only gave it a prominent position but printed it in larger type than the other reviews. He made it a "leader", in fact, and sent me a note saying "Mr. Clement, our editor-in-chief, would like to see you when next you are in the building".

This message, coming close upon the excitement of seeing my essay in print, was profoundly disturbing. Did it mean that I was to be given a place on the paper?

With a sense of vague expectancy, I mounted to Clement's door. It was open and I could see him at a roll-top desk reading slips of proof. He looked up as I entered, nodded with non-committal gravity and went on with his work.

He was a handsome man with white hair and mustache, a florid complexion and a pleasant glance. At last he called a messenger, delivered the proof to him, then turned to me and said, "That was a noble review of yours. You are quite right in your defense of Howells's methods. It is evident that you know his people, as I do".

He went on to speak of the judgment of the man at his Club who professed to believe that Lemuel's relations with Statira Dudley and Amanda Grier were less innocent that Howells represented them. "Aldrich takes this view. I know American youth better than that. You should meet Howells. I have sent your review to him, and I'm going to give you a letter of introduction to him." He interrupted himself, and mused a moment. "No, on the whole you'd better not see him just now. There is a fight being made on him. He's very charming, and your readers will say you have been influenced by his personality. You'd better do your writing about him before you see him. I hope you'll make a study of him."

This interview and my essay had the effect of turning my face definitely in the direction of special reviewing. At Hurd's request I wrote an article on a novel of early Illinois life called *Zury,* a very curious and interesting book. I found it the truest piece of fiction the West had yet produced—and I said so. A few days later a letter came from the author thanking me for my comment. His name was Joseph Kirkland and his home was in Chicago. "Come and see me when next you are in my town," he wrote.

IV

Among the interesting people whom I met at Mrs. Payson's was a tall red-bearded, bushy-haired man, named John Enneking, a landscape painter who lived in Hyde Park but had his studio in Boston. He won me by his friendly and jovial comment and when he invited me to visit his studio, I accepted.

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It was a marvellous hour for me. His studio was packed with beautiful portraits of New England's loveliest features, for he was a tremendous worker, a swift and powerful craftsman. Here was the New England that I loved. Here were low, elm-defended houses, with hills for background. Here were rocky sheep-pastures with pinky lambs lying in the hollows of rocky ledges, half-submerged in sea-fog. Here, too, were rude water mills and the interiors of dusty barns and colonial kitchens, homely objects translated into something rich and fine by the painter's love and skill. A manly directness in his method and a naturalistic charm in his coloring appealed to me strongly, more strongly than any other paintings I had ever seen. I knew nothing of art but I apprehended in his work something akin to the novels and the poems I most admired. They were as American as Bryant or Whittier.

He was a rugged, soil-encrusted philosopher, and notwithstanding a certain bungling of his words at times, he was both eloquent and just. As I got better acquainted with him he introduced me to a group of other painters.

My association with these men resulted in a complete change in my appearance. I trimmed my brown beard to a Van Dyke and wore a loosely knotted Windsor tie. I became a regular caller at studios, and the slang of painting became familiar. I entered into the technical problems which engaged my artist friends and shared their resentments.

Meanwhile in carrying on a fight for truth in American fiction, I had adapted *veritism* as the word which best described my theory, a word which I gained from reading Eugene Veron's *Esthetics* and Max Nordau's savage *Conventional Lies*. Howells and James were leaders in this school whose work was verifiable, and all the romantic novelists and their admirers were joined in bitter and vociferous opposition. It was a lively contest and, being strong for native art, I naturally took a fist in it.

This brings me back to Charles Hurd, for in his gentle way he influenced me more than any other of my acquaintances at this time. Through him I met Joseph Edgar Chamberlain who conducted a column in the *Transcript* called "The Listener", and through Chamberlain (who was a native of Vermont but had lived for many years in Wisconsin) I came to know a group of writers, among them Mary E. Wilkins, who was just coming to fame as a writer of New England short stories.

V

Chamberlain came to hear me make a speech on the single tax one night and filled a column next day with kindly comment upon my arraignment of our land system, a blaze of publicity which rather terrified me. In spite of my Van Dyke beard, Windsor tie, and broad-brimmed hat, he liked me. He was never effusive in his communication, therefore I valued his criticism whether public or private. To the readers of the *Transcript* he was only a quiet essayist, but to those who knew him he was a thinker of unusual powers, tenacious yet reasonable. With him I discussed American fiction and drama with greater freedom than with any other man. He was less remote, less of the desk editor than Hurd, with whom I never quite reached a sense of comradeship.

Miss Wilkins was a frequent and an especially welcome guest in Chamberlain's home. She was at this time a charming New England spinster, blonde, blue-eyed, humorous and pleasantly laconic, so unobtrusive in manner that her succinct low-voiced comment was often lost in the joyous clamor of less important voices. Boston was just becoming aware of her rare quality and *Harper's Magazine* was printing her stories almost month by month. Her success, although marvellous in my eyes, aroused no envy for I had sincerest admiration for her artless art.

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Her home was in the suburban village of Randolph and I recall a visit there. I found her living in a small white colonial cottage, exactly appropriate to her, one which might have been used as an illustration for almost any of her stories, and the meal which her companion and cook had prepared was equally in character. Its cakes and pies, its hot biscuits, and jam were exactly right. I felt large and rude, like the man in one of her tales who came into the well-ordered sitting room of his sweetheart so clumsily that he turned over her work basket and sat down on the cat. That Mary Ellen was taking my measure at the same time that I was taking hers did not escape me. Her keen glance was almost as intimidating as that of Howells. As a student of minute phases of conduct she had no superior. The amazing part of her genius lay in her ability to see the near-by life of her neighborhood in artistic perspective.

Her only competitor in the New England short-story field, was Sarah Orne Jewett. Her work was related to the school in which Mary Wilkins was an exemplar, but she was more adroitly literary. There was a little more of the summer visitor in her stories of the New England villages which she celebrated.

There were others in this Boston group of writers who wrote occasional sketches with the color of New England in them, and so related themselves to the local color movement in the South, where Thomas Nelson Page was doing for Virginia something the same work that Harris was doing for Georgia and Cable for Louisiana—a work in which Bret Harte and Joaquin Miller were leaders for the Coast. The importance of this local color fiction increased with every month, for Gilder in the *Century* and Alden in *Harper's* welcomed it and encouraged it.

The reader will begin to understand how helpful Hurd, Chamberlain and Enneking were in extending my knowledge of artists and writers, but it is only fair to say that I was spending from ten to twelve hours of each day in the library in preparation for my classes in literature. Furthermore, I had begun to write a book to be called *The Evolution of American Ideals*—a sufficiently inclusive subject, you will say—which had been suggested to me by the writings of Herbert Spencer, De Toqueville and Walt Whitman. It was based on my own reading, but its philosophy was derivative.

VI

The *Atlantic Monthly* and Houghton Mifflin's publishing business occupied an ancient house on Park Street near the corner of Beacon, and I never went by it without a feeling of awe. The feeling of awe is rather comical to me now, for it was not an imposing building and the offices were far from luxurious; nevertheless it was rich with memories of Emerson, Holmes, Howells and many other great personalities. I recall two visits to the chief editor's room, once to see Thomas Bailey Aldrich, the editor, and another to have a word with Frank Garrison, who was connected with the book-publishing department. My errand to Aldrich was the result of a highly ambitious plan. After finishing four of my studies of "Edwin Booth as a Master of Expression", I had sent them to the *Atlantic Monthly* in the hope that the editor would find them worthy, and I had received a brief note from Aldrich requesting me to call at his office. I entered his room in great expectation and some trepidation, for to me he was a prince in the literary hierarchy of New England. I knew his poetry as well as his prose, and admired its graceful lightness.

He was standing as I entered, and received me with cold aloofness, but gave me a chair. His office was a square room which seemed very large and luxurious to me, quite in keeping with his position. He was a man of middle size with dark hair and long mustaches, the ends of which were waxed. He was courteous but curiously restless. As he talked

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he walked back and forth across the room, scarcely looking at me. Fastidiously clothed and barbered, he looked almost the beau to me, and I felt that he had a rather poor opinion of me, due to my speech as much as to my unfashionable coat and tie. As he went on I perceived something antagonistic in his attitude. After tepidly praising my atricle, he began to criticize it and to point out this or that mistake, faults due to the fact that I did not personally know the great actor. He explained that my studies were not available, and then let a cat out of the bag by saying, "Booth is my friend and neighbor. I have known him for many years, and I have already written something about him which I intend to use in the magazine".

This ended the session for me. I went away with the boyish belief that this great editor was trying to keep my articles from being published—an absurd concept on my part, for my articles had no literary quality; they were valuable only for their observation. Young and aspiring authors get such notions of their elders and betters.

I saw Aldrich afterwards only in public places. His articles on Booth never came under my eyes and, so far as I know, he was never aware of my later work.

VII

I had begun to do a little in the way of local color myself. One evening in November, just at dusk, while at work in my attic in the home of Dr. Cross, I heard the ring of a scoop-shovel in the alley under my window (it was a truckman unloading a ton of coal), and this sound, combined with the moan of the wind in the elm trees over the roof, put me back into the gloom of an autumn sunset on an Iowa farm. Instantly I was shovelling corn from a wagon box into the crib at the close of a day's husking in a broad field of standing stalks.

Thinking back into those desolate days, I experienced a singular desire to relive them, painful as they had been, and since I could not do so in reality I was inspired to do so in imagination. I began at once an article descriptive of a western corn-husking, in the belief that no such picture had ever been made.

At the end of the sketch, which contained some four or five thousand words, I began to reflect on its value. I had read many poems and stories of New York and New England in which the husking-bee was a charming social frolic; but no one, so far as I knew, had ever described the stern and solitary task of harvesting corn in the broad field of a prairie farm. With something of the spirit of the historian as well as the pioneer, I revised my article, making it still more exact, and finally sent it to the editor of the *New American Magazine*. I cannot recall just why I selected this journal, but it may have been that I lacked the courage to try the *Century*. Whatever my reasons may have been I was surprised and heartened by a letter of acceptance from the editor, William Wyckoff, who not only praised the essay, but urged me to keep on. "I am a native of a corn-growing community, and I recognize the truth of your picture," he wrote.

He apologized for not being able to pay promptly or adequately, but that did not destroy the inspirational value of his letter which had the effect of confirming me in my historic mood. "Why don't you take up other phases of your life on the prairie?" he suggested, and a little later I did. I wrote some six articles dealing with haying, wheat-harvesting, threshing, winter sports and the like.

Wychoff wished to use all of them, but as he could not pay for them and his magazine seemed in danger of retirement, I sent some of the remaining ones elsewhere. I recall sending one to Donn Piatt of the *Belford Magazine*. Even when accepted they brought me only a few dollars, but that did not dishearten me. It was a satisfaction to see them in print. With no confidence in the value of my writing, I kept to my teaching which enabled me to pay my board.

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At about this time I wrote a long poem, "Lost in a Norther", for which John Ford, editor of *Harper's Weekly,* paid me twenty-five dollars, a marvellous evidence of my power. I was feeling my way toward a delineation of life in Iowa and Dakota, a field in which I had no predecessor.

VIII

Among the authors I admired most at this time (1886) was James Russell Lowell, whose literary essays had vastly stimulated me. His poetry, other than his dialect verses, had never appealed to me. I found it rather cold and formal. But he was a great figure in Boston, and as Ambassador to Great Britain had won a high place for himself in the estimation of the English. Therefore I read with joyous anticipation the announcement that he had promised to deliver a course of lectures at the Lowell Institute, although his subject, "The British Dramatists", was not of keen interest to me.

These addresses were for the public and on the opening night of the series I was in my seat, eager to hear and to see the great writer and honored diplomat. The hall was completely filled. As Lowell came on the platform, I was shocked to find him old and gray, with a long beard and a sadly ashen complexion. He moved stiffly, almost painfully, to his desk, opened a thick bundle of manuscript, shuffled it about and began to read. His voice was feeble, and his accent, to my thinking, un-American. Bending low over his page, and peering closely at it as though the light were poor or his glasses dim, he went monotonously on, in a mumbling rumble, a disappointment to us all. Being directly before him I should have heard every word, but I did not. I was troubled, also, by the masklike immobility of his countenance. Only his lips moved. The muscles of his face appeared atrophied. His cheeks were as rigid as those of a Japanese mask. He took very little account of his audience, but appeared to be talking to himself or to the people in the front row. As most of his auditors were unable to follow him, they slipped out by twos and threes; when he closed his lecture less than half of his audience remained. His address had drearily failed.

All this was a shocking revelation of his age. I went away musing on the chasm between the shining, confident James Russell Lowell of my imagination and the mumbling gray-beard of the platform.

His direct opposite in every way was Robert Ingersoll, whom I heard at about the same date. My interest in Ingersoll had begun when, as a lad of sixteen, I read some of his speeches. I had never been able to hear him speak. Now that he was announced to lecture at the Boston Theater on "Myths and Myth-Makers" I had my chance. Like Booth he was a part of my education in oratory and so, with nearly three thousand other enthusiasts, I found my way to the theatre one Sunday evening, tensely expectant of a marvellous address, but with only the vaguest notion of the orator's personal appearance.

He came on the vast stage alone, as I recall the scene, a large man in evening dress, quite bald and smoothly shaven. He began to speak almost before he left the wings, addressing himself to us with colloquial unaffected directness. I say "to us", for that was precisely the effect he produced. He appeared to be speaking to each one of us individually. His tone was confidential, friendly and yet authoritative. "Do you know," he began, "that every race has created all its gods and all its devils? The childhood of the race put fairies in the breeze and a kobold in the stream. Every religion began in exactly the same way."

These were not his exact words, of course, but such was the manner of his beginning. The stage was bare and he had no manuscript. Standing with his hands clasped behind his back, and speaking without effort, he made his words plain to every auditor. I

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was not especially concerned with his religious antagonism, but I enjoyed the beauty of his phrasing and the almost unequalled magic of his voice. He was a master of colloquial speech. Unlike Lowell he eyed us, laughed at us and with us. He bantered us, challenged us, electrified us. At times his eloquence held us silent as images and then some witty turn, some humorous phrase, brought roars of applause. At times we cheered almost every sentence, like a political convention. At other moments we rose in our seats and yelled. There was something hypnotic in his rhythm as well as in his phrasing. His voice had no such melody as Booth's, but he had the singular power of making me oblivious of it.

As I studied him I came to the conclusion that a large part of his power lay in the fact that he vitalized every word, every syllable. He thought each sentence out at the moment he gave it utterance. He was alive to the tip of his tongue. He did not permit his organs of speech to proceed mechanically. He remained in control.

After more than forty years, I can still repeat some of his lines.

Strike with the hand of fire, O weird musician, thy harp
Strung with Apollo's golden hair:
Blow, Bugler, blow till thy exalted notes
Do touch and kiss the moonlit waves
And startle the lovers wandering amid the vine-clad hills.
Fill the vast cathedral aisles with thy sweet symphonies
Hushed and dim, deft toucher of the organ's keys:
But know, thy sweetest music,
All is discord compared to childhood's happy laugh
The laugh which fills the eyes with light
And the very heart with joy.

Oh, rippling river of laughter, thou
Art the blessed boundary line
Betwixt the beasts and men
And every wayward wave of thine
Doth drawn some fretful fiend of care.

He taught me the value of speaking as if thinking out loud. After hearing him, the harsh monotonous cadences of other orators became a weariness.

As I studied his printed addresses I found them filled with passages of singular beauty, lines of true poetry. His so-called "infidelity" meant less to me than to many others of his auditors, for I was a student of Spencer and Darwin, but his skill as a phrase-maker greatly appealed to my sense of form. As I reread them today I find them well-written and interesting. Only last summer I read one of them to an audience of young people of literary training, and its English, crisp and clear and vital as when I first heard it nearly a third of a century ago, aroused the applause of my auditors.

Although I heard him speak six or eight times, I came rather slowly to a full understanding of his method. First of all came his fearless humor. It is this quality which made his "Mistakes of Moses" irresistible even to his opponents.

The second source of his power was his naturalness, his colloquial tone and his informal manner. He ignored oratorical conventions. He had something to say and he said it as directly as possible.

My only personal meeting with him came some years later, when as a member of a committee I went to his office in a downtown New York block to ask him to speak at a meeting. He was kindly, but a little remote and preoccupied. He was older and whiter than when I had last heard him speak and his hair was thinner, but his eyes were undimmed, and his smile winning. He denied our request but did so with such kindly tone that we went away without resentment.

In spite of my admiration of Ingersoll, Beecher and other great orators, Edwin Booth remained my chief exemplar of noble speech. Whenever he came to Boston I went again and again to see him and especially to hear him, for certain of his readings in *Mac-*

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beth and *Hamlet* had a subtlety of intonation which meant more to me than any other music. I noted down and analyzed his gestures and his inflections, with intent to use them sometime in print. I made four studies of his art, "Iago", "Macbeth", "Hamlet", and "Lear", and during his second session I went so far as to mail to him one of my studies, the one on *Macbeth*. I informed him that I was writing a book upon *Edwin Booth as an Interpreter of Shakespeare,* and asked him for a word of approval. I did this in a mood of exaltation which left me scared and humble when it had passed away.

A few days later the manuscript came back, redolent of tobacco smoke and showing signs of having been carefully read. With it was a letter in Booth's own hand thanking me for my interest: "I am very 'poor in thanks' and know not how to express the gratification which your mention of those seldom-noticed effects of tone, eye and gesture have given me. It is more encouraging to know that such delicate lights and shades are appreciated and not wasted (as I have often feared they were), than in loudest applause bestowed on the bolder effects of one's art work. But as this seems to come too near the praising of myself, I will say no more than that I thank you sincerely for the pleasure you have given me in the knowledge that the more careful part of my labor is not lost".

Surely I had a right to feel relieved and elated by this letter whose every word I studied as with a mental microscope, finding in its careful phrasing justification for all the labor I had put into my monograph. No doubt he regarded me as a professor of standing and assurance, and at the moment I felt myself to be, at least, a conscientious observer and student.

Re-exalted as I was by this letter from my revered tragedian, I had no slightest hope of ever meeting him. But the unexpected happened to me in those days, and when I read that the veteran actor James E. Murdoch was to read at a hall on Park Street, and that Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett, as old friends of Murdoch, were to be there, I hastened to buy a ticket, no matter what the cost.

Being early at the hall I got a seat near the middle of the center aisle and facing the door, so that I could watch the notables as they entered. As the hour came and Mr. Booth had not yet appeared, some of my neighbors openly doubted his intention of coming; and it did seem quite impossible that the most illustrious actor of his time should fill a seat in this small audience, select as it undoubtedly was.

Murdoch and his sponsor seemed troubled and after waiting a little beyond the hour the reading began. The veteran actor was gray and dignified, a tall, handsome man who read sonorously and with taste, but none of us really listened; we were all watching the door at the side, hoping to see Edwin Booth.

"There he is!" some one said. Murdoch paused, a soft hand-clapping and murmur arose, and Lawrence Barrett, a bit pompous in bearing, appeared followed by a smaller man with beautiful downcast head, a shy almost timid man, negligently clothed—Edwin Booth!

No one could have been less like Richelieu, or Macbeth, or Iago. He tiptoed down the aisle like an embarrassed girl, apologizing in every motion for such belated and spectacular entrance. He ignored all the applause, all of the greetings of his friends, and sank into his seat with such evident relief that those who knew him smiled. So far from being on the platform he was several rows back of where I sat and I could not see him after he was in place.

It was to me a very strange fact that this man, adored by thousands, who had addressed millions of his fellow citizens from behind the footlights, should be so shy when confronting a few hundred worshipful spectators many of whom were his personal friends. At the close of the reading many of his friends gathered about him where he

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stood and with a courage for which I cannot account, I approached Mr. Barrett and told him that I was the author of the lecture on Macbeth.

Plucking Mr. Booth by the sleeve he said, "Edwin, this is Mr. Garland, who wrote that valuable lecture on your work".

I had no awe of Barrett, but when Booth turned his beautiful dark eyes upon me, my tongue failed me utterly. Never had I looked into such eyes or upon a gentler, more sensitive, face.

He smiled with kindly interest and murmured his thanks for the minute and authentic record I had made of his methods. Then another idolator intervened, he turned away and I went away down the stairs and across the Common, rejoicing in his praise and his thanks.

One night at the Authors' Club in New York City I met John Burroughs for the first time. I think Gilder introduced me to him. At any rate I remember him as a small, dark-bearded, handsome man who kept shyly in the background. During the evening the man whose figure stands out most clearly in my mind was that of Hopkinson Smith, who, upon the urging of his friends, consented to do a stunt. Rising gravely he laid aside his coat, bowed low on all sides in imitation of a circus acrobat, then leaped upon an imaginary taut rope where he balanced, trod to and fro, bowed gracefully and blew kisses to the ladies with such perfect simulation of a wire dancer that we all shouted with delight of his pantomime.

Slim, lithe, and graceful, with long, curving mustaches, he looked the circus performer. Up and down the line he tripped, hands uplifted, eyes upon the crowd below, resting now and again to acknowledge applause.

To me it was a most delightful trick, one that only an artist could have carried out. I did not know that he was three men in one, a lighthouse builder, a novelist and a painter, but I did know that he was a facile actor.

Thomas Nelson Page of Virginia read something that night with a charming Southern accent, but his Negro dialect was not easy to follow.

While on the subject, I should add that I heard many distinguished orators in Tremont Temple. Fred Douglass, the great Negro advocate, a big black grizzled man with the voice of a lion; Joseph Cook, a powerful, complacent priest and Henry George, a most effective speaker. He was an orator of ideas. His voice was clear and far-reaching and his English of exceptional precision and grace. He moved his audiences almost as powerfully as Ingersoll moved his, but never to laughter. He exalted them, he never amused them.

Boston was rich in possibilities for me, and as my fear of want lost its edge I began to spend an occasional half-dollar to hear a concert or visit the theater.

(*To be continued*)

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THE EVOLUTION OF EVELYN SCOTT

by Robert Morss Lovett

EVELYN SCOTT is an unusual and unexpected figure, an American writer with a purpose purely esthetic. Externally regarded, her technique may be explained by reference to imagism and to the recognition of the unconscious in expressionism—the prevailing phases of art and thought in the years when she was making her trial flights; but internally considered, it is clear that it is a highly individual and personal expression. Whether she would have written as she has except for the stream of tendency into which she was born and grew may be questioned; but it is beyond denial that she would have made her own understanding of life and feeling about it predominant over whatever theories and forms happened to be the accepted modes of the day.

Those who look for the explanation of an author in his experience of life will find it in Mrs. Scott's *Escapade,* first published in 1923, and soon now to be reissued by Messrs. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. It is the narrative of her girlhood, when exiled to Brazil by her lover's liability under the atrocious statute known as the Mann Act: a foreign environment, unknown and hostile; tropical horrors, dirt, vermin, disease; human beings, treacherous, malevolent, cruel; the helplessness of poverty in the midst of social isolation; the agony of childbirth among strangers; the futile struggle against disaster. It is not fanciful to see in the experience here recorded the growth and strengthening of Mrs. Scott's peculiar powers: first, her acute perception of the external world, of material things and conditions, enforced by so much in them that was loathsome and dangerous; and second, her intimate sense of the human consciousness made vivid by the suffering involved in contacts with the outer world and with other human beings in the same environment. Pain would seem to be the greatest factor in Mrs. Scott's experience—pain which she calls "the consciousness of an incongruity of which one is a part".

It was after her return from Brazil that Mrs. Scott began her career in New York as poet and critic, much of her work being published in *The Dial.* Her first volume of verse, *Precipitations,* was published in 1921. In an understanding criticism in *The New Republic,* Padraic Colum noted the extreme personalism of Mrs. Scott's poetry, her lack of interest in the general, in traditional attitudes and accepted philosophies; her absorption in the particular, in states of consciousness that are fluid and evanescent. With his sense of the folk-value of poetry, Mr. Colum questioned whether Mrs. Scott was not occupying territory that belonged to the novelist rather than the poet; and from the same point of view he found in her verse a quality which many readers doubtless have found in her fiction—"a way of understating life".

Whether or not Mrs. Scott took her critic's query as advice, her later work has been chiefly in fiction. Her first novel, *The Narrow*

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House, appeared in 1921, followed by *Narcissus* in 1922, *Escapade* in 1923, and *The Golden Door* in 1925. These four books belong together by virtue of a certain explicitness of intention and limitation of technique. They differ not in kind but in degree from her later work in *Migrations* (1927), and *Ideals* (1927). *The Wave* (1929) must be placed in a class by itself.

In taking up again *The Narrow House* the other day, I had the feeling that I was beginning a novel by Mrs. Virginia Woolf—either *Mrs. Dalloway* or *To the Lighthouse.* There is a curious static, one might say stagnant, quality in the life which both novelists present. *The Narrow House* encloses the life of a single family, built up out of relations of which the pain would be insupportable if it were not for the daily use and wont. All the members of the family suffer in their enforced association, and their suffering curdles into a slow-burning hate, which comes to unconscious expression. "Smiling, Lawrence lifted eyes in which the light of hate was drawn inward toward some obscure point of agony."

In their behavior toward one another they show the instinctive reactions of animals: "The two women felt for each other through the gloom. They were like water insects fumbling with antennae". They live in a peculiar intimacy with the material things which make up for them the homely detail of existence. "The clear stream of water, dancing with light, hung like a thread of glass as it flowed slowly from the shiny spigot into the porcelain bowl." These inanimate objects are a relief from the pain of human contact. "She craved intimacy with the frail things her touch could dominate." Throughout they form a sort of chorus, reflecting the sordid futility of life.

Narcissus and *The Golden Door* are written in the same mood of distaste with life as *The Narrow House,* and with the same expressionistic method by which the explicit is submerged and the implicit brought to the surface. The characters move in a limited circle of human relations, and like Malvolio, they are poisoned by self-love. They are abnormal types, neurotic, sadistic, masochistic; and as a subjective realist Mrs. Scott makes them real to us through their suffering and self-torture. Of Paul, the hero of *The Golden Door,* she says: "He had no language for anything but pain". And again this shifting, evanescent, subjective experience is interwoven with bodily existence among material conditions and objects which deflect consciousness with grotesque forms:

> May, left alone, felt the immense emptiness of the small, still room. The vastness of the lamp-illumined silence made her feel giddily isolate. She felt as if all of her had gone out into the night and there was nothing but lamp-illumined emptiness in her for her to know. The rays of light were heavy, crushing her insignificance. The lamp was on the table in the midst of greasy, dishevelled plates and inert knives and forks. Staring at it, May found herself the small point of terror in which the rays of silence converged.

In the midst of these early and tentative efforts came *Escapade,* to which I have already referred as the chief revelation of Mrs. Scott's own experience. Here on a larger scale we have the interweaving of consciousness and the external scene. At times the sensation of the latter takes on extraordinary vividness; the tropical heat which "seemed to emanate from the earth in warm clouds of invisible but palpable steam"; the darkness "in which the ocean is like a shadow upon another shadow"; the smell "of hot palm oil with the stench of excrement in a number of unemptied pots set out in a row"—for Mrs. Scott extenuates nothing. Sometimes a romantic Shelleyan sky hangs above the earth revealed with homely impressionism:

> The sun has not yet risen. Gold clouds in a palely lighted sky suggest a frozen storm. The moon, transparently dissolving, is a sliver of ice. Slow-rocking half wheel of moon sags, dims—dim and mellow in dim sky. Roosters are crow-

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ing. In the distance a dog barks. Still we can see no houses. Only low hills covered with brush, a few paths disappearing nowhere, and a small boy, half naked, driving some gray humped cattle into a field. The moon drifts torpidly, drags earth, drags sky in its torpidness."

In this world the torturing problems of daily existence fade before the essential quest of the spirit. "I wonder who I am? Who is this being I am alone with every day, who is already a part of the child she never beheld?" And this hunger for self-knowledge is stilled at times in a sense of self-possessing in which the external world passes into nothingness, dissolving in infinity.

I felt as I lay there that life indeed was endless. My heart was still, was a grave. . . . Somehow out of emptiness—out of darkness—I had a tactile feeling of warmth, of the warmth of my own being which surrounded me, and I lay in myself sleeping while I was awake.

Mrs. Scott's later work shows a certain chastening of the moods of her earlier writing, while maintaining the general method of penetrating the external world with subjective response. There is less deliberate emphasis on ugliness and pain. *Ideals* is a group of character studies written as it were with a determined effort at rendering the drab, cold, commonplace pattern of selected lives—another example of Mrs. Scott's habit of understating life. *Migrations* is of special interest because here Mrs. Scott opens up the material of her family tradition, in the story of the journey of a family from its seat in Georgia to San Francisco in the days of the gold rush. *Migrations* stands to Mrs. Scott's later work in much the same relation as *Escapade* to the earlier. It is, as she recognizes, the precursor of the work by which she has made memorable the present year—*The Wave*.

The novel dealing with war has undergone a significant transformation during the last century. It remained for a long time in the mood of primitive literature in which the deeds of the warrior were the chief theme of the bard. Individual heroism and national glory, spiced with comic relief, furnished the recipe for the conventional war story, of which Kipling is perhaps the last able practitioner. This type has notably given way before the horrors of the World War to the sternly realistic rendering of Barbusse, Latzko, Arnold Zweig and Erich Remarque. Tolstoy was the precursor of the change, in *Sevastopol* and *War and Peace*. Prophetically in the latter he treats war not as an affair of great personalities and military genius, but as a mass phenomenon, affecting the spirit of a whole people and entering into its life. *War and Peace* was one of the few books which Mrs. Scott carried with her in her flight to Brazil, but she remarks that though later she re-read it many times it did not then interest her in the least. She still feels, however, that Tolstoy's treatment of the theme is inadequate, by virtue of his rather desultory adherence to the convention of plot.

In her effort to present the American Civil War as a mass movement, a wave, she has discarded plot entirely, and given us a series of nearly a hundred episodes involving not only generals and statesmen, Grant, Lee, Lincoln, Davis, but common soldiers struggling into combat in the swamps of Virginia, the mountains of Tennessee, the villages of Pennsylvania, and women and children on lonely plantations in Georgia or driven from their burning homes in the Shenandoah, watching from the hills above Richmond the victories in the Seven Days' Battle, or writhing under the orders of the army of occupation in New Orleans. For this task she has material in family tradition and contemporary private records, a knowledge of Southern character and of the Southern scene, a sense of the realities behind the abstraction of geography as intimate as that which she shows in *Escapade*. Indeed, Mrs. Scott's whole previous performance may be seen as a preparation for the writing of this book. It is an effort to deal with the multifarious aspects of a single mass movement through the experience of a great number of individuals, an experience which

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is never twice the same. In her view the individual is important only as an element of the mass, the organism in which he has a part through his unconscious self—"an organism that, while composed of apparent entities, is, in action, the expression of a sort of over-soul in which individualities are submerged". "I intended," she says, "to convey by implication my sense of that Fate which must remain a figure of a dream, while it appears to direct the infinite series of external events in which human characters enact their drama." This is clearly an effort to do in a series of narrative episodes what Thomas Hardy has done in his epic-drama *The Dynasts*. If Mrs. Scott's success is less impressive it is because the dramatic form compels a sense of unity which may be lost in short flights of narrative. It will be the failure of Mrs. Scott's readers if they take *The Wave* as a collection of short stories of the war.

Although Mrs. Scott relies upon the unconscious, she is by no means an unconscious artist. She has always an acute awareness of her processes. In *Escapade* we have a sense of two persons in the heroine: the one who suffers and the one who watches. Again and again in its pages Mrs. Scott refers to this watching self as a disembodied mind. For example: "My mind is white, still, and separate. It is conscious of itself but of nothing outside . . . It is terrible to have such a living mind. I hate it. I want it killed because it goes on and on so brightly and meaninglessly". And again, on a journey, "My cold white mind went on ahead of me, on through the arrested atmosphere, through the solemn chill". She speaks of the brain as the seat of her artistic process, the womb, in which conception, gestation, and parturition take place amid constant reluctance and defeat.

> My brain pulls, stretches, tears; but cannot open wide enough to see. Always at the agonized point of conception, but never conceiving. Always giving birth, yet never born. What is it I am to conceive? To what must I give birth? What is the question I cannot answer that must be answered? What is that blank face I must fill in with features?

The inadequacy of the brain to the work of creation is the tragedy of the conscious artist. In *The Wave* Mrs. Scott has transcended this limitation. She has made the study of character, which gave her earlier work the aspect of a series of special cases, subsidiary to her instinct for the movement of life as a whole. She has dealt with the massive outlines of an organism in which the individual and his material affairs are involved but casually and incidentally—a macrocosm. She has achieved an independence of the personal or rather she has identified personality with the enterprise as a whole, the penetration of politics by imagination. And this she has done by treating her material, not through subjective response, but with a full acceptance of the leadings implicit in its own nature. Our Civil War has taken Mrs. Scott out of the narrow round of specialization and case study and set her feet in the large ways of human life.

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THE FACTS OF LIFE

A Series of Parody Biographies by H. W. Hanemann

WITH SKETCHES BY HERB ROTH

I. CATHERINE THE GREAT

A Loose Lady-friend of Viña Delmar's

It was a hell of a note. Yes, sir, that's what it was, a hell of a note. You couldn't please any of them. Mamma Anhalt-Zerbst had nearly busted herself in half to get her married to Pete Romanov. If she hadn't kissed the back of old Mrs. Romanov's neck, it was because she hadn't thought of it. It was the chance of a lifetime, a golden opportunity. Couldn't a girl, for God's sake, use what little brains she was born with?

So Catherine (christened Sophie Auguste Friedrike Anhalt-Zerbst) had married Karl Peter Ulrich Romanov because his old lady was the Big Shot on Petersburg Heights. Karl Peter Ulrich had a slack jaw and said "yeah". He would have said "yeah" to the minister only one of the bridesmaids had kicked him in the pants in time. It was an expensive wedding and it had made Catherine sick. Funny, there was always something the matter with her now. Headache, stomachache, a pain in the side, depression. Not that it meant anything. The real matter with Catherine was that there was really nothing the matter with her.

Masha Shukov was late. You could tell things to Masha, Catherine reflected. She was a good egg. Good to you but not for you, Jake Skorodov had said. He was a great kidder. Well, Catherine was married to Pete Romanov and that was that. No use getting Russian about it. He was certainly no ball of fire. All he cared about was to shoot pool. Crazy for shooting pool. He never thought about anything else, if he ever thought. Catherine guessed Pete wasn't all there. She should always have guessed as accurately as that. She would have made a sucker out of Wall Street.

When Masha arrived Catherine perked up a bit. She perked up a bit of coffee for the two of them and opened a tin of caviar.

"Well, Feeky?" said Masha. It was good to hear her pet name.

"Hebrews; thirteen, eight," answered Catherine. Look it up for yourself.

"Pete?"

"Pete."

"I don't see how you stand it." Masha was frank; that's why Catherine liked her.

"What you don't know, Masha, would get you into the movies." Catherine laughed grimly. "Listen, can you keep your trap shut?"

"My grandmother was a Klamm."

"Well, it's our wedding night." A faint flush suffused the fine olive of Catherine's cheek. "'Well,' he says, 'here we are—hey, Katie?'

"'Here we are, Big Boy,' I says.

"'And here we'll be tomorrow morning?'

"'It looks like it, don't it?' I says.

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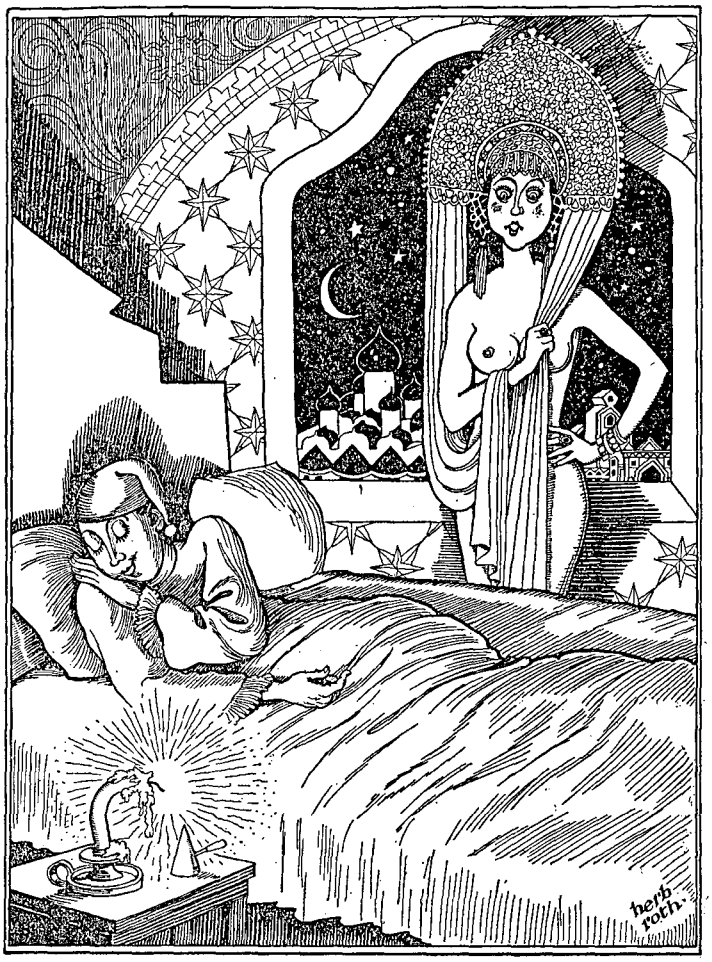

"'Gee,' he says, 'what a kick the ice man will get outa that!' and he goes to sleep." — "The lousy bum!"

"'Gee,' he says, 'what a kick the ice man will get outa that!' And he goes to sleep."

"The lousy bum!" breathed Masha Shukov. Catherine laughed scornfully.

When Masha had gone and the percolator had been put away, the telephone rang. That would be old Mrs. Romanov—Mamma Elisabeth. Catherine set her teeth. She thought of pretending she wasn't there. She might answer in a disguised voice—she was clever at that sort of thing. "No, ma'am, Miz Rummynoff done gone out wawkin' wiv de woof-hound." Or, "Das lady ban out. Ay tank yu hang up now, sure and be gorra."

What was the use? Mamma Elisabeth would only call up again. Catherine took the receiver off the hook. She put it up to her ear.

"Hallo—and how is my *galubchick* today?" Even the telephone could not dissipate the proprietary manner, the incisiveness, the imperiousness.

"Just the same, thank you, Mamma Elisabeth."

"Have you taken your Bestushev's Drops?" Catherine groaned inwardly. Those damn drops. There were four cases of them piled right now in the kitchen. Not that they were

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so bad. You could always use them when the gin ran out.

"Yes, Mamma."

"And no different, hey?"

"No, Mamma."

"Sha! Sha! Babies are for young people. They keep the home together. And you've been married over a year."

"Yes, Mamma."

"You love each other."

"Yes, Mamma."

"Well, then, what the hell?" Mrs. Romanov could be unnecessarily coarse upon occasion. Evidently this was an occasion. "For my Pete I couldn't say ever since he dropped that pool-ball on his head as a little one. But you are a smart girl."

"Yes, Mamma."

"Maybe you are too damn smart!" Mrs. Romanov hung up.

Catherine put the receiver back on the hook and poured herself a hooker of Bestushev's Drops. This baby talk of Mamma Elisabeth would drive her nuts. When was she going to have a baby? Why wasn't she going to have a baby? Didn't she know she ought to have a baby? It was her duty as a Romanov-by-marriage to have a baby. Every day she called up and went through the same song and dance. Her own mother was no better. First she got married to please them. Now she was to have a baby to please them. An heir, they called it. They could take the heir and they knew what they could do with it. They could all go jump in the lake.

Not that she wouldn't like to have a baby. She could see the baby store on Nevsky Boulevard right now, the one with the bright red sign, reading

YE KIDDIELAND SHOPPE

SOL BLUMOV, PROP.

Little lacy caps hung in the window, and dresses with horses and elephants and bunnies on them. Cute. And booties. Tiny little booties. You could hold two or three dozen of them in the palm of your hand. Red and yellow kiddie-cars and ridiculous little midget-sized furniture. It was terrifying, but it made something deep down inside of you feel like a hot fudge marshmallow sundae. Oh, she would be glad enough to have a baby. You had a baby and then you wrote a book. There were worse things than having a baby. For instance, there was Pete.

There was Pete, right enough. He dropped his whoopee hat on the malachite table and stumbled into the living room.

"Hi," said Pete.

" 'Fascinated by my brilliant conversation, they gathered around me while I told them all where they got off.' " Catherine was mildly ironic.

"You going cuckoo?"

" 'Tomorrow, at half-past four. Bring the kiddies.' " Kiddies. A sharp stab of pain went through Catherine's consciousness. "Your mother called up," she said abruptly.

"What did she want?"

"She wanted a baby."

"Say, what the hell?" Pete's chin clicked against the third button of his low-cut vest.

"Listen, Bozo!" Catherine's eyes flashed like a traffic signal. "I got to have a baby."

"Why don't you write to Santa Claus?"

"Maybe I will. But I thought I ought to consult you about it first."

"Consult your Aunt Fanny."

"I don't have to. For a year, now, it's been the consensus of opinion in your family and mine that I ought to have a baby."

"It's Ma again, is it?" said Pete. "She's getting old. They get funny that way when they get old."

"So am I getting old."

"Well, you don't look it. What do you want to do—go around looking like Mrs. Choglukov?" Mrs. Choglukov lived upstairs and had children on a strict biological schedule.

"I don't care. Anything is better than your old lady's yapping. It's obscene."

"It's what?"

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"Let it go." Catherine had only a vague idea of what it meant herself. "Anyhow, Pete Romanov, you listen to me. Somebody has got to tell you the facts of life." Her cheeks burning, Catherine succinctly set down what, for a year, had been uppermost in the minds of Mamma Anhalt-Zerbst, Mamma Elisabeth, old Mrs. Choglukov and Petersburg Heights generally. It seemed that everybody had acquired the idea but Pete.

When she had finished, the hope of the Romanovs grabbed up his hat in haste from the malachite table. "Say," he said, "it's your lower jaw, ain't it?"

"What's my lower jaw?"

"It's your lower jaw that moves when you talk. Well, so long. I got an important pool match down at the Elite and the boys are waiting. Don't stay up late." He was gone.

Catherine nursed a dull rage in what, for the Heights, amounted to a virgin breast. No doubt Pete had understood what she had said. And all he'd done was to rush off to the Elite Pool and Billiard Parlor. When he got back, she would be in bed, asleep. The hell she would be asleep!

What would she do now? She might take the wolf-hound, Rasputin-tin-tin, for a walk. She had walked that damn mutt around so much he was worn down to a Sealyham. She opened a can of soup and put it on the stove. She was having soup when she ought to be having a baby. What was the matter with Pete, anyway? It was natural for married couples to have babies. It was expected of them. "The expectant bride," thought Catherine to herself, and she thought of what she had told Masha Shukov. A blinding revelation flashed over her. Little incidents, half-forgotten, came crowding into her mind to strengthen a conviction she knew instinctively to be true. Pete Romanov, her husband, was a . . .

Well, no use getting Russian about it.

When Pete came back at nine o'clock, you could have knocked her over with an uncorked bottle of Mary Garden.

"Hey," said Pete. "We got company. This

She could see the baby store on Nevsky Boulevard right now

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It looked as if it was going to be an interesting evening

is Serge Saltikov. He's a buddy of mine. The pool room got raided. So we come up here."

Serge Saltikov was young and good-looking. He had curly hair and strong, white teeth. Under his arm he held a balalaika. "So this is Pete's Little Woman", he said, laughing. He laughed easily, constantly.

"Who did you think it was," retorted Catherine, "one of Louisa M. Alcott's?" Catherine could crack back with the best of them.

Serge started to strum the "St. Peter and St. Paul Blues" on the balalaika. Catherine went out for a bottle of Bestushev's Drops. It looked as if it was going to be an interesting evening.

Serge did an imitation of Chaliapin. Then he did Eddie Cantor, Al Jolson and Rudy Vallée. They were terrible, but to Catherine they sounded sweeter than the big headliners at the Imperial Opera House. He was a comic, all right, but she knew his type. A

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Heights sheik. She didn't know that she cared for the way he looked at her. Serge knew. When you live in the Heights, you get to know soon enough.

"Some Mamma." The Drops were getting in their dirty work. "And Pete puts in all his spare time at the Elite." Pete looked foolish. It was a practically effortless accomplishment.

"Are you interested in Art, Mr. Saltikov?" Catherine felt it was time to put the conversation on an intellectual plane. Serge answered by raising his eyebrows and putting his necktie in his pocket. Catherine laughed. How was anybody to ritz a natural-born fool?

When Pete went out into the kitchen for another bottle, Serge leaned over and spoke in a confidential tone.

"Say, baby," he said, "how's for seeing you some time?"

"Your gall isn't divided into three parts, is it?" Catherine responded coolly.

This was the first indication of the sound historical instinct which was to play so great a part in her later career.

When Serge had gone, Catherine found his face floating dimly around her in the dark. His curly hair was cute and his teeth certainly wouldn't pay Dr. Goldman's office rent. "What the hell!" thought Catherine, crossly, and got up for some bicarbonate of soda.

The next day, Mamma Elisabeth was not so importunate over the telephone. Instead she was inclined to be gossipy.

"So the pool room was raided?" said Mamma Elisabeth. "Good! Maybe that bum boy of mine sticks around home for a while."

"The gang are all going down to the Star on Novgorod Prospekt instead," answered Catherine. "I don't see that it makes any difference."

"Loafers!" Mamma Elisabeth dismissed the gilded youth of her domain with Olympic disapprobation. "What else is new?"

"Peter brought Serge Saltikov to the house last night." It was said before Catherine had time to wonder why she had thought of it.

"Hey? Serge Saltikov? A fine boy. A loafer, but a fine boy. A good family, I know the parents. The father owns the Serge Suit Shoppe—Cleaninge and Pressinge. You like him?"

"We got along all right." Catherine was non-committal. Mrs. Romanov chuckled fatly.

"A fine boy. A smart boy. Popular with girls. Peter should be more like him."

"Yes, Mamma." What was the old witch driving at?

"And you're a smart girl."

"Yes, Mamma."

"A smart boy and a smart girl." Again the fat chuckle. "Well, Feeky, good-bye. I got to take the chops off the dumb-waiter." The phone clicked.

What was the great idea? Talking about Serge and her like that, saying they were both smart, laughing. It wasn't her usual line, thought Catherine. Her usual line was —God! She couldn't mean it! Catherine sat down hard in a chair. His own mother! True, she was only his aunt, but she had adopted him when he was a small baby. And now she was suggesting, hinting—it wasn't possible. Catherine stayed in her chair and went into conference with her feelings. When the conference broke up, she was rather surprised at the result. That was the way things were when you happened to be christened Sophie Auguste Friedrike Anhalt-Zerbst. No use getting Russian about it.

The bell rang. Arranging her negligée more circumspectly about her, Catherine went to the door. She opened it upon Serge Saltikov. Grinning from ear to ear, he stood resplendent in a new gray suit. It was dove gray. Catherine wouldn't know about that.

"Hello, Honey," said Serge. "How's this for a surprise?"

"That's right," she said, "shout, you sap. Do you think you are in the Arabian desert?"

* * *

Biologically interesting as always, Mrs. Choglukov, 6-D Tsarskoe Selo Arms, held converse across the court with Mrs. Vladis-

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lav, whose number was 6-E, same address.

"I positively heard voices," said Mrs. Choglukov, "laughing and so on, late as it was. Hers I could be sure of. The other I couldn't tell."

"His, no doubt," said Mrs. Vladislav. Being thick-witted, she leaned toward kindliness.

"Maybe," said Mrs. Choglukov, "only I happen to know he was down at the Star taking over my Max for six dollars and fifty cents in a pool game."

One flight below, Catherine, luxuriously recumbent upon the divan, set down her Bestushev's Drops highball. Languidly, she brought the thumb of her right hand to her nose and twiddled the fingers. She twiddled her fingers toward the window which opened upon Mrs. C's and Mrs. V's medium of communication.

"When a Romanov," murmured Sophie Auguste Friedrike Anhalt-Zerbst, "do as the Romanovs do."

And at that, the gesture was not so much Russian as cosmic.

The gesture was not so much Russian as cosmic

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AT THE SWAMP

by Janet Lewis

The three boats lay drawn up part-way on the narrow stony beach, their deep hulls tipping, sails not yet furled. This old canvas stained with hemlock had the color of red clay, deep carrot-color but more tawny. The light intensified it, for it was late afternoon. It hung slack, swaying in a little wind. From the mast of one to the tip of the bowsprit a line was tied to which were fastened colored handkerchiefs hung out to dry.

A hum of voices above the boats: women's voices, light as children's, the low round vowels and nasals of Indian speech in curious, falling cadences. Their rounded backs under the cotton and faded calico blouses, disappeared and rose beside the unpainted gunwales as they sorted and lifted out their belongings, now mostly very wet. They had come across from Lime Island to this lee side of the Point, quartering with a heavy north wind, and had shipped much water, both forward and stern.

The prows rested above dry reeds, water-drifted. Beyond the stones a thicket of tag alders with dense green leaves shut them from the actual woods. The sunshine was still and pleasant. There was a scent of sweet grass and warm bodies.

The Hay Point ran out from St. Joseph's Island narrowly, and ended in a rather blunt tip where there were woods. On one side of the Point were quicksands. The rest was mainly swamp-grass and cranberry-bog. Old John and Young John had been cutting hay. At the end of the day Old John sat down on the wagon to rest him, while his son finished the last stack. The swamp stretched from his feet, golden and stubble where the land was dry, golden and waving where the marsh was real. There was the bleached radiance of fields at evening.

Very far away a cluster of birches and poplars hid a house, its gray front barely visible, and Old John watched it idly. His pale blue eyes, like those of the cherubim, very clear and translucent, and preternaturally untroubled, saw a little cloud of smoke rise gradually among the birch leaves, gather and flash away in the wind—the apparition of a white wing. And thereupon he got up slowly, for he was troubled with sciatica, and walked out upon the marsh toward the house.

Young John saw him go, but said nothing, and went on tying birch poles together in a tripod to weight down the hay.

The short gaunt figure in the snuff-colored shirt moved out across the brilliance. He sometimes took laudanum for the pains—one pain or another, chiefly the sciatica. He was born in Ullswater in England seventy-three years ago.

The house stood facing the swamp, its back to the west. It had no windows in the front, and the door was closed, which gave it a strange visage. A batten door it was, much under six feet low, fastened with a piece of twisted wire. A small tin chimney

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projected from the board roof against which the branches of the birch tree perpetually swept and scraped this day of wind. From a distance the trees hid the house, but as one approached they seemed to disperse and stand away, leaving the gray walls visible—logs, slatted at the cracks instead of chinked. The ground about was sandy. All morning a yellow-jacket had been about the door, advancing and retreating from the wire, as if it had news of something sweet inside. The trees to the left were poplars, with small, pale green trunks that had the texture of a moth wing. The round crisp leaves whirled and clashed upon each other.

As Old John came up he had glimpses of the water beyond it, rushing in thin and foaming over the quicksands and the shallows to die among the upright green rushes, and strain back again slowly. He knew the motion of it well. A great square haystack stood between the house and the shore. All the late afternoon the light had lessened over the swamp, with no appreciable shadows, for there were no interruptions. It grew slowly horizontal, and, the air cooling, the swamp and the stacks assumed the brilliance of sand. The house cast a shadow forward, over ground littered with chips and loose hay. Old John trod upon blackberry vines as the grass grew shorter, and then stepped into the shadow of the house and trod upon the worn ground there. He heard, or thought he heard, a humming, and paused to hear it better. It was within the house . . . voices in a foreign speech, and the whimpering sounds of birds.

He knocked; the door was opened to him from within, and he went inside. The room was full of Indians, in silhouette against the window at the far end, or seated with the light falling across their knees, giving them the appearance of a heavy substance, solid as marble. My God, he thought, there was all the Indians of the country there. They had a fire going in the short pot-bellied stove in the center of the room.

Old John made his way across the room and sat down, where they had cleared a place for him, on the one-plank bench built against the wall. He stretched his game leg straight before him to rest it, let his arms cross, wrist upon wrist, hanging loosely, his shoulders bent. He puckered up his mouth under the short, sandy moustache until it became like the mouth of a sucker. He breathed hard, and his eyes, serene and abstracted, glanced from figure to figure. Then, as no one spoke, he lapsed into a trance-like stillness, gazing steadily before him at nothing.

One of the younger Indians, a short plump fellow with a great bush of hair standing straight out from his head, and tawny at the ends like the pelt of a bear, said very amiably,

"This your house?"

Old John turned to him and nodded. The Indian beside the stove, directly across from Old John, with his black felt hat on the back of his head, promptly took off his hat and balanced it on his knee. He regarded Old John with bright, contented eyes. Lips full and smooth, mouth very wide, a little Mongolian fold of brown skin shortening his eye on the inner corner.

Old John said, "Whence d'ye come?"

"F'om Man'toulin," answered the Bear, and added, "We go 'way tomorrow."

Old John shook his head. "No, my dear man," he said slowly, and with finality, "you'll not go away tomorrow unless you go right back where you come from. Nor the next day nuther."

"No?" said the Bear politely.

The man next the stove translated to a woman in the corner. There was a return of the humming Old John had heard from without, an eddy of protest, light, and yet guttural, as the woman answered, and those behind her repeated what she had said, and the man with the hat on his knee repeated it all again in turn to the Bear.

The Bear put his hand behind his neck and rubbed it, and said beguilingly, "We got to go. We ain' go' no more bread". A pause.

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"We ain' go' no more bread sin' we leave Lime. They women, they tired to eating stick-bread."

After this speech everyone looked to Old John. The weight of the situation seemed to have fallen upon him, and no one said anything more. The man by the stove got up and tiptoed across the room to a pile of maple chunks that had evidently been there upon the Indians' arrival, and tiptoed back with one for the fire. The sunlight poured through the one window, crowned everyone with a sort of glory, and, by reason of the sun's being low, reached even into the bunks in the corner, built in one above the other, sailor-fashion, and filled with hay.

The woman who had spoken was sitting on a bundle of quilts at the foot of the bunks, leaning back against the two-by-four at the corner. She must have been thirty, or thirty-two, and was very large. She wore a black serge skirt, and a pink blouse, and a short string of black beads around her throat to keep back the goitre. When she smiled she showed a toothless gum, and when her mouth was closed she kept a certain froggy complacency. She was wind-burned, and the sunlight gave her an added ruddiness under the ripe smooth brown of her skin. Her hair drawn back close to her head left the forehead clear. There was something pleasant in the modeling of the smooth flesh over the skull. Little soft wisps of hair fell down over it.

Behind her Old John could see the short bare legs of a little boy, who presently crawled out of the bunk, and went to sit on the floor with his back against the door. Old John smacked his mouth with the sound of a toad catching flies.

"Yes," he said, "I give a look at yon water as I come up, and I said to myself that it wasn't likely noboddy would cross yon water for some days, for when it hasn't blown like this for a long time after a sultry spell it's likely to keep on blowing for two or three days.

"It blowed like this when Sundby and I come up here for the first time. Yeh, Sundby and I built this house. We built it in a week, and it ain't been touched since. That was . . . well, that was about fifteen years ago. We used to stay here, but a year or so ago some vagabones got in here and filled it up with bugs. So we ain't used it none since. John and I, we sleep under the wagon. So you can stay here as long as you like. And if anybody says you can't, you say John Porter said you could."

At this point he paused and turned his head aside with the movement of a man about to spit. He did not spit, however, and after a period of meditation he began again. At any time when he had more than a single disconnected remark to make his voice assumed a narrative tone, slightly softer and more resonant than his usual speech. Like the steady unseeing gaze of his eyes it seemed to carry attention upon a single thread. It produced a certain impersonality, on the smooth ground of which figures moved.

"Sundby and I, we built it. But I built my own house nigh thirty-five years ago, by myself, in less than a week, and the Missus moved in, and we've stayed there ever since. And for that same period of time I've worked the ground at the Mountain, and pretty nearly every summer I've been down here to cut hay. To say nothing of the hours I've nigh broke my back and scraped my fingers to the bone picking marsh-berries."

"Mash-ki-gi-min," said the Bear softly.

"Before that time," went on Old John, "I was a railroader, and before that I worked in the stables. Yet I never laid no bet on any horse, and I never touched liquor, though I've been a bar-keep in my day, too."

The Indians were listening with great attention, the many pairs of dark eyes fastened on the white man, dark eyes with a film of blue over the pupils.

"I never touched liquor and I never will. I was near to dying one day and the engineer and another chap they took me into the

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round-house and they laid me out there. And they got the Doctor and the Doctor said, 'Man, you need something quick; here, swallow down this whiskey', and I said, 'No, sir, I don't touch the stuff and nothing will make me', and I didn't either. Nor I don't smoke nor chew. By Jiminy Blue, I come to some conclusions in my life, and I hold by 'em."

All this while the voice never altered pitch, but when the Bear lifted a small round pasteboard box from the table, he laughed. The box was a Copenhagen snuff box, filled with granulated sugar, the great coarse flakes of the Canadian manufacture.

"No, by Jiminy Blue," said Old John, "that's Sundby's, that old Swede."

The Indians laughed, a soft ripple of amusement, though it was certain that no one but the Bear knew what the joke was.

Old John was launched on a discourse on the brutality of killing beef without due precaution for cleanliness and against bleeding, the Indians still laughing gently, and smiling and nodding, when there came a knock at the door. The little boy rolled out of the way. For a moment, as the door opened and he stooped to enter, the face of young John appeared, ruddy, smiling, with the whitest of teeth. His stiff yellow hair was alight with sun, eyes clear and blue, chin with a long clear sweep of jaw, slightly undershot.

"John," said his father, "these folks are staying here until the wind goes down. How many loaves of bread have we?"

"Two," said John, "and some onions."

"Well, fetch them here. We shan't need them any more."

The ruddy face disappeared, and the Indian boy sat down on the door step, hands clasped about his knees. The dust on the floor cast fine, tall shadows. He could look far across the fields to the fringe of small bush where young John was going, and above which hung the Mountain, a blue lake. To the north a heavy bank of cloud, blue like the Mountain, sombre and cold, was gathering with speed, but left the sunset unobstructed. John's hair, like straw, burned with a steady gold.

The Indians began to move about. Pitonoquod had hung his felt hat on a nail. The women were making up the bunks. There was a little talk; the pat and shuffle of feet on the boards, slowly. Old John sat very still, and felt tired. He was covered with light, like a very fine sand thrown over body and feet. Among the darker, moving figures, he loomed, somehow, like far shores on still sunny mornings.

By the time young John returned the quilts were spread, cups and plates on the table, and Pitonoquod had gone for water. The northern cloud, too, had drawn closer. Old John came out and joined his son.

The Indians watched them go. As they entered the small bush, where the wagon was, the first drops of rain struck sharply on the roof, and sang, like whips, on the tin of the stove-pipe. The Indians shut the door.

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ANNA KATHARINE GREEN

by Kathleen Woodward

I HAD NOT thought to meet a frail and diffident lady, who for the most part would talk to me about the felicities of her home, her husband and her children, when in the city of Buffalo I sought out the author who had given to President Wilson what he called his "most authentic thrills", and was described by Mr. Baldwin, when he was the Prime Minister of England, as the creator of "what I still believe to be the best detective stories ever written".

Mr. Edgar Wallace, lately termed in America "Thrill-maker to the King", I had already met; and there was to me a seemliness in his air of worldly wisdom and spacious opulence. All the ends of the underworld might be revealed to his seeing eye without fluttering his Olympian calm. It was not so with Anna Katharine Green, an established "thriller" of the first rank when Edgar Wallace ran errands up and down the Old Kent Road, and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was still a medical student in Edinburgh University. She was unlike my most temperate visions of one who had spent her life in a labyrinthine world of hot-footed detectives on the scent of iniquitous crime.

She was gentle, courteous, gracious—even shy. She sat in a high-backed chair surrounded with books and dark oak furniture, distilling mellowness and wisdom. I might have been in the atmosphere of Concord, with Emerson, whose courtly letters to the young mystery writer I had just been reading. I might have been in the company of any one of Barrie's lavender-perfumed ladies of undeniable refinement.

But unlike Barrie's ladies she did not suggest Age; and in spite of tiresomely accurate biographies I still find it difficult to believe that Anna Katharine Green is eighty-three years old. Particularly in her eyes is that expression of eager curiosity which seems more effective than any "treatment" in holding Youth captive. Her interest in life is unquenchable.

Equally alive and active is her memory of the incidents and chapters of her many books —of difficulties surmounted and expediencies resorted to in her efforts to purvey mysteries and puzzles to men who have delighted in such things since before the days when Solomon propounded his puzzles and the Sphinx her mystery.

More than fifty years have passed since Anna Katharine Green published her first mystery story, *The Leavenworth Case*, written during an interval of tedious inactivity after she had graduated from the Ripley Female College at Poultney, Vermont. Her inspiration she traces to Gaboriau who, thirty years after Poe's Dupin, created M. Lecoq, the original begetter of Sherlock Holmes and of every other transcendently infallible detective of the sardonic mood.

She had wanted to be a poet; she had written verse since she was a child; but it was far from the Well of Helicon that she discovered

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her true vocation. And even now she finds it simpler to trace the source of her inspiration than to understand why a girl brought up in an atmosphere of irreproachable gentility and graduated from the Ripley Female College should at last find herself at home in the dense tangles of crime and passion.

Her literary self she discovered in the conception and execution of *The Leavenworth Case*, born and bred "entirely in my imagination". She ceased to chafe and fret at the triviality of life as it appeared to the graduate fresh from Vermont. Her days, nights, months, years were absorbed in a fever of activity. She filled sheets of odd paper with millions of words—always concealing the masterpiece from her father, who seems to have set his heart upon her being a poet.

As with Fanny Burney—whose first book was composed in circumstances very like those in which the graduate from the Ripley Female College labored—the story secretly written through troubled years was destined for a fate similar to *Evelina*, which moved Johnson to ecstatic praise and which Burke sat up all night to read. Anna Katharine Green at once became famous; and her verse, which had languished in obscurity, now saw the light as the work of "the author of *The Leavenworth Case*".

With what high seriousness the mystery story was approached fifty years ago! In tones of justifiable regret its author talked to me of the decline of the detective story from an art to a process of mass-production; of the degeneration of Mystery to mere surprise:

"We wrote for love of our work," she said. "They, it seems, write only for dollars."

I did not wonder at the sadness in her voice when she described for me the infinite labor, the planning, modelling, the sheer thought and attention to detail that went to the building of a mystery story in those halcyon days. The writer had a conscience which spurred him on through agonizing years to further and yet further effort. It was his high responsibility never to mislead his reader with false devices and puppets designed to involve him in irrelevancies; never to make use of exotic colorings to veil the poverty of his invention; yet on the other hand never to admit a suggestion of the solution by so much as a badly rendered paragraph. His task was dominated and directed by his sense of duty toward his reader.

Alas! how unlike the modern practitioner of the detective story and the cavalier manner in which he treats us: he who leaves his corpse so vaguely accounted for, his ciphers in their pristine hieroglyphic, trusting to luck for the progress and climax of his story—"who thinks that he has done enough if he finds a surprise for the end of his book; for he will not wait for an idea", she said, in gentle reproof. Even the love-interest is "simply lugged in"; it is no indispensable part of the organic whole.

More bitter than gall and wormwood it is to the soul of the spinner of bygone mysteries to survey the hapless writer of today using the machinery of the detective story invented by Poe and Gaboriau.

"I had to wait for an idea before ever I could write my stories—for a vivid, overpowering conception. For years an incident would germinate in my mind. Then suddenly, perhaps in the night, I would wake with my story conceived from the first page to the last."

No hasty flinging together of the story was permitted to Anna Katharine Green. Often it took her years to translate her conception—to build detail on detail, to evolve incident from incident, to invent legitimate expediences in tight places—keeping the love-interest always "in its proper place". She never wilfully, playfully or carelessly misled her readers; she only outwitted them with her nicer ingenuity, "so that in the end they had to admit that had they but the eyes to see, the penetration to discover, there, from the start, was the solution of the mystery". In this man-

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ner *The Leavenworth Case* was written, chapter succeeding chapter in cumulative dramatic effect until the inevitable end. "Often I would write a chapter ten times over."

Sitting there listening to the history of these past agonies of endeavor I blushed for my prolific compatriot, Edgar Wallace, and for the easy tolerance with which I have looked on while his hero lit a cigarette on one page only to be found on the next page puffing at a pipe. I fear that conscience does not direct his writings. Phrases descriptive of his happy facility have entered the English idiom: "Have you seen today's Edgar Wallace?" Or again: "The latest addition to the Wallace Collection!"

It is said that between a couple of race meetings he casts down the dictaphone a fifty-thousand word "shocker". Moreover, he appears to thrive on this casual fecundity, this trifling with the machinery of mystery so laboriously constructed and used by classic writers. He looks more hale and hearty after each book; while the author of *The Leavenworth Case* so depleted her nervous energy in the creation of that book that she has "never since felt so well".

It is in no querulous, carping, over-critical spirit that Anna Katharine Green discusses contemporary work in mystery and detection. She approaches it as one who cares tremendously for the fate of the medium she has studied and practised so long. She is ever looking for work that is virile in conception and not shoddy in execution, that makes use of legitimate thrills, and shows symptoms of assuming intelligence on the reader's part.

When I think of the disciple of Poe and Gaboriau sitting in her high-backed chair in the company of Dickens and Shakespeare and many various editions of her own work, reflecting pensively on this alien age, I wonder if, forty years from now, any mystery-spinner of today will have the intense interest she has in the fruits of his imagination. I wonder if in his old age he will, like Anna Katharine Green, pore critically over his published work in search of redundancies and superfluities.

I think not! We seem to have lost the attitude of high seriousness toward the mystery story which characterizes the work of Anna Katharine Green and her contemporaries. We are more than tolerant of the efforts of our more than careless generation of mystery writers: we smile at their tenuity, at the inexhaustible strength and faith of their heroines and the infallible, if blundering, perception of their detectives. They have for many of us only one indisputable merit: they move rapidly. And though the swiftness of their action may be the speed of a Jazz age it leaves the author little space for description and strivings after effects; and for this we are glad.

The tributes of statesmen and men of affairs, however, and the revival in her own country and in England of *The Leavenworth Case* are proof that the conscience and quality which distinguish the work of fifty years ago are not entirely unappreciated by this hurried capricious generation.

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TALES OUT OF SCHOOL

SELECTED EXCERPTS FROM A NOTEBOOK

by Vincent Starrett

An excessively hot morning in the month of July. The place Chicago, and the year 1909. I was a young and ambitious journalist in those days, a writer of "features" for an afternoon newspaper; and I had been dispatched to a local hotel to cover a meeting of the International Council of Women.

"Mrs. Grannis," I said to the first delegate I met, a dear old lady with a lively tongue and no atom of humor in all her fragile little body, "I have heard it said that the Roman Catholics are a bit reticent in this matter of suffrage for women. Can you say whether that is so, and if it *is* so, why?"

I am afraid I was seeking a sensation.

She nodded sagaciously: Mrs. Elizabeth B. Grannis of New York. Good soul! She was then eighty-three years of age, and it is reasonable to suppose that she is no longer living. Her eyes lighted. She bent toward me, that none other might catch her reply. Her answer came in a sinister whisper.

"The Vatican," she breathed fiercely, "the Vatican is behind it all!"

Leaning still nearer, in the deepest of confidential murmurs she added: "The Vatican, you know, is *terribly* Roman Catholic!"

Quaint little old lady! The accuracy of that final assertion is, I suppose, beyond challenge. Thanks to Mrs. Grannis, I shall never forget the religion of the Vatican. It is more than eighteen years since our conversation occurred, and it is still the best story I have to tell of a long newspaper experience. I had intended to save it for my Memoirs, but recently I told it to a friend, and he screamed and rolled over on his back. "Oh, really, I *must* tell that to Bob!" he said. So now that it is started I may as well tell it again myself, before it comes back to me as one of Irvin Cobb's favorite stories.

Besides, I have almost ceased to worry about my Memoirs. It is beginning to break over me that they would not be particularly important.

But a good story is a good story wherever it is told, and as I look back over two decades of active journalism it occurs to me that there have been many joyous passages to mark the life as memorable. The fact is, I have been overhauling my notebooks.

Not all that a newspaper man sees and hears gets into print—not immediately, at any rate, and in his own paper. The really good stories are often suppressed, for anywhere from eight to eighty excellent reasons. Nor are the misguided efforts of the young men who procure news, when news there is none, celebrated ordinarily in song or story. One of the jolliest yarns of memory—it was not my pleasure to write it—described the disruption of a theatrical première by an inebriate in the audience, who insisted upon pelting the star with marshmallows. The name later furnished by the intoxicated young man to the police was not strictly his own; and it was good fellowship on the part of Wallace

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Smith, as well as good ethics, to refrain from telling the truth about his drunken confrère of that evening.

From the viewpoint of a reporter, an assignment to interview a visiting celebrity is regarded usually as the cream of a day's possibilities. Not all celebrities are amiable, however. I am reminded by my notebook that Hopkinson Smith and Sir William Watson were most unamiable. So also, in his fashion, was Arnold Bennett. A bored, unhappy person was Mr. Bennett when he reached Chicago in tow of his publisher, Mr. Doran, and one wondered what the newspaper gang in New York had done to him. Quite lacking in distinction he appeared, as he came down the steps in the La Salle Street Station; but his restless eyes were everywhere at once, and there was little that escaped his glance. I watched him as he stooped on the stairs to pick up a cigarette box that someone had tossed away. But it was empty, and he threw it down again without emotion and passed on into the street, into the arms of his implacable foes, the reporters. Nobody, I believe, got much of interest out of him. At the Press Club luncheon in his honor he listened almost sullenly to the sprightly addresses of the speakers. He had stipulated that he must not be asked to talk, and so the addresses were announced, each in its turn, as "the address Mr. Bennett would have delivered, if Mr. Bennett would have delivered an address". Mr. Bennett, however, was not amused.

Yet, away from the reporters, he thawed, and an admirable story is told of his visit to the Cliff Dwellers' eyrie, where he was more at ease. The collecting fraternity had turned out in force, and the bookshops had been stripped of his first editions. After dinner the signing began. Down the long table went volume after volume, with its owner's card in its covers, and in each the novelist inscribed a suitable sentiment. At length his head lifted, and he re-read with interest the name upon a card that had just come down to him for the third time. A wry smile twisted his lips and pushed his eyebrows upward, and he wrote:

"To Karl Edwin Harriman, who is getting to be quite an old friend."

In vivid contrast to Bennett was Gilbert Parker, a handsome and vigorous man, who talked well and fluently on various subjects. He also was given a dinner at the Press Club. I have no idea what Parker said on that occasion; but his encounter with Forrest Crissey was epic. Crissey, an old newspaper man, is possibly Parker's warmest American admirer, and he was overcome by the signal honor of shaking the Canadian's hand and offering him a cigarette. These advances having been received without disfavor, the journalist waxed lyric about *The Weavers,* and in five minutes had quoted from everything Parker had written, shaken the Gilbertian arm into numbness, and—astounding climax—implored the novelist to suggest a name for a recently-acquired terrier, an opportunity which was, I believe, declined.

When Conan Doyle visited Chicago, I was myself, I think, almost as maudlin, save that I had no dog. I wanted to talk of Sherlock Holmes, and Sir Arthur stubbornly insisted upon talking spiritualism. Mr. Chesterton was more amenable, and willingly talked Father Brown until he was dragged away.

Speaking of Sherlock Holmes reminds me of an amusing encounter with William Gillette, always a courteous and affable man to interview. The "immortals" had come to town—the American Academy of Arts and Letters—in a special train, to exhibit themselves to the intelligentsia at Fullerton Hall. The newspaper harps and harpies met the incoming gods at an outlying station and rode into the city on the special. Adventuring through the coaches, I came upon a compartment whose door stood partly open and, peeping inside, recognized the occupant. He was looking dreamily out of the window, at the speeding landscape, in such fashion that his perfect Sherlockian profile seemed etched against the glass.

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I put my head inside. "A penny, Mr. Gillette," I said cleverly; "the proverbial penny!" There was an ironic twinkle in his eye as he turned.

"You would like to know what I was thinking?" he drawled. "I was thinking what a delightful paradox it would be if this train were to roll down the embankment, and all the 'immortals' were to be killed."

And I recall an amusing episode of the occupation of Vera Cruz by the Americans, which I covered for the *Chicago Daily News*. Among the innumerable war correspondents on the scene were Jack London, Oliver Madox Hueffer, the brother of Ford Madox Ford, and Richard Harding Davis. Davis, veteran of many campaigns, was the dean of the party. He was a bit lordly, was Davis, although a splendid fellow. His dignity was often incredible. He was a man of importance in literature and journalism, and he did not forget it. He had been offered a brigadier-generalship at the outbreak of the Spanish war, which he had declined with a great deal of publicity. He was the author of *Soldiers of Fortune,* and he was the personal friend of the commanding officer of our column. He was, in short, Richard Harding Davis.

I think his manner offended Hueffer, the Englishman, but they appeared to get along well enough on the few occasions when they were thrown together. At length Davis and Medill McCormick went to Mexico City, were thrown into jail, had a number of other adventures, and ultimately returned safely to the seaport. We had all been alarmed for their safety, and were glad to see them back. The day after their return, Davis and Hueffer met upon the street. It had been, of course, some weeks since they had seen each other, but it is unbelievable that Davis really had forgotten Hueffer, who advanced, smiling, with outstretched hand.

"Glad to see you back again," said the English correspondent heartily. "Must have had a great time up there!"

"Ha—yes, of course!" replied Davis, gingerly accepting the hand-clasp. "But, by George, old chap, I think I've forgotten you!"

Hueffer's features did not change by the flicker of an eyelash. His smile widened, his hand-grasp tightened.

"That's quite all right, old man," he said affectionately. *"You* may have forgotten *me,* but *I* shall never forget *you—Mr. London!"*

Among the pressmen of my day, in Chicago, were men who are today novelists and poets of wide reputation. Ben Hecht, for instance. My notebooks have many pages devoted to him. Hecht occupied a desk in a sunny corner of the *Daily News* local room and, in addition to his regular duties, wrote reams of ribald verse for the delectation of the rest of the staff. He also began innumerable plays that never went beyond the first surprising acts. How he managed to get his regular assignments written was always a mystery to the rest of us; but somehow he did, and even managed to thump two novels out of his typewriter—neither of which, I believe, has been published.

At times he was seized by fits of temperament and mysticism and, as he usually planned his seizures beforehand, he would come down to the office on temperamental days carrying a sofa pillow of violent design, sometimes yellow, sometimes blue. This he would hurl into his corner and, scorning a chair, brace his back with the colored atrocity while turning out his daily chore of ribald verses. He was always persuaded by the office to write his official assignments upon a typewriter, however, for his handwriting was abominable.

Once he fell under the spell of Ouija, and brought a board into the office. In no time at all half the staff was listening to the revelations of the thing. Some mad projects were formed, and not all of them were abandoned. Once we two tried to locate, by these dubious means, a copy of the rare first edition of Poe's *Tamerlane,* but without success.

There was another occasion when, with Ouija and Kent Sykes, a star rewrite man,

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Hecht endeavored to solve a murder mystery many years old. It was revealed to the wild pair that upon a certain night there would be no moon, and that upon that night the body of a man, murdered years before, would float up out of the lake at Jackson Park. The man's name had been Wilson. All the details were supplied by Mr. Wilson himself, and the night came, as foretold—black and moonless as a night of Acheron or Carcosa. A bit doubting, but nervously eager, the precious pair took up a station at the appointed spot and awaited the body from the deep.

They waited for an hour, without a sign, and were about to leave when Sykes gripped his companion's arm.

"My God, Ben!" he said. "Look at that!"

Then they both looked; and as they looked, something long and black floated in from the lake and bumped against the shore line.

It was a log, of course; but, as the adventurers said, speaking of the incident later, "think of a log actually floating up, at that spot, at that minute!"

Another journalist of the day was Carl Sandburg. It may be, some day, an illuminating commentary on Sandburg if I reveal his shocking habit of destroying the books he reads. I first saw this curious vandalism practiced in an antiquarian bookshop in Clark Street, where we stood together before the open shelves and cursed the literature of our day. Suddenly the poet plucked forth a volume and presented it for inspection.

"I've always intended to read this," he said in his slow, serious voice, "and now here's a copy for thirty-five cents. I can begin it on the train, to-night."

Rapidly flipping over the first fifty or sixty pages of the book, he seized them tightly between his fingers and, with a quick wrench, tore them from the covers. A clerk, standing nearby, almost fainted. My eyes bulged with astonishment.

"That'll be enough for to-night," continued the poet, calmly pocketing the fragment; and turning to the dazed clerk, he added: "Wrap up the rest of this, Brother, and put my name on it. I'll get it later in the week, maybe." He paid for the volume and stalked out.

"It's all right," he said easily, in response to my demand for an explanation. "If I like the beginning, I'll get the rest of it some day. If I don't, I can throw this away and forget it. I've got fragments of books wrapped up, waiting for me all over town, I guess. The dealers get used to it. They get their money, so what do they care?"

None the less I protested. "Do you do that with all your books?" I asked. "Even the fine bindings?"

He answered quite seriously: "Well, I don't think I'd do it with a really fine book; but then, I don't buy fine bindings".

And he didn't, for upon another occasion I saw him purchase from a ten-cent stall the final volume of Bourrienne's *Napoleon,* a ragged, dog-eared derelict, long bereft of its three companions. He looked up and caught my eye, then handed me the purchase. "Who cares to read about the *early* life of Napoleon, anyway?" he asked.

Possibly he is still buying and destroying books for train-reading; I don't know. But admirers of this poet, with a passion for association volumes, might do well to canvass the second-hand bookshops of Chicago for the uncalled-for, forgotten fragments with his name upon the wrappings.

And it is not alone with the celebrities one met, or the celebrities with whom one worked, that amusing memories are associated. Daily, in the streets and parks, in the buses and elevated trains of the city, the reporter whose ears and eyes are wide to the world encounters those singular passages in life that make it worth the living. Every one of him, at the bottom of his heart or his trunk, is a playwright or a novelist. His private notebooks are filled with ill-written, jumbled fragments that are some day, he hopes, to find their place in a great work of realism. It was Balzac, was it not, who col-

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lected his realism by following people in the street and listening to their conversation? The only trouble with this ingenious system of eavesdropping is that the results are likely to be fragmentary and unsatisfying. One catches an intriguing phrase and presses closer; but the crowd heaves and ripples, and the sequel is lost forever. It is a curious fact that more than half the contents of a notebook are doomed to be wasted.

The most extraordinary fragment that ever drifted to me out of Babel came to my ears in the crowded aisle of a department store. A protesting citizen, haggard and three-parts mad, was being propelled through the crush by his wife—the relationship was painfully obvious—apparently toward some remote lunch-room. As he lurched past with the rabble, over his shoulder he flung back a desperate cry: "I ain't going to eat one of them things!"

Ships that pass in the night. Time and again I have tried to guess the object of his aversion; but in all the world of edibles there is nothing that seems quite to merit the combined fury and despair of his utterance.

And once, attracted by a crowd at a street corner, I approached to find two roughs in altercation. I stood about for a few moments, but it was pretty tame. Then, as I was preparing to depart, one said belligerently to the other: "Why, you little bum, I'll—I'll—!" He told the other what he would do to him.

It was an appalling threat, and a magnificent imagination—of a kind—must have suggested it. I stopped again, fascinated. I had never seen the thing done, and I did not believe it *could* be done. It developed that I was quite right. It was the merest bluff. The whole affair was one of dialogue only. Yet I shall always remember that terrific threat, and sometime, perhaps, in an obscene nightmare, I shall behold it consummated.

Finally, there is the story told me by Ray Henderson. He was standing on a street corner in Chicago—at Wabash Avenue and Congress Street, to be exact—doing nothing in particular, when a seedy woman in rusty black, who had been eyeing him for some time in silence, pushed forward and thrust a card into his hand. He looked at it in surprise, then back at the woman; but she had turned sharply and was walking rapidly away toward State Street. The card carried an inscription in red characters about an inch high: "Get Right With God!"

Then, while the excellent Raymond was registering bewilderment, and some resentment, a high-powered car spun up to the curb beside which he stood, stopped with a grinding of brakes, and the loveliest young woman he had ever seen leaned toward him and sharply asked: "What did that woman give you?"

The admirable Ray Henderson, still registering stupefaction, handed her the card. She glanced at it, said "Oh!" in such fashion as to leave him guessing at her emotion, and took off after the woman in black at top speed. The woman in black, however, had disappeared, and in a few minutes the car too had vanished.

That is all there is to the story, but it is a perfect opening for a Stevensonian tale of "The Dynamiter" sort—for a modern Arabian Night in Soho or Clark Street. I once built a short story around the episode, and finished it to my own satisfaction, but in all probability I was a hundred miles wide of the truth.

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

In a recent issue of the *London Mercury* the author of the Editorial Notes department, presumably the editor, Mr. J. C. Squire, wrote as follows: "We wish somebody could drive it into the heads of the more excitable American journalists that there is no longer (however things may have been in the past) any touch of patronage in the English attitude toward American literature". He went on to refer to a review in THE BOOKMAN written by Mr. Gorham B. Munson in which Mr. Munson complained of a patronizing English attitude toward American letters.

We do not wish to enter a blanket defense of Mr. Munson's whole article—in fact his irritation at English writers on that occasion led him to a counter-attack which we think justified Mr. Squire in deploring "this tendency to think that any useful purpose can be served by critics on the two sides of the Atlantic bandying wholesale charges against the literature produced on the other side". Nevertheless on the central issue we think that Mr. Squire is sadly in the wrong; the occasion seems an appropriate one to pursue the subject a little.

This is Mr. Squire's statement of the case:

> We daresay that Mr. Munson might be able to quote from the ass, or asses, here who have been silly or offensive about American literature. There are plenty of asses here as in other countries, and a good many of them write for the papers. If they did not, a large portion of the public would find that its demands were not catered for. But even if such foolish critics can be found, why not attack them for their folly? Why, because A has misbehaved himself, should B be bludgeoned on the head, being perfectly innocent? We not only assert, but we know, that every respectable practising critic of our acquaintance is as interested in contemporary American literature as he is in English, does not say to himself when reading, "This is an American book," or "This is an English book," and judges both with an equal detachment and an equal desire to praise anything he finds to be good, and to condemn anything he thinks bad. So far as novels are concerned, we can go further. We frequently meet discriminating people who do not read many novels and who say that at the moment they read more American novels than English. If the complainant had read recent English reviews of such books as Mr. Lewis's *Dodsworth* and Miss Cather's *Death Comes for the Archbishop,* he could hardly have sustained his charge against the critics; if he knew how these works were discussed in thousands of intelligent English households, he might change his opinion about the attitude of our public. . . . We should not have said anything about this outburst had it not been for the fact that it is of a type that recurs. Very likely this sort of thing is usually said by somebody who does not know this country, and who has formed some exaggerated and universalised picture of the rigid and supercilious Englishman of legend. The self-consciousness of a young, eager and ambitious nation does the rest. Whatever the explanation, we think that English commentators might, when an occasion like this arises, take some little pains to dispel these illusions.

In this laudable effort to dispel illusions, silence asses, and drive sense into the heads of excitable American journalists Mr. Squire has, as we see it, fallen into a series of confusions the elucidation of which may help to achieve the amity at which he blunderingly aims. One is a mere matter of fact: whether there is any longer a touch of patronage in the English attitude toward American literature. In saying no Mr. Squire is simply mis-

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taken: one cannot take up a week's batch of British reviews without coming on half a dozen patronizing references to the literature of this country. There has been no noticeable change in this practice. It is so constant and so notorious that we deem it superfluous to adduce examples.

To show that patronage is impossible Mr. Squire says he "knows" that all respectable critics are as interested in contemporary American literature as they are in English. The word "interested" is an evasion that goes to the heart of Mr. Squire's well-meaning confusion. To support his case along this line he would clearly have to claim to "know" that his fellow critics *think as highly of* contemporary American literature as they do of English. This he is too well-informed to assert, but not too meticulous to endeavor to imply by emphasizing the enthusiasm in England, "at the moment", for certain American novels.

The fact is obvious that in striking a blow against Anglo-American discord Mr. Squire has fallen into the very patronage which he ascribes to the asses of the press. What he says is, in effect: "We English never patronize American literature. On the contrary we are very much interested in it. Just see the reviews we have given *Dodsworth* and *Death Comes for the Archbishop!*" Or in still another legitimate paraphrase: "There, there, cousins, don't cry; you have really done some very creditable things!" The progress of a century in British patronage of American letters seems merely to have changed "Who reads an American book?" to "I have read an American book, and even liked it".

The crux of Mr. Squire's difficulty is this: he thinks Americans want praise instead of patronage. The truth is they prefer justice to either, especially since they recognize that Mr. Squire's kind of praise is only another form of patronage. Intelligent Americans do not want Englishmen to imply or assert that American literature is the equal of English literature; they know perfectly well that, except for one field—criticism—it is not. What they object to is the offensive exulting in this superiority which has been the customary form of patronage for over a century; and the sedulous praise which is the latest form.

* * *

After we had written the foregoing the notion occurred and persisted that we had seen examples of the grosser form of patronage—the kind Mr. Squire insists has ceased—in the work of Mr. Squire himself. We glanced through his volume *Books Reviewed* (1923). There it was: a typical John Bull-roaring insult. Mr. Squire is discussing Professor Lowes's *Convention and Revolt in Modern Poetry,* which he praises as "the best book about poetry which has been written in our generation". Then he adds, "Those who have a wide acquaintance with books about literature written by American professors may rub their eyes at this statement".

We made it clear above that American re-

EVELYN SCOTT

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THE LATE JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS

sentment of British slurs is usually against the *tone* of the remarks; that the *facts* are usually admitted to be as implied. But Mr. Squire has here made the greater offense: he has shown himself ignorant of the elementary facts of an important branch of American literature, and has elevated his ignorance into a piece of brazen insular effrontery. His acquaintance with the books of American professors about literature may be wide but it is certainly not discriminating, or he would know that in the last twenty-five years a number of American professors have put forth a body of work which excels that of all other English-using countries not only for the same period, but for most of a generation previous.

We have only to mention Paul Elmer More, Irving Babbitt, Prosser Hall Frye, Robert Shafer—to name but four—and ask Mr. Squire to range them alongside the British critics after Matthew Arnold: those useful, talented, erudite, those often charming and sometimes intelligent polygraphs of literature Edmund Gosse, George Saintsbury, Andrew Lang, Leslie Stephen, Churton Col-

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lins, Edward Dowden, Charles Whibley, Oliver Elton, W. P. Ker, Arthur Symons, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, Sir Walter Raleigh, Arthur Clutton-Brock, C. H. Herford, Augustine Birrell—not to mention the younger and lesser. Mr. Squire and his friends should rub their eyes a little harder.

* * *

Jesse Lynch Williams, author of *Princeton Stories, The Stolen Story and Other Stories, The Adventures of a Freshman, My Lost Duchess, The Married Life of the Frederic Carrols, Mr. Cleveland* (a monograph), *Why Marry?* (a Pulitzer prize play), *Why Not?, They Still Fall in Love,* and other tales and plays, and one time President of the Authors' League of America, died September 14th. Relatively young in years at the time of his death, entirely young in spirit, in, to use a Kipling phrase, "the light, sane joy of life", and in his close touch with the ardors, the enthusiasms, the aspirations, the happy absurdities of extreme youth, his work reflected the American writing of four decades. He himself marched on with the inevitable years; the principal characters of his last book, *They Still Fall in Love,* were as young as those of his first. Living with them he remained young. There was a significance in the probably exaggerated story that when, a graduate of many years standing, he was in Princeton as the first editor of the *Alumni Weekly,* he was annually picked out for hazing by sophomores under the impression that he was a member of the incoming freshman class.

Jesse Williams began writing in the early 1890's, and like many other young men of that day worked in the shadow of Kipling. Throughout his first book, *Princeton Stories,* there were echoes of *Plain Tales from the Hills.* Incidentally, as a Princeton undergraduate, he was Booth Tarkington's literary godfather. His brother wrote to him asking him to extend a welcome to a young Western friend who was entering as a Fresh Junior.

MAZO DE LA ROCHE

Snapped in the Ontario woods which are the scene of her stories, "Jalna" and "Whiteoaks of Jalna"

The reply brought the admonishing telegram "Not Parkington—Tarkington". Responding to the fraternal request, Jesse Williams sought out the newcomer, who was of a class a year after his own and a year or two his senior, told him gravely that he thought he might learn to write, and suggested his submitting a story to the *Nassau Literary Magazine.* That story eventually became *The Gentleman from Indiana.*

After Princeton, Jesse Williams for a time turned to the newspaper world of New York, then known as Park Row. There he found the suggestion and the material for his first conspicuous success. Thirty years ago *The Stolen Story*—the tale of a brilliant but intemperate young reporter who, discharged by one paper, is employed by its rival and assigned to cover a "beat", and through force of habit returns to his old desk for the writ-

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JULIAN GREEN

A drawing by Marie Scheikévitch, whose salon in Paris attracts a distinguished cosmopolitan group of workers in the arts

ing—was generally regarded as "the best American newspaper story ever written". In the subsequent thirty years many stories of newspaper life have come and gone. None has been found better than *The Stolen Story*.

The tale has had various incarnations. Jesse Williams rewrote it as a short novel; then as a one-act play; then as a four-act play. There was a period in his life when flippant friends were in the habit of enquiring when they were to expect it in operatic form. *The Stolen Story* was not the only unusual tale in the book bearing that title. In "The Great Secretary of State Interview", the author found that rare thing, an almost new device for the carrying on of fiction. In "The Cub Reporter and the King of Spain", he ingeniously developed a campus episode into world importance.

A fastidious and painstaking workman, forever polishing and re-polishing, Jesse Williams never, in book or in play, gave anything but the best that was in him. No expediency could tempt him to the writing of a "pot-boiler", or to a hurried slurring of his task. The tale that was finally told in print in five thousand words often represented the refining and pruning away of thirty thousand words in the original writing. A conspicuous example of his method was his *Mr. Cleveland; A Personal Impression*. It is the slightest of monographs, yet in it the former president lives, as he lives in none of the ponderous books that have been written about him.

* * *

The last communication we received in the office from Jesse Lynch Williams was about an amusing little discovery he had made in a copy of the London *Times Literary Supplement*. The first sentence of the leading article ran: "In spite of its affected title, which was probably determined by the exigencies of the American market for which it was originally designed, Mr. Lloyd Morris's new biography of Hawthorne (*The Rebellious Puritan. Portrait of Mr. Hawthorne*) is a work of genuine merit". In the very same issue Mr. Williams's eye lighted on an advertisement for a book called *All Alone*, with the subtitle "The Life and Private History of Emily Brontë". In America this book was published simply as *The Life and Private History of Emily Jane Brontë*.

* * *

It is usually thought that Julian Green's dual nationality resulted from a Franco-American marriage, but as a matter of fact both his parents were Americans. They were members of distinguished Virginia families that played an important part in the Civil War. His paternal grandfather was a British citizen who settled in Virginia, where he entertained Dickens and Thackeray and other eminent visitors. Julian Green was born in Paris (September 6, 1900) because his father's business had taken the family there.

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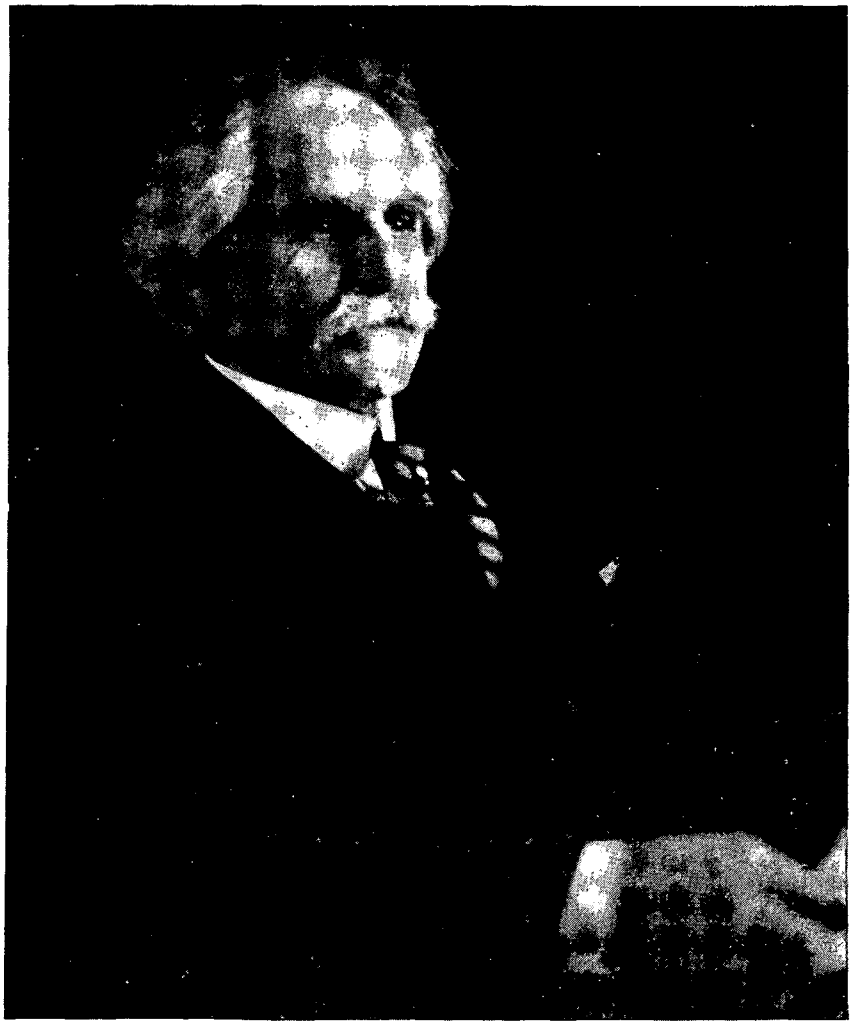
The romantic and "Gothic" nature of Julian Green's novels might almost have been predicted from the course of his early years and his education: a sensitive, lonely, uprooted boy reading feverishly in Nineteenth-Century English and French literature, loving especially Dickens, Jane Austen, Eugène Sue, and ghost stories. French literature interested him most; in fact his mother had to keep a standing reward offered for each English book read. But his reading in both literatures was wide, and he had an aptitude for learning Latin. Mathematics and science, of course, he abominated. When still very young he spent much time drawing and writing.

Julian Green was under age for military service in the war, but managed to play a part and see much of the active zones by joining the American Field Service and later the Morgan Harjes organization, which took him to the Italian front. In 1918 he returned to France and enlisted in the French artillery. For almost a year after the war he accomplished nothing and made no definite



HAMLIN GARLAND
A photograph by Doris Ullmann

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FRANCIS HACKETT

plans for the future, remaining solitary much of the time and engaged in desultory drawing, reading and writing. Then an uncle prevailed on him to come, for the first time, to "his own" country.

Julian Green spent three important years in the United States, most of the time at the University of Virginia. His studies were the classics and English and American literature. Part of the time he taught French. He continued his custom of writing privately. From his college years dates his first appearance in print, a story called "The Apprentice Psychiatrist", published in the university magazine. The story was written in English; is, in fact, his only published piece composed in his ancestral language. There have been many conjectures as to why Julian Green writes his novels in French. The reason he himself gives accounts also for the language chosen for this first story—he can write only in the language that is being spoken around him.

But literature had not yet decisively gripped Julian Green as a career. Back in Paris after his three American years, he decided to become a painter and enrolled among the art students of *La Grande Chaumière*. He also applied himself to music. It is clear that at twenty-two he had not yet found himself. He was still being borne along by the exciting adventure of discovering in himself more and more facets of a nature richly endowed with imagination, sensitivity and creative gifts. He was also forming friendships with many of the most alert spirits of post-war Paris, at a time when many new currents and personalities were entering the scene and preparing the birth of a new literary generation.

It is fitting that Julian Green's first writing —after his undergraduate work—should have been done for one of the numerous bright ephemeral magazines that flourished just after the war as an outlet for the clamoring voices of the new men. Quite fitting also were the first three subjects which attracted him: William Blake, James Joyce, and Catholicism from an heretical point of view. This apprentice work was not important, but it was obviously done by a man of real talent. An enterprising publisher got after him—it was in the spring of 1925—and demanded a novel, to be delivered within six months.

And thus a rash spring agreement and a summer vacation resulted in one of the most notable first novels of recent years, *Mont Cinère,* published early in 1926. Success was instantaneous and well-nigh universal; staid academicians and left-bank café-idlers united in acclaiming a new star in French letters. A few months later *Mont Cinère* was published in English as *Avarice House* and aroused a similar response throughout the English-reading world.

It is probably too early in Mr. Green's career to attempt a literary appraisal, but doubtless most of our readers have been forcibly struck by this new talent as his later books appeared—*Adrienne Mésurat,* which, translated as *The Closed Garden,* was a Book-of-the-Month Club selection in 1928; and The

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Harper Prize novel for 1929, *The Dark Journey,* the French title of which was *Leviathan.*

* * *

Ever since the publication of *Main Travelled Roads* in 1891, Hamlin Garland, whose literary reminiscences we commence publishing in this issue, has occupied an honored place in American letters. As William Dean Howells said of the early stories in which he first made use of his intimate knowledge of life in the West, "Mr. Garland has measurably succeeded to a place in the sunset held by Bret Harte and Mark Twain". The many novels, tales and autobiographical works of the intervening years have served to strengthen his position in the forefront of our writers of the last half-century, and in the hearts of a multitude of readers. When *A Son of the Middle Border* appeared in 1917, even the larger reading public became aware that in Hamlin Garland we have an author of imposing stature in the main tradition of American life and letters.

Mr. Garland was born in 1860, on a farm near West Salem, Wisconsin. His father, Richard Garland had come from Oxford County, Maine; his mother was Isabelle MacClintock. In 1868 the family moved to Winneshick County, Iowa, across the Mississippi River. A year later they moved again, this time out into the prairie of Mitchell County, which Mr. Garland made the scene of his *Boy Life on the Prairie* and of many of the stories in *Main Travelled Roads.* At sixteen Mr. Garland entered the Cedar Valley Seminary at Osage, although he still worked six months of every year on the farm. He graduated in 1881, and spent a year walking through the Eastern states.

Then, since his family had settled in Dakota, in the spring of 1883 he took up a claim in MacPherson County, where he lived for a year. In the fall of the next year he sold his claim and went to Boston, as told in the chapter of his reminiscences printed in this issue. During the next forty-five years, Mr.

JOHN RATHBONE OLIVER

Garland lived one of the most diversified lives recorded of any American author, returning for periods to Dakota, Iowa and Wisconsin, but also entering deeply into the literary and intellectual life of Eastern cities. From Boston he went to New York, and then transferred his literary headquarters to Chicago. Everywhere Mr. Garland became an intimate of the most noted figures of the day in all the arts and in public life. Much of his story he has told in his four "Middle Border" volumes; but now for the first time he is recounting his acquaintance with the leading

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men of letters of the period. The story will run through the next eight issues of THE BOOKMAN.

* * *

The publication of Dr. John Rathbone Oliver's novel, *Victim and Victor,* which was widely discussed in connection with the Pulitzer Prize for this year, was quite different from that of most novels. His previous book, *Fear,* had been written at the invitation of the religious branch of the house of Macmillan after a representative of theirs had heard Dr. Oliver give a talk on the subject. Then, when Dr. Oliver chose a fictional form to convey some of his findings and convictions as a student of human problems, *Victim and Victor* was also listed in the Macmillan catalogue as a volume on religion. Word soon got about that a powerful piece of fiction was to be found in this unwonted category. There is really less incongruity than might appear on the surface, because in everything he does Dr. Oliver remains true to his first calling, the ministry.

In Baltimore, where Dr. Oliver lives, he is

ANNA KATHARINE GREEN *Juanita Ball*

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better known as a psychiatrist than as a writer or a member of the clergy. He is Professor of Medical History at the University of Maryland, Medical Advisor to the Courts in Baltimore, and the founder of a medico-legal bureau patterned on those of Austria and France. The bureau is an effort on the part of the courts to escape the scandal of "expert testimony" by providing at the outset a physician whom both sides recognize as impartial.

Dr. Oliver's medico-legal work brings him a constant succession of the most difficult human problems. He has recently completed a book on his experiences in court—"not a novel but a boiling down of twelve years' experiences".

* * *

Publishers will doubtless approve this saying of an English bibliophile: "No gentleman can be without three copies of a book; one for show, one for use, and one for borrowers".

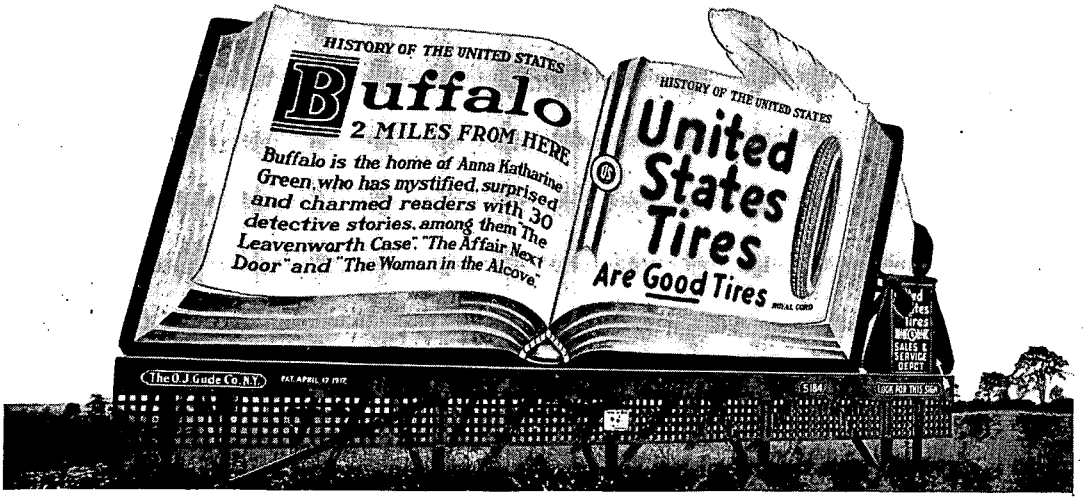
This was a maxim of Richard Heber, an ancestor of the Sitwell family, described in R. L. Megroz's book *The Three Sitwells*. Richard Heber was a remarkable bibliophile and scholar at the beginning of the Nineteenth Century. He was particularly attracted to early English dramatic and poetic literature forming a great collection of rareties in these classes. When he died, says Mr. Megroz, "although no mention of books occurred in his will, he possessed eight houses dotted about England and the Continent, in which books of all kinds overflowed the rooms, passages and corridors. These books were gradually dispersed in a series of memorable sales".

Three copies of every book is an excellent idea—if you have eight houses.

* * *

To most readers over thirty with any familiarity with radical thought, the passing of Thorstein Veblen must have brought at least a momentary sense of sadness, if only at the realization of how nearly complete had been his disappearance from the public eye in recent years. In all but a tiny number of young persons his name on the obituary page must have awakened no response at all.

Our own reaction was, we fear, inappropriately irreverent; we thought at once of H. L. Mencken's essay of ten years ago on Veb-



HONOR IN HER OWN COUNTRY

A roadside sign that greets the visitors to Buffalo, the home of Anna Katharine Green

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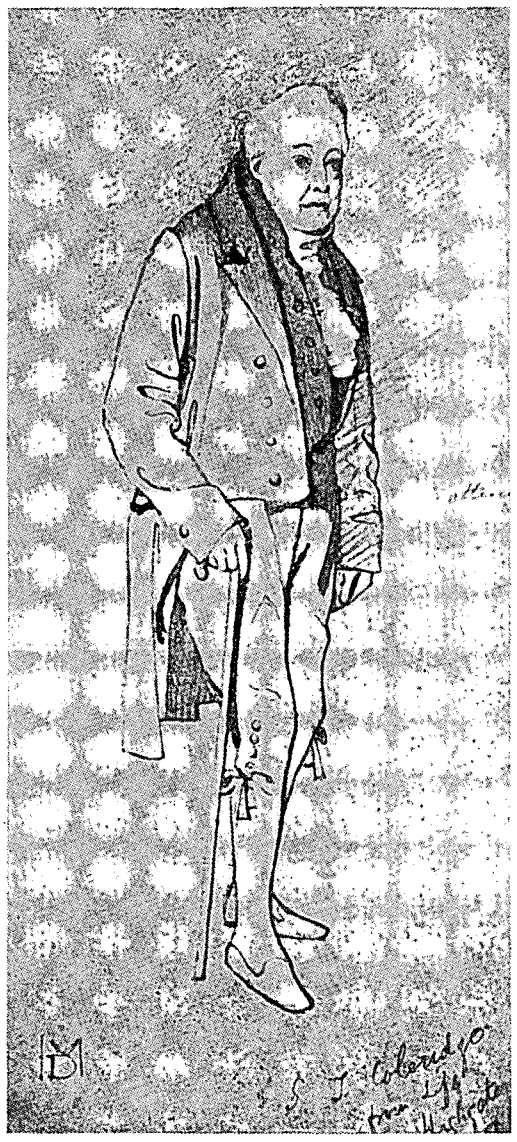

COLERIDGE

Drawing from life by Daniel Maclise, reproduced in "Coleridge: The Divine Somnambulist" by John Charpentier

len, and fell, as not infrequently, to reading it again. Mencken found in Veblen a subject admirably suited to his powers: a grave professorial theoretician of the radical reformer type whose essentially trivial and misguided ideas lay almost wholly within the narrow range in which Mencken's shrewdness operates. This, with the additional circumstances that Veblen wrote atrociously and achieved wide fame as a social oracle, provided Mencken with an ideal occasion for his horseplay to which he rose perfectly. The result (it stands in the first series of *Prejudices*) was a pungent and amusing exercise in satirical vaudeville, probably the most effective thing Mencken ever wrote.

* * *

It has been widely remarked that of late years Mencken's writing has lost the force that it had in the period to which we have just referred. He has been showing signs of being tired, of losing his grip. Certainly his influence has waned appreciably; even his most devoted admirers are heard to express concern and dissatisfaction. The evidence of weariness became unmistakable recently in his belated but inevitable counter-attack against the new humanists, which was grotesquely feeble.

The subject is a fair test of Mencken: the group signified by the term humanists are his natural enemies—in fact they have, though Mencken does not know it, long ago blasted the foundations of every one of his pet doctrines. He and his followers have found joy for years in thinking that because the older critics did not pay much attention to them, the victory was theirs by default. Had they been able to read them intelligently they would have seen that when Mr. More and Mr. Babbitt, for instance, had finished with the earlier and abler champions of their confusions, there was no need to do it all over again with the contemporary small fry just because they echoed the same confusions.

But recently the older men and their allies have made several references to Mencken. And now he has started to reply to this main source of the opposition to him that has been rapidly spreading. Characteristically he avoids the direct issue—he leaves alone, for instance, Mr. More's *Demon of the Absolute* and Mr. Babbitt's *Forum* essay which

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JULIA PETERKIN *D. Jay Culver*

Author of the latest Pulitzer prize novel, "Scarlet Sister Mary". Mrs. Peterkin and the Carolina country about which she writes were the subjects of an article in the June Bookman

quietly annihilated him. Instead he falls back on an ally—and what an ally! Think of it, H. L. Mencken can only reply to the humanists by quoting—T. S. Eliot! Mencken has discovered that Eliot, the ablest champion of humanism (which might be briefly defined as anti-Menckenism) under forty years of age, does not wholly agree with Irving Babbitt on some ultimate questions of philosophy and religion, and rushes into this fissure to avail himself of a couple of humorous digs which Eliot drops by the way. Beyond these two quotations Mencken's whole attack consists of a witticism of his own which we take pleasure in quoting: ". . . the pseudo-humanism which now enchants so many young American college professors, with Professor Irving Babbitt serving as its Bishop Cannon, Dr. Paul Elmer More as its Mrs. Willebrandt, and the late Stuart P. Sherman as its martyred Wayne B. Wheeler".

H. L. Mencken and T. S. Eliot against

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ERICH MARIA REMARQUE

Irving Babbitt and Paul Elmer More—a delightful picture! On its serious side it merely shows that Mencken is no more capable of understanding Eliot than he ever has been of understanding the older men. It also provides a nice specimen of Mencken's idea of good dialectical procedure: to take one man with whom he disagrees and play him off against another man with whom they both disagree. This saves Mencken the trouble of facing an issue squarely, inventing his own arguments, and committing himself.

* * *

Those who know Robinson Jeffers agree with what Benjamin De Casseres said of him two years ago in THE BOOKMAN: "It is as difficult to conceive of Robinson Jeffers in any other place than Carmel, California, as it would be to think of Shelley living at Whitechapel, Dostoievski at Naragansett Pier, or William Blake in Pittsburgh. That portion of California—its hills, sea, blue lupins, golden poppies, seagulls, dirt roads, pines, firs, hawks, herons and lighthouses—belongs as absolutely to Robinson Jeffers, poet of Tragic Terror, as Wessex belongs to Hardy". On another page we present some photographs of the Jeffers home in Carmel. The house is an exact copy of an old Tudor barn in Surrey which his wife liked, except that there is an extra window, so that more light would fall on his desk upstairs. The whole top floor is taken up by one big attic with four beds hidden in nooks; and at one end is the poet's desk and heavy wooden chair which came from an old Spanish ranch in the neighboring hills. The Jeffers's manner of life is extremely simple: no telephone, no electric lights, no servants. The planting of the little forest of two thousand trees with which he has surrounded the land side of the house was the work of the poet himself. The house faces the sea and is but a few feet from a rocky beach.

Of most interest to the visitor is Hawk Tower, built stone-on-stone by Robinson Jeffers himself. It stands thirty feet high. Seven years have gone into its construction and it is not yet finished. Mr. Jeffers hauled the great granite boulders from the beach below the house, rolling the stones up inclined planes. Throughout the period of building he worked every afternoon as a stone-mason, and every morning on the books which have made him famous: *Tamar, Roan Stallion, The Women at Point Sur* and *Cawdor.*

His own studio is at the very top. It is a tiny room, as bare as a monk's cell, and contains only a table and a chair. A trap door leads out to the stone bridge, where he walks back and forth when ideas come slowly. In a lower story of the tower, his twin boys, Garth and Donnan, have a room all their own.

During this last summer Mr. Jeffers and his wife, formerly Una Call Kuster, have travelled away from Carmel for the first time since their marriage in 1913. With their two boys they have been staying in Ireland. A new volume of Mr. Jeffers's poetry has just been issued, *Dear Judas.* It contains two longer poems, "The Gentle Shepherdess",

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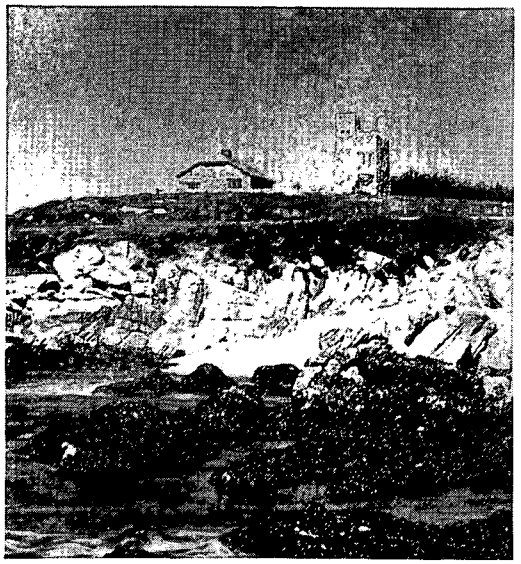
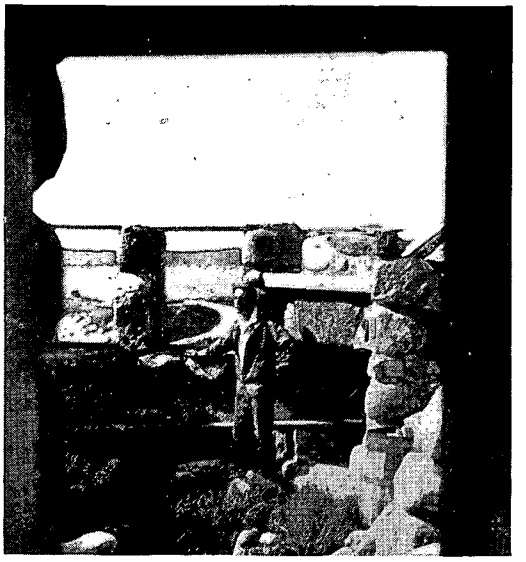
INTERIOR OF THE HOME OF ROBINSON JEFFERS AT CARMEL, CALIFORNIA

Mrs. Jeffers at the organ, the poet and his twin sons Garth and Donnan in front of the stone fireplace. (See description in text.)



THE JEFFERS HOME FROM THE PACIFIC

The tower was built as a studio by the poet himself out of sea boulders



ROBINSON JEFFERS AS A STONE-MASON

In the dining-room addition to the house on which he is now engaged

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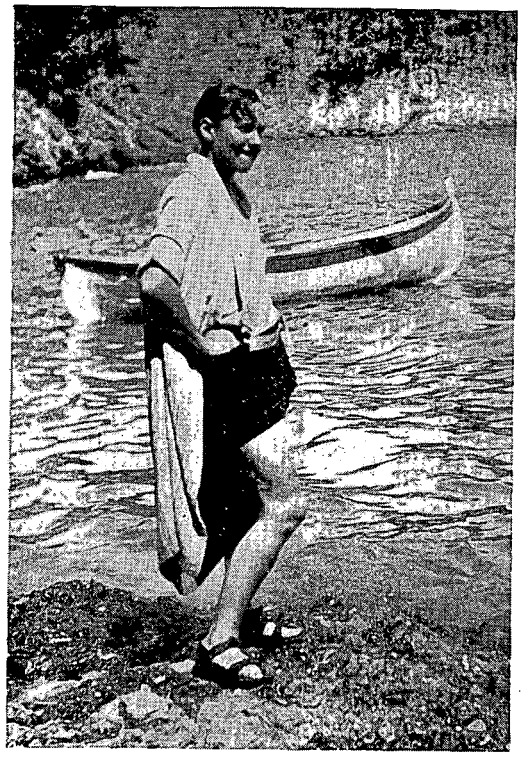

NORAH JAMES

and "Dear Judas", and a few shorter poems. "The Gentle Shepherdess", writes Jeffers, "is a story of one who has committed self-sacrifice . . . a saint, I suppose, going up to a natural martyrdom, aureoled with such embellishments as the mind of the time permits. . . . Dear Judas is a species of passion play—it seems to me to present, in a somewhat new dramatic form, new and probable explanations of the mythical characters and acts of its protagonists."

* * *

In many ways *Sleeveless Errand,* by Norah James, is an excellent counterpart to *All Quiet on the Western Front.* It might almost be described as a successor to that record-breaking war book, since it deals in realistic fashion with the years immediately following the war, and studies the war's effect on civilians and returned soldiers. The scene is English instead of German, but, as in Remarque's book, the mood and the experiences which are caught up were shared by all of western civilization, including this country. The portrayal of the woman in *Sleeveless Errand* is probably the most successful attempt yet made to put on paper the emancipated but shallow, the courageous but nerve-shattered individuals who have set the tone of so much of our life during the last dozen years. The mood is amazingly well sustained throughout the novel, and the incidents and conversations are invented with unflagging veraciousness. The book would seem to announce a new talent in fiction.

Norah James, the author, must have had the surprise of her life at the reception of her sincere, and, we should have thought, harmless little novel. It became in England the most thoroughly suppressed book on record. The night before publication every copy in the publisher's office was seized. The next day all the bookshops which had received advance shipments were raided. Reviewers were deprived of their review copies, with the result that only one review appeared. Outside the small shop of a bookseller who had left a copy of the book in his window on display while he took his Thursday holiday, a guard from Scotland Yard was posted from Wednesday night to Friday morning so that no one might remove the copy of *Sleeveless Errand* which rested peacefully in the window.

What was the reason for this drastic effort to obliterate the book? It is hard to tell. The customary reasons for censorship were certainly not present: there were no scenes of passion, and with the exception of *one word* —and that one of the milder bad words—the language was not indecent.

So inexplicable was the official onslaught that obscure "political" reasons were looked for as the cause. We are inclined to find the explanation in the book's very merits: it is so vividly done that material which has elsewhere been calmly accepted often enough

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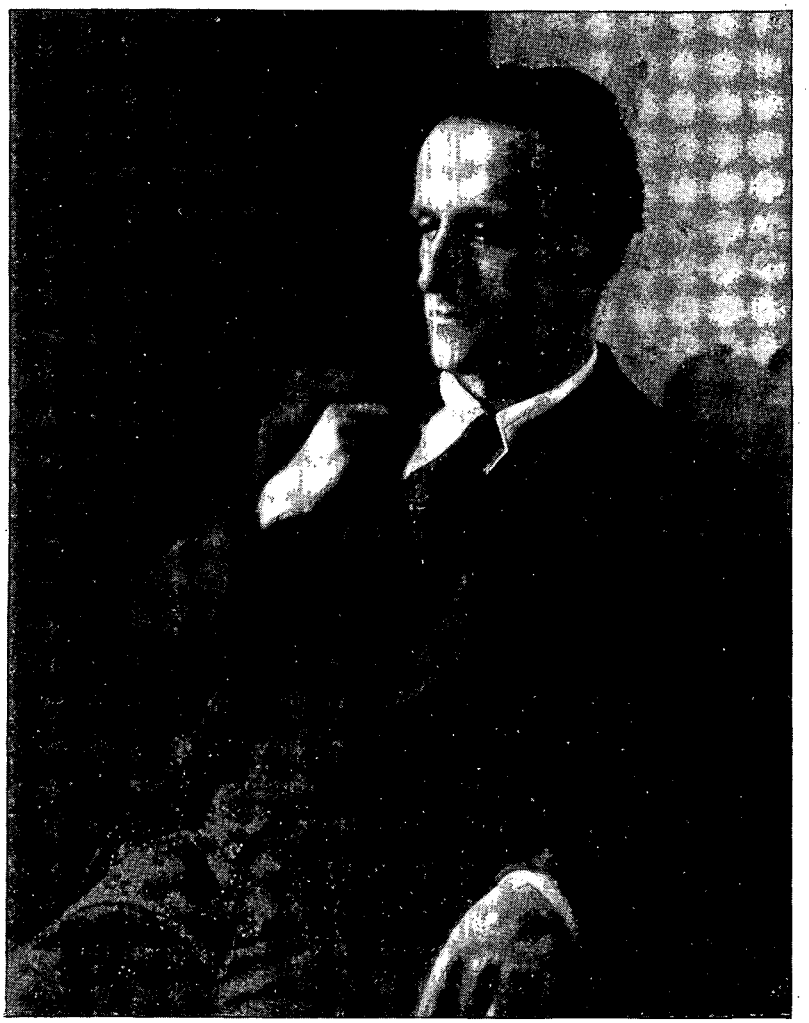
came as a shock to the inspectors of literature.

We go into the story of the English suppression only as a matter of curiosity: the book deserves success on its merits and does not need scandal to support it. A comparison of the American edition with what was perhaps the only copy of the English edition to get through to this country reveals that quite negligible alterations were found necessary: several "bloody's" were removed—which would seem superfluous in a country where the word does not shock; amusingly, a "bloody" was inserted to replace the one strong word of the original. An attempt is being made to have the American version passed by the British authorities and published in the country of its author. We hope that Miss James's countrymen will not be forced to resort to copies smuggled from this country and the continent for so excellent a book.

Miss James is an attractive blue-eyed Irish girl. She is talented with chisel and pencil as well as with pen. She has been a journalist



ROBERT NATHAN

Whose latest novel is "There Is Another Heaven". A photograph by Doris Ullmann

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A LITERARY CRITIC. BY GEORGE BELCHER

Gentleman (who has been moved on by P.C.): "Garn, if it 'adn't a bin for Edgar Wallace the likes o'you would never bin 'eard of"

—The Tatler (London)

and political secretary to a parliamentary candidate. At present she is advertising manager for a London publisher. Her second novel, *Hail! All Hail!*, has just been published in England. But Miss James was not entirely satisfied when she saw her second manuscript in book form and will rewrite it considerably before it is published in this country.

* * *

Readers of the obituary article on the late Henry Blake Fuller contributed last month by Mr. Victor Schultz will have noticed from the references that in Fuller THE BOOKMAN lost an old contributor. Indeed Fuller was one of the magazine's oldest and most faithful friends. He was admired in turn by each of the successive editors and appeared frequently in its columns, both as the author and as the subject of critical comments. In the magazine's second volume, in 1895, appeared the first study of his work to be published. His article "Art in America" appeared in 1899. His obscurity had a sad illustration in 1918 when the reviewer of his new book was led to say "the author of *With the Procession* is by no means 'dead yet'—as the present story proves". In 1924 he was the subject of an anonymous analysis in the "Literary Spotlight" series.

Not long before his death Fuller wrote us a letter about the magazine which was the pleasantest we ever received or, considering its source, could imagine receiving. We should like to quote it—a "last letter from Henry Blake Fuller" would be so unexceptionable an excuse for printing a puff in our own columns! But alas, Fuller expressed himself with such characteristic generosity and frankness, mingling his tribute so inextricably with forthright comments on our predecessors and contemporaries, that the letter is really "unprintable". We have struggled to excerpt part of it, but not even a representative phrase can be disentangled. We fear the letter will have to remain an office secret. We take this occasion (prompted by the business department) to beg our distinguished readers, if they are moved to write us pleasant things, to put them in "usable" form!

* * *

A writer in the London *Criterion* writes "secondary and thirdary" instead of "secondary and tertiary". We do not remember seeing "thirdary" before, and find no trace of it in the great *Oxford Dictionary*. But it seems to us a very happy word, quite as legitimate as "secondary" and in every way superior to the pedantic and awkward "tertiary". We serve notice now to our readers that if they see "thirdary" in our columns it will not be attended by explanation or quarantined in quotation marks. . . . Perhaps we ought to add that "firstary" need not be expected.

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A LETTER FROM ABROAD

by Rebecca West

A casualty of the road—Jean Baptiste Greuze and a member of the youngest generation—The Romanesque church at Tournus—Travelling through a wine list—The gargoyles and the museum at Dijon—Two tombs—Mortuary sculpture—The best play of this century—Why do we leave death out of art?

Provence, France, August.

THERE happened to me the other day one of those incidents which have little relevance to one's life yet give one a great deal of pleasure, like a butterfly alighting on the page of a book one is reading. For a sad and sudden reason I found myself obliged to spend an evening in a town of which I knew I had heard but of which I could remember nothing. The reason was that the chauffeur of the car I have hired for the summer is not now as strong as a bull (though his mother made him so), having been subjected to the operations of history and gassed at the Marne; and he had gone down like a ninepin with pneumonia under a cold wind that had yawned on us for a minute as we crossed the Hautes-Alpes. The town was Tournus, in the department of Saône-et-Loire; and it housed me because it was here the chauffeur had collapsed after he had refused all day to admit that he was ill, though his sickness was like a layer of gray paint on his sunburnt floridity, and he had driven me at an insane speed across France as though he hoped to find one town where he might leave his fever and then another where he would be quite well again. As I went into the dining-room of the little inn I passed a girl in the doorway who peered down through the fading light at the pages of a guide-book and said gaily to someone whose face was a smear of pallor by her shoulder: *"Oui c'est vraiment le lieu de sa naissance . . ."*

I went in and sat down; and as I waited I stared out into the courtyard, which was still light, for the passage out of it looked straight into the sunset. I stared without seeing much, for I was reflecting that my chauffeur was really very ill, and feeling that curious uneasy visceral sensation that comes when one sees anyone full of life, even a comparative stranger, invaded by the shadowy fluid of death; and I was wondering what I must do with the people I had arranged to meet further North and carry back to the Mediterranean. But I was soon distracted, for the courtyard was not empty. To be exact it was not a courtyard, it was a stage, on which a performance then and there began.

There was but one performer, but that was enough. She was about ten years old, and some of the fringe on her forehead seemed to have been dipped in a pot of gold paint and the rest was the light bronze brown of bud-cases. Her very light eyes were neither gray nor blue but the color of summer airs, and her cheeks and chin had the round but imponderable contours of the smaller clouds

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that gather about a sunset, along with the bland tangibility of milk. She had in her hands two white roses, which I do not doubt the minx had stolen for these exhibitionist purposes, and then throughout the whole time I was at dinner she brought these into constantly changing relationships with her beauty, now setting them behind an ear, now laying them at the base of her short throat, now holding them before her so that I could see how she looked with her eyes downcast. She should, I suppose, have been smacked for her vanity, but I am glad she was not, for she was as exquisite as she thought she was, and she placed herself to make a picture within the frame of the window with the most perfect taste. Now, whose birthplace do you suppose Tournus proved to be, when I went upstairs and consulted my *Guide Bleu*? Jean Baptiste Greuze, none less. I must have struck the contemporary representative of a long line of narcissistic wenches, one of whom had in her day determined the subjects which the gifted lad should always find haloed in his imagination with the glow that belongs to pleasantness early perceived.

* * *

But it was not because Tournus was the birthplace of Greuze that I had heard of it. It happens to possess one of the most splendid Romanesque churches in Europe. Between consultations with the doctor I went out and took a taste of it, following the little street that passed between the two fat towers that were built to ward off the Hungarian invasion in the Tenth Century. (Funny to think that the whole of civilization has passed through instants as precarious as those in which our individual destinies hang by a hair, when the bullet whizzes by our ear, the other automobile grazes the wing.) Heavy rain was falling on Burgundy; the gutters were so full-fed that they looked like runnels of gray glass. It would not seem likely that I should need the refreshment of going into a dark, cool place; yet as I went into the church I felt much as I do when I walk over the red dust of my garden under the brassy sky and slip off the rocks into the cold, green Mediterranean to swim among the gold and silver fishes. It gave me relief from some condition present in the outer world. I walked with comfort among the high, blunted arches of the nave and crypt and narthex, that were built close on a thousand years ago, that will be standing a thousand years hence. A side of it was dominated by a Madonna cut out of cedar-wood so long ago that it was very close to the Byzantine mode. Her face was painted nearly as dark as the soil of the country, the fluted and gilded folds of her robe covered a body square like a cupboard, and in front of her she held a stiff little Christ that was like a puppet she had taken out of the cupboard and would put back at the end of the day's play. Behind the altar ran an ambulatory, the vaults and the chapels that opened off it making vague, lofty, mothering curves, borrowing the forms in which the human body expresses tenderness and rendering them nobly non-decadent by the chill enduring substance of stone. In the crypt marble pillars shaped like the strength of man purged of all its grossness held up the roof of a chapel shaped comfortably and defensively like the womb, but dark and cool, innocent of the disturbances of light and heat, and all that they engender. At one end was the altar on which the body of the dead Christ was mystically transformed again and again to bread and wine that was somehow the same as living flesh; and at the other end was the tomb of a man who though not divine had yet been beyond all calculation and eternally benefited by death, since he had been elevated to saint-hood by his martyrdom.

* * *

That was it: I had come out of a world wholly committed to life, which regarded death solely as an enemy to be contended with, into the expression of a world which accepted the idea of death and played with

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it. Those who built the church no doubt thought of it purely in architectural and theological terms, but there was a dream at their elbows. It is true, said this dream, that man goes from his birth under the shadow of death, but let us build an edifice that shall symbolize this aspect of his fate and show it noble. Its pillars and walls shall meet aloft in arches and vaults so that he shall always have over him a curve like the rounded head of a coffin, and they shall shut out the light of common day, as coffins do; and the whole shall be beautiful, and the repository of all that through ethics and philosophy tries to impose order on the seething phenomena of life. It shall be decorated by images that represent a birth memorable because it led to a death unparalleled in its glory, and shall proliferate into chapels that mimic the enclosing safety of the womb but make no threat of future trouble. Part of it shall be dug out of the earth underfoot, like the grave itself, but our metaphors will not be vague, we shall make tombs as real in their stone as any that man shall ever fill. Some will be mystically inhabited by our God who knows how to live again, and others by the bones of men who offered themselves up to death and were rewarded by eternal blessedness, by a kind of being more intense and ecstatic than more life could have offered them; and if there is a part of man which remains sceptical of these unproven assertions, let it be persuaded by the peace that enters into this building when we have driven out of it all activities characteristic of the everyday world. We will interpret the idea of death in every conceivable mystical and rationalist sense, but that will be the whole of our seeking for variety, for to that one idea we will remain entirely faithful.

* * *

Death, indeed, was the subject matter of medieval man's art and thought to an extent that is almost incomprehensible to the modern mind. Tomorrow I would go to Dijon, as soon as I had put my chauffeur under proper care; a curious journey like travelling through a wine list, for I would pass by the villages of Meursault and Montrachet and Pommard and Volnay and Beaune and Nuits-St.-Georges and Vougeot and Chambertin. Dijon itself is like a wine-cellar in which one finds exquisite distillations of what sweetness was made by past weather and good growth in this rich soil, so abundant and enlightening are its relics of bygone ages. (It is as foolish to visit France without going to Dijon as it is to visit England without going to Norwich and Bath.) There is the Cathedral which soars up in the pure aspiration that the Thirteenth-Century builders knew, but is covered on its floor with terrible bewigged statues of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries, as pursy with pomp as if they had mumps. The stream of life seems to have shot up in a high ethereal spray, and then rolled down the walls in round gross drops.

There are the medieval houses that have flagged courtyards with galleries and round towers which spiral staircases make look like barley sugar; there are the Renaissance houses which are as ornate as if in those days stone could be embroidered like fine lawn and they had put many waiting women to the task; there are the graver Eighteenth-Century houses, one of which is very grave indeed behind its great door and its high wall, because there Buffon bent his wig over a thousand volumes and soberly thought along a way that was to lead to as many revolutionary changes as if the thinking had been as rash as you please. Among a congeries of such houses is Notre Dame, that superb condensation of the medieval genius, that baffling declaration of the gulf between that age and ours. Its interior is even purer than the Cathedral, for it was built in the Twelfth Century, and that is as it should be, since it was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. Stone has never been more chaste. But when they came to decorating the exterior they sent

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for a genius who was that age's equivalent of James Joyce, and said, "You know that idea you had about Leopold Bloom? Just express it all over the façade, please". So three lines of grotesques look forth and say in unforgettable terms what that genius knew and felt of man's disposition to wallow, of the sensuality of man that is the cause and the enemy of all his fine thoughts of chastity. Stone has never been more gross. How the intervening centuries have refined us! We would never think of defiling the public mind by building such an exterior to a holy place. Alas, that the process of our refinement seems at the same time to have robbed us of the power to build such an interior!

* * *

Dijon, however, can do better than any of these things.

It has a Museum which must be visited. The traveller must forbear to spend too long pondering over the mystery of the canvases representing curled and blonde nudes and signed "Charles Chaplin", but dated in the eighteen-eighties; or on the immense productivity of the local sculptor (whose colossal bronze bust, cryptically inscribed "F. Rude", is the first object one sees when entering the town) who during the first half of the Nineteenth Century never wearied in representing the abstract virtues as damn fine women with plenty of top-hamper. I long to see his masterpiece, which stands in a private park just outside Dijon and shows Napoleon being awakened from sleep by the kiss of Immortality. Immortality is certain to be a prodigious whopper. Passing by these distractions, the traveller must go to the room where there are to be found the two supreme masterpieces of Burgundian sculpture. They are both tombs. On one lies Philip the Bold, two angels kneeling by his head and holding his helmet till he wakes, and on the other, four do like offices for John the Fearless and Margaret of Bavaria. Everything that is represented comes to its fullest expression. In the slender golden beating wings of the angels is all that the early Gothic age thought of Heaven, in the lions at the monarch's feet all that it knew of heraldic pomp; the prostrate figures are as royalty had to be to maintain itself in chaotic Europe. The subject is, moreover, more ambitious than it seems at the first glance, for under the slabs on which the monarchs lie are miniature cloisters, in which stand cowled monks weeping for the dead. Is that all they are? Indeed it is not. They are brave monks: many of them carry on with the business of life; they pray, they read, they hold up the symbols of their authority; but always their cowls engulf their heads and shoulders, their hoods smother them, their cloaks and robes swathe them, and within these swaddling-cloths they are bowed and shaken by their grief. In fact, they represent man doing his best to live although he is confined and frustrated at every point by the limitations imposed on him by death, and aghast by his knowledge of them. Yet this is not morbid art.

* * *

Just a couple of hours or so before I got to Tournus I had paid a visit to the famous church of Brou, which is, so to speak, the child of these two tombs. Margaret of Austria built it about fifty years after the tomb of John the Fearless and Margaret of Bavaria was finished to be a casket for the bodies of her husband and her mother-in-law and herself. The building itself is exquisite in color, being pearly and pale amber, like an onion-skin, and the intricacies of the screen appear with the perfect felicity of buds on a branch in springtime. If it is a little too precious and expert compared with Dijon, if there is something unnatural about its facility, like the energy that comes upon one in a high fever, and there is a sense of the imminent decay of the school, it is nevertheless supremely beautiful. But all persons concerned abandoned themselves utterly to the mortuary purposes of the building. The climax of the build-

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ing is simply and solely the three tombs in the choir, which occupy so much space and have so much to say for themselves that the most the Persons of the Christian religion can do is to attain a mitigated presence on the retables on the walls. There was no other subject in the minds of the artists who worked on these tombs. Long past was the age of philosophic consideration of the subject that built the cold and noble darkness of Tournus. Past, too, the age of poetic consideration of it, that embodied in the cowled monks not only what man thinks of death but what he feels about it. Now was the time when (as in all decadent periods) supremely accomplished expression could be found for a view of the subject which, though intense, was not universal.

There is much ornament on these tombs which expresses what would be felt very strongly about death by rich and powerful people, and by nobody else. The cherubs who stand languidly beneath Marguerite of Bourbon's tomb, supporting emblems of mourning, are pretty pages, attendants on a court that knew its airs and graces to be more permanent institutions than any grief, the hooded mourners are court ladies with skirts full so that they can drop wide curtseys.

* * *

The statues on the tombs of Philibert le Beau, and the stone lacework all about it, express a more intimate and a more naïve reaction to the idea of death. On the other it was an aging dowager that was commemorated; in this it was a sovereign cut down in his prime. Can it be that all this magnificence that was Philibert le Beau suddenly stopped? It appears that it has; and, now one comes to think of it, all human magnificence is liable to such sudden cessation. Brooding on that, the artist carved that figure which, in a desperate attempt to bring a completely secular work of art into some relationship with that which should theoretically inspire all contents of a church, is called "Mary Magdalene before her Conversion", but which represents any sensual schoolgirl in the soft might of her young flesh. In the mind's ear one can hear her inflexible voluptuousness passing resolutely and without haste from pleasure to pleasure, like a bumble-bee droning from flower to flower. That magnificence can be stopped by death, the artist marvels; and so can the determined and decorous fruitfulness of the mother of a family who shields her rounded body with the homespun folds of her gown at another corner of the tomb. The catastrophe is so vast that one can almost enjoy it, the interest it arouses takes away the terror. And since these magnificences pass, says the artist, in the spirit of those wives who almost prefer the orgies of adoration they can engage in with their husbands' memories to the commerce they had with them in life, let us give the dead prince a magnificence that is far better than these, being cut out of incorruptible stone. Thus the tomb becomes encrusted with ambitious glories of design and execution; and the tomb beside it, of the woman who planned these others, becomes blowsy with resignation to the state of death.

These Dijon and Brou statues suggest a situation that seems remarkably odd to us. If a race of divinely gifted sculptors should arise in the United States it would be startling if they devoted themselves for the next hundred years or so to carving tombs for President Coolidge, Mrs. Coolidge, and Mr. and Mrs. John Coolidge. It would be almost a cinch to bet that they would get cold on it somewhere before the middle of Mrs. Coolidge. Even to limit the preoccupation to a single life leaves it incredible: if Mr. Ralph Wright had spent most of his career making a mausoleum at Woodlawn Cemetery we would mock at his pertinacity and morbidity.

A mere sequence, did it cover anything like the same ground as "The Dance of Death" on which the medieval artists were always trying their hands, would set the critics shaking their heads over the mental state of

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the party responsible. The subject has been shooed out of the pictorial arts and, indeed, out of all the other arts. Literature knows nothing of it now. If an essayist of the quality of Drummond of Hawthorn (who, I feel sure, would publish with the Knopfs) produced a little crape-edged brochure on mortality like "A Cypress Grove" Alfred and Blanche would for an instant falter in their stride, and might even send out no galley-proofs. A preacher-poet of the same temperament and in the same circumstances as John Donne, enjoying (let us say) a pastorate in Park Avenue and a contract with Harper's, would by his vestry and by Mr. Thomas B. Wells alike be advised to try that purifying treatment so much prescribed by Dr. Edmund Devol. It is the guffawing accusation against Charles Dickens that his characters indulged overmuch in the pleasures of pathetic and premature decease which finishes him with the young. Death as a subject lingered longest on the stage. I myself in childhood saw Sarah Bernhardt ride her vitality at the task of conveying its extinction like a divine but weather-beaten huntress clearing a gate, not once but half a dozen times. Nowadays, however, the Angel of Death having heard a rude whisper of "hokum" rarely spreads its wings over a last act, and attends the theatre only to have a good romp in melodrama. But I have never seen Sybil Thorndike give up the ghost, save in *St. Joan,* when the political aspect of her death rather than her death itself was the main issue of the evening. And I have never seen a threat against the longevity of Miss Gladys Cooper, Miss Lynn Fontanne, Miss Eva Le Gallienne, Miss Jeanne Eagels, or any other stars of the English and American stage when they were comporting themselves in serious plays. The only first-rate play I can think of written in our time with death for its subject is Jean Cocteau's *Orphée*; and though it is probably the best play of this century, being as easy and light as music by Mozart, it aroused among the run of the critics a peculiar irritated disapprobation which stupid people feel for something that stands apart from the spirit of their age.

* * *

Now, what is the cause of this change in the attitude of man? We have as lively emotions towards death as ever we did. That same day I had lunched at an inn high on the Savoy mountains over the Lac de Bourget. The occasion had not been joyful. The French use cooking as a means of self-expression, and this meal perfectly represented the personality of a cook who had spent the morning resting her unwashed chin on the edge of a tureen, pondering whether she should end her life immediately by plunging her head into her abominable soup, or should wreak her spite against the universe by devising yet one more of her unspeakable repasts. There was trout beside which I felt young and innocent, veal the condition of which was inexplicable unless it had spent its lifetime competing in six day bicycle races. Apart from these culinary offenses there was that in the restaurant which gave me a temporary dislike for life, for there was a mean and gross little man, eagerly picking his teeth as if that were how he always harpooned the decaying detritus of existence, who was entertaining a few of his friends to this lunch, a purpose for which it was admirably suited. At the end of the table sat his wife, a gaunt and silent figure in rusty black, as much twisted out of the semblance of normal being as an electric standard after a truck has run into it. Somebody asked the horrid little man how he had gained the Legion of Honor that was red in his button-hole, and he answered, slapping his chest, *"On me l'a donné parceque j'ai fait dix enfants"*. The wife continued to eat in silence, her eyes downcast on her plate of loathsome food. Really, I thought, humanity has come down in the world. In the past the Roman Catholic Church urged its flock to increase the volume of the flood of life, but it did at least attempt to control the

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quality of the required increase by demanding that they should not be heretics, that they should be true to a certain definite philosophy, which, though it was a rude and unsatisfactory method, tended in the right direction. But these modern democracies that call for life, no matter of what quality, let all come to them that Mencken has wished!

I rose and went out into the garden; and there I found my chauffeur looking down on the lake. He knew it well, having lived beside it for some of the eleven years he has spent in France since the war, and he began to tell me how it takes to itself the bodies of those it drowns and never gives them back. "Are there currents that drag them under?" I asked. "No," said he, "it's just bad water. Can't you see from the color it's bad water?" It did, indeed, lie on the landscape like a blue-green patch of some washable paint rather than a lake. I rejoiced in the idyllic character of his superstition, of which I was already aware from a conversation I had heard from the balcony of my villa down in the South. "Look!" he had said, through the darkness to Jasmine the cook, "There's a shooting star! What, don't you wish when you see a shooting star? Why, I've trained myself so's I wish at the slightest movement, ever since I came down here where there's such a lot of them." Surely it is marvellous that a man who was born and reared in a a typical modern city of Australia (a state which has so resolutely cut the painter of civilization that it gives its children a purely secular education) and spent his youth fighting the most scientifically waged war in history, and has since lived by driving automobiles in highly sophisticated parts of the world, should have the same mystical and animist ideas about the skies above him and the waters beneath as any peasant that lived on a Greek island in the Homeric age. But I noted that as he spoke he shuddered, and the corners of his mouth were drawn down by distaste. I saw that he was very ill; he was feeling as if he were going to die; the wicked waters had reminded him of the innumerable forces that existed to tear men from the foothold they had found on the wind-swept rock of life. Fear was tearing at his vitals, and at mine too, although I had employed him for so short a time that till now he had been only a shape at the driving wheel. I felt sick as I said, "Look here, you can't go on, you must stop at the next town". No, we have not lost our interested awe for death.

* * *

What is the explanation of this refusal on the part of man to express one of his chief concerns in art? We need not slap ourselves on the back and say that it is because we have laid aside morbidity and now place our creative impulses at the service of life and not death. For just as we seem to have lost the power to build the interior of Notre Dame and evoke the white aspiring angels of earth at the same time that we forewent the power to build the exterior of Notre Dame and evoke its dark engendering angels, so we seem to have lost a good part of our power to represent life when we ceased to represent death. Was it perhaps that the human mind, finding itself under a necessity to discover through science all it could about its environment in order that it should entrench itself against danger of extinction, thought it wisest to damp down the fires of art, lest man should be terrified by the revelation of what life felt like and should decide to court that extinction? Some such decision was made, and in face of our feeling of poverty before these rich works of art we may suspect that the time has come to reverse it. In any case we know as we confront them that it is the mark of the uncultured upstart to feel that there is anything rootless and revolutionary about those artists of our age, like Lawrence and James Joyce, who want to concern themselves with life in its entirety and death in its awfulness. To those who know the past they seem distinguished only by their adherence to the noblest of artistic traditions.

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FICTION

SENSE AND SENSUALITY *by Sarah Salt* (PAYSON & CLARKE. $2.50)

MISS SALT displayed a quite remarkable talent in her short stories, *A Tiny Seed of Love,* published a few months ago, and this talent is already fully equal to a long flight, for her first novel is a sustained, deftly-done story of contemporary married life in certain intellectual circles, where the talk of freedom in sex matters for both men and women sometimes leads people into most unfortunate situations. In fact, Miss Salt's novel might be regarded as a sermon against such idle chatter, so much of which runs directly counter to sound human instinct.

It is not fair to so excellent a novel as *Sense and Sensuality* to label it a sermon almost at the outset of a review. But there are sermons and sermons and if ministers were a tenth as skilful in handling the problems of everyday life under existing social conditions as is Miss Salt there is little doubt that the churches would be better filled. A male reviewer ought to blush a little in daring to praise what seems to be Miss Salt's insight into feminine psychology, but there is a rightness, a clear-headed, cool intelligence about her thinking that emboldens one to believe she has made no mistakes even in this difficult field.

Sense and Sensuality is mostly concerned with the lives of a rising young publisher and his wife. When we meet Richard and Laura they already have one child, Prudence, and the ingredients are present for the making of a happy home. They move in sophisticated circles—among authors, you know, and other advanced thinkers. Laura, like a good many other modern young women without very much to do, suffers an attack of boredom, largely because Richard is too busy to be the companion he might have been, and while in this state of mind she finds that Richard is putting into practice some of the rules for the conduct of life that are so popular in their set, at least in conversation. There is, one suspects, the usual mixture of motives for Laura's revenge, but revenge herself she does, by having an affair with a young man who is greatly annoyed by his affairs with women, but who cannot resist them.

While all this is going on, other characters are conducting similar experiments, none of them with any very strikingly successful results so far as happiness is concerned. And interspersed between the chapters relating directly to the progress of the story are letters from Prudence's nurse to a friend of hers, which serve as a sort of Greek chorus to the drama, and which are themselves priceless in the skill with which they are made to depict their writer.

The outcome of the revenge of Laura upon Richard is Miss Salt's affair, although there have been suggestions that neither emerges any happier from the go at sexual freedom. What has been said may tend to make the book appear only a little more cheerful than a meeting of a Russian suicide society on a rainy Sunday afternoon, and this, if true, is wholly wrong, for Miss Salt writes sharply and brightly without any attempts at smartness, and there is a depth of feeling in the book, a thorough understanding of the characters, together with a deep and genuine sympathy that arouses compassion and leaves the reader moved both by the story and the skill of its telling.

Miss Salt's style is new and fresh and there

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is originality in the construction of her novel. These admirable qualities, along with many others, make it a book which demands attention. Women will certainly like it; and men, it is probable, will find it profitable reading.

THE VIRTUE OF THIS JEST *by James Stuart Montgomery* (GREENBERG. $2.50)

THIS is by no means an altogether dull book, but the pattern is familiar throughout; there is a tendency on the part of the author to moralize—a fault which we are still able to forgive in the older novelists, but which grows irritating in the younger ones; and the ending, wherein the raffish poet who is the hero makes his escape from Newgate prison, is inexcusably trite. Better to have allowed the rascal to swing on Tyburn than to have had him break jail in so conventional a fashion. One's fondness for him is not so great as to demand a happy ending.

Mr. Montgomery has quite evidently made a careful study of the slang dictionaries of the Eighteenth Century, as the book abounds in thieves' cant, and so heavily are many of the pages sprinkled with unintelligible expressions that a number of footnotes are necessary. There are times when one feels that the author is merely airing his knowledge of the low language of the times, and the story itself is lost in a swirl of linguistic arabesques.

In form *The Virtue of This Jest* is cast in the familiar biographical mold—that is to say, it begins with the birth of the precious scoundrel Nicholas, the son of a mother not at all annoyed by moral considerations, and ends with what should have been his death. The adventures of our Nicky hang but loosely together; he finds a loyal wench—loyal, that is, in her own generous fashion—and they take to the road for a time with a travelling show. Chance tosses them up against Archie Gordon of Glenbucket, a supporter of Charles Stuart, who is on the verge of his invasion of England.

Shifting the scene back to London, Mr. Montgomery introduces us to the lukewarm followers of the Bonny Prince and lets us watch the ingenious Nicky rally the ragtag and bobtail of London into a queer army, designed to support the Young Pretender when he and his Highlanders enter the capital. Nicky conjures up a great monarch of all crooks and beggars called Cock Lorrel, and centers the anti-Hanover revolt about him. But Charles Stuart turns back when victory is in his grasp, and a catchpole lays violent hands upon our hero, charging him with treason and landing him in Newgate.

Just why Mr. Montgomery's novel does not seem better than it does is not altogether easy to say, although some of its handicaps have been set forth already. It is, perhaps, too patently synthetic or it may be that the author intends to spoof his characters and his readers a bit. At any rate, it is about as unsatisfactory a substitute for the genuine thing in picaresque novels—and even the best of the type seem to be very little read just now—as a glass of near-beer would be for the sort of ale that was drunk from leathern jacks in the days when Nicky was supposed to have flourished in London.

INVITATION TO DANGER *by Alfred Stanford* (MORROW. $2.50)

MR. STANFORD has followed his excellent first book, *Navigator,* the material for which he discovered in the rich nautical history of New England, with another from the same source that is no less colorful and interesting. The first book centered about the character of Nathaniel Bowditch, without whose contributions to navigation, so the experts tell us, there might never have been those glorious creations, American clippers. The new book has for its hero another seafaring man, Daniel Bover, the son of a ship's captain, who took to the sea as naturally as a gull.

His father left him with a curious heritage, a passion for ships and a passion for danger.

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How the son lost his first command and an arm with her, how he came home and met Donald McKay, the master builder of ships, how he worked at what came to his hand until the chance came to take out a load of seekers for the gold of California, together with his young and beautiful bride, is related in a book that simply will not be put aside.

The New York of those late 'forties, with all its airs of elegance and romance, makes a delightful background for a part of the tale which is no more than an interlude; the real drama does not begin until Captain Bover is on the way around the Horn, determined to hold a southerly course in spite of every conceivable handicap, including threatened mutiny among crew and passengers. He accepts his father's "invitation to danger", meeting terrific perils and hardships with a calm courage that makes the reader feel like praying that he will get safely through.

Mr. Stanford has chosen his period well, he has told an excellent and stirring story, with a good romance thrown in, and he has managed to get something of the sea into his book that one must go back to *Moby Dick* to match. Even superficially *Invitation to Danger* is a fine novel, and one that will bear re-reading.

Here is a young author who has made two worthy and successful sallies into the glorious past of his own country, bringing back authentic material which he knows how to handle.

HERSCHEL BRICKELL

ULTIMA THULE *by Henry Handel Richardson* (NORTON. $2.50)

THE pseudonym Henry Handel Richardson, we are told, conceals the identity of a woman who has been writing novels for twenty years, faithfully, conscientiously, and quite obscurely. With the publication of *Ultima Thule* she has at last broken into the ranks of the best-sellers. Worthily so; *Ultima Thule* is an almost ostentatiously meritorious book, quite in line with the best traditions of English prose fiction. It has been breathed upon by the spirit of Thomas Hardy, and by the Somerset Maugham who wrote *Of Human Bondage*. This is not by any means to say that *Ultima Thule* is merely imitative. It is, in its own right, a moving and unforgettable story—a naturalistic story in which the Universe appears as a concatenation of vaguely hostile accidents, and Man as the helpless and bewildered victim. This philosophy, often well stated before, is artistically triumphant in *Ultima Thule*. Henry Handel Richardson forces her readers not only to concede but to experience the impotent desperation of her trapped and desperate characters.

The story is of the complete disintegration of a character under the strain of poverty and a growing recognition of his own incapacity. At the age of forty-nine, with a wife and children dependent upon him, Richard Mahony found himself a ruined man. The fortune which he had made almost by accident was gone. Gone also was the medical practice by which he had once supported himself. There was nothing to do but to attempt to resume his profession, and to adjust his way of life to his reduced circumstances. He did not at first suspect that this was beyond his ability. The process of dissolution was gradual—little by little the world stripped him of his few hundred dollars and the protective shreds of his pride. By a regression as inevitable as that which engulfs Hurstwood in *Sister Carrie,* Richard Mahony is utterly ruined and destroyed. The final chapters of the book contain a penetrating study of the encroachments of insanity upon a normally strong mind—of the pitiful, desperate devices of that mind seeking a refuge from intolerable reality.

THE DARK JOURNEY *by Julian Green* (HARPERS. $2.50.)

THIS novel by Julian Green, which received the Harper prize award for 1929-30, is the

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history of a sombre and brutal passion. Guéret, an awkward, lonely, clumsily sensitive tutor falls in love with Angèle, the protégée of his restaurateur. He pursues her with a hopeless adoration until he learns accidentally that every patron of the restaurant save himself has enjoyed her favors. Receiving the knowledge as a cruel jest at his expense, Guéret makes a homicidal attack upon Angèle. She recovers, but so frightfully scarred that her amorous career is abruptly closed. In her extremity, Guéret suggests himself as the only possible object of her affections. *The Dark Journey* is a tensely dramatic story, but the conclusion is worked out with some rather inflated and unnecessarily devious probing of the human soul.

MARGARET WALLACE

THE HOUSE OF JOY *by Jo Van Ammers-Küller* (DUTTON. $2.50)

The House of Joy by Jo Van Ammers-Küller (I will write her name but once) is a well-written and entertaining story of stage-life in Holland. It narrates the adventures of a Dutch girl of strait-laced and aristocratic family, who goes upon the stage, and the various things that happen to her spiritually, mentally and physically as she progresses through the heart-breaking intrigues and lamentable jealousies of back-stage life. Jenny Heysten is a clearly defined character and the author (no, I will not write her name) has developed her with unusual perspicacity and convincing analysis. The treatment of Jenny as a girl, a girl jealously concealing her inborn talent for histrionism, is admirably handled. The reader will feel the sharp reality of the character and understand the struggle through which Jenny passed to break off her engagement and flee from home and make the final decisive gesture toward the great tinsel world of the theatre. Her career on the stage is complicated by love affairs, jealousies, bickerings and broken promises, but somehow she maintains a sturdy womanhood throughout; and if the victory won is a rather thankless one it is at least real. Next to Jenny the character that stands out most vividly is that of Veraart, who loves her. In view of the fact that the author's previously translated book, *The Rebel Generation,* proved so great a success, it would be pleasant to assert that *The House of Joy* is a worthy successor. This, however, is not the case. *The House of Joy* is a slighter and more specialized piece of fiction and, while it indubitably shows excellent workmanship, a sound sense of character and an understanding of the deeper springs of life, it has not the same wide appeal. It is interesting throughout, however, and the theme is well sustained.

THE FIDDLER *by Sarah Gertrude Millin* (LIVERIGHT. $2.50)

MATTHEW HARKNESS, the man in the case in Sarah Gertrude Millin's *The Fiddler,* is probably the prime cad in fiction this season. He makes love to a married woman, runs away with her, shoots a chauffeur, and then (while his trial is pending) whines piteously his desire to go back to his wife and children in England. There is undoubted skill in Mrs. Millin's characterization, although her pared style seems insufficient for a full development. Still, the figure of this pitiable man, a violinist whose emotions carry him toward various women while his deep-seated mental and moral cowardice draws him back to the safety of his wife, is indicated clearly enough. Jennie Mars, the wife who runs away with Harkness, is of stouter material and willing to undergo the penalties of her flight. She is not afraid of suffering; her integrity does not waver; though she sees what a miserable coward Harkness is she persists in standing by him until he himself—for his own good, of course—desires her to go. There is something heroic about Jennie and Mrs. Millin has captured this attribute of her heroine most convincingly. It is indicated in deft

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strokes, side-glances—so to speak—at Jennie. So bare and succinct is the style of the book that there is but little analysis. It is mainly action, movement and the necessary thoughts of the two central personages. This sparsity of language hurts the book, for it gives the reader a sense of undue hurry—much like a motion picture that is being run too fast. There is no reason why a bared style may not be used in fiction (May Sinclair, for instance, employs it with fine effect) but the author must be able to command it. I do not feel that Mrs. Millin commands her bare style. It reads too much like the full scenario of a novel that needs filling in. But what there is of *The Fiddler* is absorbing enough for the hasty reading it suggests to the reader.

HERBERT GORMAN

THE SCHOOL FOR WIVES *by André Gide* (KNOPF. $2.00)

ALTHOUGH it is a slight thing, quantitatively speaking, *The School for Wives* is not in the least negligible. If it is true that we in America withhold our worship for the merely physically imposing, then it is entirely possible that this short novel by André Gide will be forgotten long before *The Counterfeiters.* But the characterization of one woman in *The School for Wives* is superior to that of any single figure in the larger book. For one thing, Eveline, whose two diaries make up the novel, is not troubled by the dark and perverse imperatives that so disturb the people of *The Counterfeiters,* and hence Gide, as the omniscient creator, has not so much to hide or to make cryptic through suggestion in the interests of good taste. We know Eveline more completely than we know the appealing Olivier, or the uncle who kept the journal, or young Profitendieu; the book is plainer sailing. It is nowhere near so intricate as *The Counterfeiters;* its pattern is, in fact, almost childishly simple. But the quality and the subtlety of exposition are of Gide's highest level.

Eveline, the wife who learned through stages of disillusioning experience to steel herself against her own fears and the sentimentality of others, is a charming woman. She was brought up under standards of an older day; all she wanted was to serve her husband. She kept a diary during her engagement, and it was the first breach of confidence in her fiancé that caused her to abandon it. Years later she took to writing her thoughts down once more; and the lacuna is at once adequately filled for the reader by implication. Eveline's profoundest wish at marriage was to be worthy of her husband, for she was convinced of his greatness. Unfortunatedly, he is of the innumerable breed that never has a wholly disinterested thought. His chief aim was to serve himself—always, however, with the noblest sentiments on his lips and the most self-righteous reasons for his acts.

Did he believe all he said? We never know, for we get our knowledge of him through the eyes of others. He seems one of those borderline cases in which bluff and sincerity are indistinguishably mixed. At any rate, Eveline ceases to believe in him. She tries to deny her thoughts, but they will not be crammed back below the line of consciousness. Her moral nature is distinctly like Gide's; the woman is a subject made to her creator's pen. She does not necessarily want to hurt; but the truth must be learned and acted upon, regardless of its savor. Kenneth Burke has said with reason of Glenway Wescott (who is an American disciple of Gide) that this young writer whose *The Grandmothers* drew much attention is determined to give no offense, but equally determined to let the offensive be said. That is even more true of Gide himself. It is not so apparent in this book as in *The Counterfeiters* because Eveline is fundamentally a very healthy person. It is Eveline herself in *The School for Wives* who doesn't want to offend, but who will offend when the logic of a situation demands it.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

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THE HOUSE OF GOLD *by Liam O'Flaherty* (HARCOURT, BRACE. $2.50)

MR. LIAM O'FLAHERTY'S stories have a savage momentum. In them deep imagination is replaced with imagination at its most exquisite rigor of intensity.

So far, however, and quite aside from the evident excellences of his writing, Mr. O'Flaherty's books have had a certain dryness and brittleness of texture, an absence of sensuousness, attributable in some degree to the actual human poverty of many of his characters, and in a still greater degree to the speed and hallucination of those moments in which he has chosen to display them. But in *The House of Gold* Ramon Costello, the modern Irish landlord, is done in the round; and his wife Nora has her own dangerous humanity. This tragedy of an Irish country district after the revolution is perhaps, in broad body and subtlety of design, Mr. O'Flaherty's best work thus far.

He has climaxed with an Elizabethan round of deaths his narrative of a single day, the last in the career of a brutal peasant autocrat, and has done it with the pounce of Swift. Mr. O'Flaherty is plainly in Swift's line though his satire is more indirect.

The talk of Mr. O'Flaherty's men and women is speech itself. And in his re-creation of an Irish cattle market and its pothouse accompaniments one feels again the universality which links his Irish countrymen to the peasants of Verga or to the tavern merrymakers in *Boris Goudonov*.

DEATH OF A HERO *by Richard Aldington* (COVICI-FRIEDE. $2.50)

THE generalissimo of the former Imagists, who has lately done *A Fool i' the Forest* in somewhat the Eliot manner and several excellent short satires in the mode of Matthew Prior, now presents a long first novel with the title of a famous modern musical work. It is symphonically arranged in three movements with prologue and epilogue; and Mr. Aldington, taking account of the human gamut, has scored it for every instrument from piccolo to sandpaper.

There is satire which recalls Pound's iron pronouncements, love in the fashion of D. H. Lawrence, and a view of responsive adolescence which derives from Alain Fournier. These and a hundred more incidences, poetic or profane, are combined in the music of a lament for youth and a judgment against its Victorian destroyers. Lament and judgment both appear faded, a lost emotion and its accompaniment in idea.

Mr. Aldington announces the theme with savage brasses in his prologue. George Winterbourne had sprung up in a rake of machine-gun fire and died. No one knew whether he had acted in temporary distraction or resolute despair. But there it is—the hero is dead on the field of honor. Two women who had squabbled over him were momentarily discommoded by the news. His mother wept as a stimulant to other emotion and insinuated herself into the arms of her latest young man. That was all.

But the narrator, who had been his friend, told over to himself everything he knew of George Winterbourne, his antecedents and his women, his life and death, in the effort to establish a value for his friend's act. The novel is composed of this single monologue, which has the effect of a confidential voice and includes comments and conjectures and exhortations, railing and interpretation and poetry. It is the other side of the medal of *Jacob's Room*. It is, once more, the bitter résumé of a generation.

The final section, which describes Winterbourne's last months on the British front, is not quite equal to the "fond and fair" chapters in *A Man Could Stand Up;* but it has in its own right something of the coldness of light on steel, and a considerable honest rage against the practice of death by national appointment.

VINCENT MCHUGH

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THE REBELS *by Alfred Neumann* (KNOPF. $2.50)

GIOIA's sin, about which we read in the opening pages of *The Rebels,* although a minor episode in the complications and events which follow, is the leit-motif which constantly recurs through Alfred Neumann's latest book. It is a story of the political struggles of Italy: not, it is true, the Italy of Fascism and Mussolini, nor of Garibaldi and his red-shirted patriots, but of the divided Italy of a hundred years ago when revolutions shook the sovereign states, Venice and Tuscany; the period when Buonaparte was virtually the ruler of all Central Europe, much to the chagrin of the petty dukes and princes who were obliged to submit to the dictator's every whim.

Secret societies grew up and flourished in every town of any size, and it is with one of these societies, the Carbonari, that Neumann deals. Guerra, the leader of the Tuscan group of Carbonari, is a figure to admire and mildly despise at the same time. This character, considering its important rôle in the story, is perhaps too vaguely drawn. We sense, rather than grasp, his make-up, and indeed it is always Neumann's whim to imply his characters and situations rather than to make any direct statement of facts.

Checca and her father, Gioia, are vividly drawn. They were forced through blackmail to do the dirty work of the Carbonari, fearing that their one drunken bout of incest should be denounced to the Police. They follow blindly all the instructions given them by Guerra, the tool of the Central Bureau in Paris, even suffering prison gladly rather than have their sin disclosed. It were difficult to decide whether Checca's zeal for the party was traceable to her love for the Cause, or to the more earthly love which she bore Guerra. That she loves the old beggar Gioia in a half-hearted way there is no doubt, but his feelings for her are those of a hunted beast. He tries to avoid her and is only at peace when hidden from her in that maze of houses in the heart of the Ghetto—known as the "Certacce". On the whole, Gioia is the one character in the book who fills us with any sort of pity or love.

All the people in *The Rebels* seem to hang together in couples: Guerra and the Princess; Gioia and Checca; Madda and the Princess; the Grand Duke and the Princess. We imagine that there was a liaison between the Princess and Guerra outside of their political affairs; in fact, we are left to assume that all Guerra's female associates in the Carbonari plots were not sent home at sunset when the day's work was done. Each of them is jealous of the others. Even Madda, his sister, is portrayed as loving him to a degree not usual between brother and sister. (The Princess, playing the part she does, is inadequately handled. We should like to know more of her physical attributes. It is almost incredible that so cold and vacillating a woman should be chosen from out all the Tuscan beauties to be the Grand Duke's mistress.)

The book is masterfully written and the background well drawn. The dialogue is spirited and not too profusely sprinkled over the more necessary and informative descriptive passages. There is, curiously, much in this book that is vaguely reminiscent of Feuchtwanger's *Power,* although beyond the scheming and plotting, there is little in common between the two stories. A word should be said for Mr. Patterson's clever translation. He is to be congratulated on his style and adherence to the spirit of the original German.

FRANCIS MUSGRAVE

THE EDGE OF THE NEST *by Philip Stevenson* (COWARD-MCCANN. $2.50)

OF the many virtues of this fine novel, these appeal first: the performance of the story solely through the experiences of the characters and the resistance of the author to the many pressing opportunities for literary explanation. There are incidents which a lesser

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artist would use as points of departure for realms of pity, or passion, or laughter. That Mr. Stevenson withholds any comment save that implicit one of his entire design, and that the mind is lighted and the heart is touched by the events of the story, are causes for praise. Three American children, at those mystic moments of personal escape from family dominion, are the protagonists.

Muggsy's story comes first, and the first conscious directions of love bring him to his crisis of congealing personality. Tony, his brother, beset by acquaintance with the miniature society of adolescence, is second. Mr. Stevenson's complete verisimilitude never relaxes: in idiom, period or fashion. The scene in the boys' club when Tony undergoes an obscene and fearful initiation is his first contact with the darker complexities of society. Milly, the sister, sees herself in one rôle after another; she is hateful yet so complete is the portrait that we do not hate her.

Each of the three narratives is done with high technical skill. Mr. Stevenson understands these children so well and shows us their many faces so persuasively that of his ability to draw adults there can be no question. In his sense of the American family and culture and in his placing of these elements in a shapely dramatic pattern, he is revealed as a distinguished arrival among our important novelists.

PAUL HORGAN

THE BEAUTIFUL YEARS *by Henry Williamson* (DUTTON. $2.50)

THIS novel is apparently the first of a tetralogy of which the much-touted and much-criticized *The Pathway* is the fourth. Whether *The Beautiful Years* is actually an earlier work the publishers do not inform us: to judge by the "First Edition" on the fly-leaf, it is not.

The hero is Willy Maddison, a boy of eight. He was born at the cost of his mother's life, and his father has never quite forgiven him. He is a high-strung, not very robust child, whose vivid imagination and passion for birds and outdoor life combine to get him into continual scrapes. As long as the story confines itself to him and his pal, Jack Temperley, their expeditions in the woods and their adventures at school, it is impossible not to be both pleased and moved by it. And the scenes between Willy and his morose, introspective father, who loves his son but inspires nothing but fear in return, are depicted with insight and economy. The love-passages between the mysterious Jim Holloman and the artless Dolly are not so successful: the author's sympathy begins to encroach on his artistic sense, and indeed becomes altogether too much in evidence. And when we come to the *affaire de coeur* between the author and Nature, the sympathy has become only too articulate, and the economy is quite lacking. To the people who share Mr. Williamson's adoration of the country-side, perhaps his lush descriptions will seem refreshing interludes; for the rest of us, *The Beautiful Years* will be a story about a little boy—a story whose sad and happy reminiscences touch us very nearly; a story which has been marred, but not spoiled, by its author's lavish oblations to Nature and Nature's God.

T. S. MATTHEWS

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BIOGRAPHY

BEETHOVEN THE CREATOR *by Romain Rolland*. Translation by Ernest Newman. (HARPERS. $5.00)

ROMAIN ROLLAND, for all his sympathy for modern youth, has ever been in reality a romantic. This was evident, not only in *Jean-Christophe* but also in his many volumes of music criticism, and notably in his former work on Beethoven. Probably M. Rolland would resent being classed as one of the children of Hugo, and yet at least in his style and in a certain grandiose quality of mind there is an affinity to the Titan of the Place des Vosges. He is certainly not in the great tradition of French literature, a tradition of which the chief characteristics are economy of means, lucidity of expression, understatement and practical common-sense. In short, he stems rather from Rousseau than from Montaigne. To him we look for fervor of appreciation rather than for restrained and reasoned judgment and, electrically illuminative as often his interpretations are, they are interpretations of the emotions, and too often require the corrective of a more astringent intellect. Yet in dealing with a Titan like Beethoven, a romantic who was also a classic, M. Rolland is peculiarly at home, for Beethoven is one of those supreme geniuses who are almost too high for blame. A critic who would find flaws in Beethoven would be a pygmy attempting to deface the Alps. A man to interpret the great musician must be a creative artist himself, though an artist able to humble his own ego before the might of a greater one. With all his deficiencies Romain Rolland is such an artist.

Romain M. Rolland's present volume takes up Beethoven during his first great creative period, the period from 1800 to 1806, the period of the "Eroica", the "Sonata Appassionata" and "Fidelio". Two-thirds of his book he devotes to a personal interpretation of these three works, an interpretation which every musician should read and which shows the effect of these colossal compositions had upon the mind and the emotions of one of the most sensitive artists of the century. M. Rolland, for all the romanticism of his soul, has enough of the common sense of the Frenchman to save him from the error of insisting that his interpretation is the only one; he simply gives it as one which to him at least is extraordinarily vital. The interpretation of these three works will appeal chiefly to musicians, but the general introduction dealing with Beethoven, the man, and the appendices dealing with Beethoven's deafness, his Sketch-Book, and with the Brunsvick sisters, will be read with delight by the general reader. In the first sentence of the second paragraph of his chapter, "Beethoven in His Thirtieth Year", M. Rolland writes:

> I admire these youngsters who shake their fist at Rousseau, at Beethoven! It is as if they were falling foul of the spring or the autumn, the inevitable fall of the leaves, the inevitable shooting of the buds! [Thus with a sly humor he strikes the tonic note of the book. And how true is his statement a page or two later when he says:] The Ego of Beethoven is not that of the Romantics. Everything that was characteristic of them would be repugnant to them—their sentimentality, their lack of logic, their disordered imagination.

That the first two qualities at least are not absent from M. Rolland himself has not prevented him from realizing the truth about the man of whom he writes, and this itself is a rare tribute to M. Rolland's basic honesty of soul. The passages dealing with Beethoven's

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relations with women display a truly Gallic keenness. His analysis of the reasons for the composer's deafness is likewise admirable up to the final conclusion. That Beethoven suffered from syphilis is probable, but that it was the cause of his deafness is not probable; it is more likely that his defective hearing was the result of a neglected intestinal poisoning. Then, just when M. Rolland has stated this, his romantic soul suddenly takes wings and, flying off, cries that after all the real reason was that Beethoven was Beethoven, that his deafness came from the concentration of his mind on musical sound, that he went deaf from sheer emotional intensity! No one wants M. Rolland to be a materialist, but this explanation is rather gratuitous!

Yet when all is said and done, this beautifully printed and illustrated volume is one which must be in the library of every lover of music. As to what M. Rolland's book is not, let me quote one of the concluding paragraphs of the first chapter:

> History, in the hands of conscientious savants who go to the archives of a man but forget to look for it in the man himself, is a form of treason. I do not wish to be unjust. These men, with the patience of ants, have meticulously amassed a treasure of documents for which we cannot be too grateful to them; and every now and then there comes a glow into the blood of the good musicians that they are, that makes them render fine homage to the perfection of the art. But how destitute of life they are, and what a sealed enigma life remains to them!

Romain Rolland is not of the ants of biography and criticism. He has wings and loves to soar and, if at times his body is too frail to sustain his flight into the rarified regions of the soul, at least he has had the wings and courage to venture there. In an age in which materialism has made men both blustering and timid, M. Rolland asserts the supremacy of spirit. If at times he seems a little febrile and his voice a little strident, his faith and courage are more than recompense.

GRENVILLE VERNON

ALICE MEYNELL, A MEMOIR *by Viola Meynell* (SCRIBNER'S. $5.00)

THIS biography of Alice Meynell vastly illuminates the career of one of the best-loved figures in modern literature. To the impressions already formed by her lovely and highly individual verse and by her lucid, but laden, prose, is added a striking group of vivid and personal glimpses. By means of letters, anecdotes, and revealing recollections, Viola Meynell has given us a new and vital picture of the contradictory and appealing person who was her mother.

Not the least interesting of the impressions in the memoirs are those concerned with the strange and feverishly literary household to which the young children of Wilfrid and Alice Meynell learned to adapt themselves. Both the editorial Meynells were accustomed to working under pressure; and the family life that they developed was at once careless and intimate. While their harassed and absorbed mother was at work, the children made scrap-books on the floor or edited a newspaper under the table. "Blandishments," says Viola Meynell, "we had little of; we were never taken to her arms but briefly; exquisitely fondled, but with economy, as if there were work always to be resumed. We were at once the most befriended of children, yet the most slighted; we fitted into the literary life and business of the household."

And what a household it was—where, as one enthusiastic young editor said, "calling meant arriving at about half-past three, staying till midnight, and meeting in the course of the year most of the literary folk worth knowing". Alice Meynell seems to have enjoyed the warm and enduring admiration of Coventry Patmore, Francis Thompson and George Meredith. In addition to these, the friends and acquaintances of the Meynells formed a picturesque gallery of literary lions. For this alone these memoirs, with the correspondences they assemble, cannot fail to be both interesting and valuable.

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As for the impression they give us of Alice Meynell herself, something is left to be wished. There are many fascinating suggestions which her daughter, out of a most excusable reticence, fails to elaborate as a less intimate biographer might have done. We might like, for instance, to know more of Alice Meynell's adoption of the Roman Catholic religion, or of that friendship which gave to the world the exquisite sonnet, "Renouncement". But such matters as these may properly be left to a colder and more analytical chronicler. For the present, this book is a charming and priceless contribution to our knowledge of Alice Meynell.

IBSEN, THE MASTER BUILDER *by A. E. Zucker* (HOLT. $3.50)

HERE is no biography in the modern manner. A. E. Zucker has compiled a straightforward and authoritative account of the life and work of Henrik Ibsen. His method, which depends less for its effect upon imagination than upon research and documentation, may be slightly duller than that now in vogue, but in its solid fidelity it has a virtue which outshines mere sprightliness. *Ibsen, the Master Builder* is a valuable addition to the altogether too slender list of informative and enduring biographies.

Mr. Zucker's portrait of Ibsen is presented, in all save its most mechanical aspects, entirely through his work. This was inevitable, since—from the time when Ibsen was a bitterly ambitious young journeyman druggist working at the febrile tragedy of *Catiline*, until, at the end of his life, with the premonition of death hovering over him, he struggled to complete his last play, *When We Dead Awaken*—his whole life was immersed in his work and expressed by it. This story of the life work of one of the world's greatest dramatists is itself not without drama—a drama of continuous and unflinching self-dissection, of implacable search for a deep and satisfying personal truth. Mr. Zucker views Ibsen's whole work as a unified expression of this search, embodied in his persistent theme of the conflict between the moral ideals of the individual and the moral conventions and traditions of society.

Under this rather idealistic guise a very human figure appears—the shabby, ill-groomed Ibsen tormented by poverty, the Ibsen who made himself ridiculous out of a childish passion for stars and crosses and orders, the Ibsen who, with the achievement of a competence, cast from him all suspicion of Bohemianism and blossomed forth as a gentleman of affairs, complete with gold spectacles and Dundreary whiskers and a tall silk hat. Mr. Zucker affords us, in this volume, a satisfying and well-rounded picture of Ibsen the man.

MARGARET WALLACE

LOUIS XIV IN LOVE AND IN WAR *by Sisley Huddleston* (Harpers. $4.00).

THE DECLINE OF THE AGE OF LOUIS XIV. OR, FRENCH LITERATURE, 1687-1715 *by Arthur Tilley* (MACMILLAN. $8.00)

HERE in powerful contrast we have journalism and scholarship.

Mr. Sisley Huddleston, the Francophile newspaper correspondent, has written a life of Louis XIV in a manner that reveals him as a good journalist, but a poor historiographer. He has seen to it that his book has the necessary number of sanguinary combats, gaudy love episodes, plenty of intrigue, political and otherwise, and a psycho-analytical study of a striking man. But what the age of Louis XIV meant he nowhere makes clear, and apparently it never occurred to him that it was important for the reader to know. This form of biography has small value other than entertainment.

There is a wonderful chance for a skilful biographer to make a brilliant study of the monarchical principle in the life of Louis

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XIV. What was it that animated such men and what inspired the people to offer them at least the devotion that prevented a popular revolution? Occasionally Mr. Huddleston pauses in his account of court life to give a glimpse of the incredible misery of the life of the masses. It was upon a basis of misery and degradation that the political absolutism and the sexual peccadilloes of Louis rested. It was also upon this basis that his servants organized the country for the numerous senseless wars. How was this possible? The principle of absolute monarchy is not dead; the trappings have been changed a little; and the desire of the serious to understand it is urgent. And a convincing exposition of its roots and fruits need not be dull.

Adequately to understand the age of Louis XIV, the structure Mr. Huddleston has raised should be turned upside down. The psychological and economic roots of Louis's power will be found in the very sources Huddleston so largely ignores. It is to the social conditions that we must turn to understand the unreal Versailles. Whether Louis had four or forty mistresses is of little moment. The personality is not the thing but, rather, how it came about that such a destructive personality was able to function unrestrained. What gave Louis his place and power? That problem never for once comes into Mr. Huddleston's ken.

On the other hand Mr. Arthur Tilley approaches his chosen field of literary history with the social background firmly in hand. He remarks in his preface: ". . . I have taken into account . . . social features, without a knowledge of which all literature is apt to remain vague and unreal". Precisely. And politics, love and war as well. Mr. Tilley's book is excellent both in its conception and execution and offers a brilliant history of the intellectual currents of an age that was marked by the decline of French prestige and the collapse of the country economically. France was tired and exhausted. The intellectuals began to call attention to the rottenness of the foundations of the state. When the intellectuals talk of such matters the condition of the people has usually reached the limit of degradation.

A tired age brings tired men. Literature may show a brilliant mind or two surmounting the obstacles. Mr. Tilley remarks that while the Seventeenth Century was drawing to a close the Eighteenth Century was being forecast. That is to say, the revolutionary intellectuals began to appear. Louis XIV functioned freely to the last, though with increasing incompetence. His successors were not allowed to function at all. Revolution overtook them and on the ruins rose another absolutist, Napoleon—also a pathological personality. But the bases of absolutism are more important than the absolutists, and Mr. Tilley's method offers more light on the subject than Mr. Huddleston's, and his book is much more interesting.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

THE HOHENZOLLERNS *by Herbert Eulenberg* (CENTURY. $4.00)

HERR EULENBERG describes his book very aptly in the preface as "a tour of the ancestral portrait gallery of the Hohenzollerns". He warns us against contempt for the dynasty whose fall he ascribes to the fact that it deliberately cut itself off from the heart and pulse of the nation. As one looks over his collection of twenty-four portraits, one sees on the whole a pig-headed, full-blooded and not particularly intelligent aggregation of men, whose eyes give a suggestion of insanity. Almost invariably these Hohenzollerns hated their sons and their subjects. Frederick William I, for example, would gladly have signed the death-warrant of the boy who became Frederick the Great. He did, indeed, murder the lieutenant who was that son's closest companion.

Napoleon perhaps best expressed contemporary sentiment about the dynasty, when he said apropos of Frederick William III: "How

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a genius ever found his way into that Hohenzollern family is, and remains, an eternally impenetrable mystery of creation". Buonaparte conquered a monosyllabic simpleton and the Allies a voluble pseudo-soldier. But before these two there was the great Frederick, of whom Voltaire, his friend, wrote: "Take away his crown and all its appurtenances of pomp and splendor, and there still remains a richly endowed, a godlike being". Frederick used the *lange Kerle,* whom his lunatic father had pressed into his army, to wreak his will on Europe. He used the throne to preach his pagan philosophy and his contempt for the German tongue. But, though he despised his people, his intelligence would not permit him to destroy a windmill that upset his nerves though not his sense of justice.

A talent for acting and an inability to face either a fact or an enemy seem, according to Herr Eulenberg, to be the main characteristics of the imperial exile at Doorn. He called the Reichstag members "pig-dogs", but when they retorted he took to his bed. When his son returned from India with the unpleasant tidings that England and not Germany ruled the East, "Papa" was so upset that he would not come down to dinner. "Papa", like many Hohenzollerns, lived in a world largely of his own creation, and his courtiers saw to it that no harsh breath reached him from the rude outside. When the gale blew too hard for their controlling, he fled, and the son whom he had emasculated refused the crown he had discarded. Herr Eulenberg asks us surprisingly to see traits of the great Frederick in the never-to-be-crowned "William III".

This author is right when he claims to have portrayed these princes "in the freshest colors on my palette, to give them warmth and the glow of life". For those to whom Prussian history seems a dull subject, this may, as he hopes, prove to be an introduction to a story, without which present-day Germany and Europe are unintelligible.

NORAH MEADE

CLARK OF THE OHIO *by Frederick Palmer* (DODD, MEAD. $5.00)

IN PARIS, in 1783, when John Jay, Benjamin Franklin and John Adams were concluding the treaty that officially terminated the Revolution, it was the good fortune of the United States to get all the land between the Ohio River and the Great Lakes. The young Republic could afford to be unyielding in its demands, and the reason the talking points were so invulnerable rested with a red-haired Virginian with a great forehead, lean nose and deep-set eyes—George Rogers Clark. It was Clark who fought for the west country, who bluffed the Virginia Legislature into supplying powder for the defense of Kentucky, who played several shoe strings successfully to capture and hold the future states of Illinois and Indiana from the British and the Indians who had been "blooded" to fighting pitch by Hamilton, the "hair-buyer" in charge of the English forces at Detroit. If it had not been for Clark's surprise descent upon the French settlement at Kaskaskia in 1778, and his incredible march across the "drowned" country in the winter of 1779 to force Hamilton out of Vincennes on the Wabash, Jay and Franklin would not have had the verbal ammunition to secure to the penniless states the rich Northwest Territory.

Clark's story is a paragraph in histories of the United States that are used (or were, not so long ago) in the schools. It is Frederick Palmer's opinion, probably correct enough, that Clark is worth more than a paragraph, that his reputation has been far below his achievement. To lift the figure of the energetic Virginian to his proper plane, Colonel Palmer has written a most engaging biography of his hero. The contrast between Clark's heyday of action and his last brooding days of paralysis is ably brought out; and the frontier campaigns are described with the zest of a reporter unhampered by newspaper rules and official censorships. The biography is engaging for a number of reasons.

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In the first place it is completely unprofessional in its presentation. Colonel Palmer, a sometime war correspondent, writes a carefree, lightly colorful prose that is fresh even when it is technically infelicitous. His method of illustration by parallel is to draw upon instances from the Klondike gold rush, from the World War, from Indian campaigns, from the diversions of the younger set of the 'nineties. He even rings in *David Harum*. Speaking of William, George's younger brother of the Lewis and Clark expedition to the far corner of the Louisiana Purchase, Colonel Palmer remarks that William "had all the army list from which to choose the fittest personnel as eager to go as a Boy Scout of today with an exploring expedition under Commander Byrd". Such parallels may be called naïve, but they do give the quality of immediacy.

Several legendary figures are given their due in the biography, chief among them being that most Irish of Irishmen, Oliver Pollock. Pollock is very important to the story; in the interests of his own subtle and ramified "mercantile pursuits" he honored the drafts of Clark from his business headquarters in Spanish New Orleans, and thus enabled the Virginian to finance the Vincennes campaigns. Teresa de Leyba—sister of the Spanish governor of St. Louis—with whom Clark was reputedly in love, is a moot figure. In the interests of both romance and plausibility Colonel Palmer gets around the paucity of documents by putting his speculations in the form of questions. That is perhaps as legitimate a way as any.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

BOLIVAR THE LIBERATOR *by Michel Vaucaire* (HOUGHTON MIFFLIN. $3.50)

WHATEVER else this life of Bolivar may be, at least it is not a sample of New Biography. To expose Bolivar would be all too easy. To explore the hidden places of his soul would be impossible, for no such places existed. But to give some idea of his background would be helpful, and this M. Vaucaire does not attempt.

The book begins in 1804 when Bolivar was drifting about Europe, a rich and disillusioned young widower from Venezuela. Plunging into distractions of every kind, he finally grew weary and returned home, having been inspired by the ruins of ancient Rome to lift the yoke of Spain from his native land. The rest of the book consists of a bewildering succession of hair-raising episodes in which the impetuous Bolivar dashes up and down the northern reaches of South America, leading bedraggled troops over mountain passes and through jungle wildernesses. To the accompaniment of his own sonorous manifestoes he liberates Venezuela, Colombia and Peru, only to find that the local politicians prove just as corrupt as the Spaniards. His life was unsmirched by political scandal and his devotion to freedom's cause cost him his entire private fortune and most of his illusions.

M. Vaucaire's method is so episodic, so lacking in emphasis, that it is difficult to pick out a few passages in the book and drape an outline about them. This is partly due, however, to the character of Bolivar himself who was so completely the man of action that the interest with which one follows his stormy career depends largely on external circumstances. These were, indeed, terrific. The orgies of slaughter that accompanied every battle and the incredible hardships overcome make our own Revolution read like a bedtime story. On the other hand, the revolt in South America possessed less character, less significance than ours.

M. Vaucaire has brought to his task a lively pen and a real gift for narrative, neither of which suffers in the hands of his translator, Margaret Reed. A French interpretation of such a man as Bolivar is peculiarly valuable since it is able to reconcile his effusive Latin temperament with his rugged bravery.

QUINCY HOWE

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ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

THE CYCLE OF MODERN POETRY
by G. R. Elliott (PRINCETON. $2.50)

G. R. ELLIOTT has written one of the ablest books of the year 1929. He has also written one of the most significant literary studies that has appeared in the Twentieth Century. He himself is one of a small group of college men whom Paul Elmer More described in the *Revue de Paris*, "successful teachers and sound thinkers and forcible writers", who, if they were writing in any European country, "would be widely read and discussed, and would have weight as forming a united phalanx arrayed against the forces of disorganization. Here . . . one of them produces a book which ought to bring him recognition as a leader of public opinion, and what is the result? In most cases there is no result". I fear that *The Cycle of Modern Poetry* is a book of this sort. But if it produces no result today, it should produce a result tomorrow, when the poetic situation has got a few shades worse.

"Perhaps never before," says Mr. Elliott, "has poetry been so widely eager and experimental and, at the same time, so shortly tethered." After a blind revolt from Victorianism, we are now beginning to see the need of a more fundamental escape from the Nineteenth Century. "The great poetic impulse that rose in the later eighteenth century and culminated in the nineteenth, the Romantic or Naturistic impulse or whatever one wishes to call it, is now pretty well exhausted. The wheel has come full circle; a cycle is ending. Poetry today, in England and America, is groping for a fresh direction. Many sharp tangents have been tried during the past twenty years; but they have proved to have a sharp *recurvous* tendency. Meteors hailed as heralding a new system, a twentieth-century poetry, have proved to be rockets. In short, poetry has not hitched her wagon to a new star. She is still caught in the dying orbit of the nineteenth-century mind and art." Mr. Elliott has impressively *demonstrated* that our poets, in revolting against the Nineteenth Century, have simply carried to absurdity some of the most characteristic tendencies of the Nineteenth-Century mind and art. The genuine revolt is still to come.

Thus "imagism", in its wide sense, leads back through Tennyson to Keats and farther. It dwells in a romantic Palace of Art. So-called realism is close of kin, since its interest in common life is "more artistical than real". Its best work is "an imagistic snatching at the emotional surface of life". In both imagism and realism, "Thought, the life of thought, has been relinquished to science and semi-science. Amy Lowell in her advocacy of Imagism said that poetry must now face a universe of which natural science holds the key. In that case, poetry is intellectually outside, and the door is firmly locked against her. In any case it appears that Apollo has abandoned the human mind, temporarily; while he recoups the sensuous quality of language by devoting a hundred minor poets to the human nerves,—an imagistic hecatomb". Vitalism likewise leads back to Whitman and Browning and Wordsworth. Reacting against an all but sterile worship of Art, it consists of a lust of "life", which is a vague notion of something really real and of "juicy thickness"; "but this is quite delusive; like the depth of muddy water from a flooded stream, swirling over a flat countryside". It is a stale form of the Nineteenth-Century "myth of a single impersonal life that 'rolls through all things' ", and it brings

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about "a fearful stultifying of the human imagination. For this image of a single impersonal life crushes toward each other the very poles of human Personality. It reduces and blurs those mighty oppositions in our nature between which the true world of poetry revolves".

The true world of poetry, the true poetic realism, as Mr. Elliott believes, requires that we confront these mighty oppositions in human nature, which the Nineteenth Century mainly ignored. The last English poet and humanist who faced them greatly was Milton. Poetry "can catch in new form", declares Mr. Elliott in a notable passage, "his vision of a just and charitable Will, human but supernaturally given, alone able to subdue our Satanic selfishness and to build for us some greatness of society. This is the way ahead for poetry; but 'long is the way and hard.' It demands a deep-going humility that is not yet active in our literature; for our very disillusion is flown with pride. It demands that the imagination shall bend again to the vital and awful cleavage that gleams through the centre of human nature, like the track of Michael's sword, dividing our 'quintessence of dust' from a Life whose ways are not our ways; turning down a good deal of the confused Wordsworthian emotion that 'rolls through all things'—the multifarious Whitmanian 'affection'—which our poets continue to revere when they revere anything at all, and which they think (when they think at all) may 'solve the problem of freedom yet' ". And at the close of the book —after illuminating studies of Shelley, Byron, Keats, Arnold, Browning, Longfellow, Hardy, and Robert Frost—Mr. Elliott affirms that Milton must mean for us in the Twentieth Century (if not yet in the Hooverian Age) what Homer meant for the Greeks of the Periclean Age. He does not forget Shakespeare. "Shakespeare without his Milton is a city wonderful, but without its citadel and crowning temple,—always liable to be overrun and spoiled by insidious emotionalists or theorists. Milton is our one great unmistakable guide to that central region of the Elizabethan dramatic imagination which was not for an age but for all time."

The whole book, as this rough summary may suggest, is on high ground, ground so high that few will attempt to climb with the author. We are hot for easy experiments, short cuts that lead to swamps where vitality (of a sort) abounds. Discipline and humility are not the virtues of 1929. But we are now reaching the preface to morals, and in time the modern temper may restore that moral or dramatic imagination whose loss has brought disillusion—that moral or dramatic imagination which gives breadth and height to all the greatest literature, all the humanistic literature, preceding the naturistic cycle now ending.

NORMAN FOERSTER

THE CULT OF BEAUTY IN CHARLES BAUDELAIRE *by S. A. Rhodes* (COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY. TWO VOLS. $3.00)

BAUDELAIRE has never been more zealously interpreted, quoted and defended than in this six-hundred page study, originally a doctor's thesis written at Cornell. It gives us an idealized portrait, based upon thousands of patiently culled citations, and colored by an ardent discipleship. Yet even those who detest esthetic "appreciations" must admire the scholarship which underlies its more purely critical pages. Baudelaire's esthetics of the senses are discussed, and his cult of beauty. His originality among the French Romanticists is explained: he is "situated" in his epoch as a poet and as a precursor; he is considered in his technique—a *sorcellerie évocatoire,* as a symbolist and as a classicist who frequently attained the quality of Racine. Even better are the hundred pages on his art criticism, in which articles extending over eighteen years are condensed into a philosophic system; he is convincingly defended against the charge of plagiarizing Poe's ideas,

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a slander echoed by so keen a critic as M. Paul Valéry. Very interesting are the author's parallels from modern thinkers, for Baudelaire's clearness of vision makes him a modern, "with the philosophic temper of a Nietzsche and a Schopenhauer".

The sources of his ideas, however—his relations to Cousin, Plotinus and German transcendentalism—, are not discussed, although the influence of Delacroix is briefly treated. The later chapters are less satisfactory. Baudelaire's dandyism and his religion need a chronological rather than a static presentation, and "The Loves of a Poet" is far too apologetic. A genuine neurotic, the man was not "apparently eccentric"; he was no "saint", but rather a sinner against the facts of life, who expiated most grievously. So his love of drugs is not to be glossed over, nor the sadistic cruelty to Jeanne, which he confesses elsewhere in the very letter here used to defend him. Such lapses, no less than a logic too partial and a regrettable diffuseness, are the prices of ardor.

These richly documented and well-printed volumes certainly deserve better editing and proof-reading; and they should have an index to supplement the valuable bibliographies, which prove the ever-waxing interest in Baudelaire.

LEWIS PIAGET SHANKS

ASPECTS OF BIOGRAPHY *by André Maurois* (APPLETON. $2.00)

BASED on six lectures delivered by the author at Cambridge, this volume is in no sense a history of biography. M. Maurois delves into the historical backgrounds of his craft only far enough to establish the rather obvious distinction between the traditional methods of biography and the somewhat sprawling literary form which goes by the name of "modern" biography. M. Maurois considers biography as an art—that is, as a literary work which is calculated to confer esthetic or moral pleasure upon the reader; and as a science—that is, as a literary work devoted to the discovery of the truth about a man and, through the man, the truth about a period. In his most interesting chapter, which treats of biography as a means of expression, he goes into the more intimate question of the selection of a subject, and the sort of spiritual relationship which must exist between the biographer and his subject if the result is to be great as literature—if it is to combine the scrupulosity of science, the enchantment of art, the perceptible truth of the novel, and the learned falsehoods of history. Altogether, these are very penetrating and gracefully written essays.

MARGARET WALLACE

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A VARIED SHELF

ALL THE EXTANT WORKS OF FRANÇOIS RABELAIS: *An American Translation with a Critical Text, Variant Readings, Variorum Notes and Drawings Attributed to Rabelais, by Samuel Putnam. Privately Printed for Subscribers Only.* (COVICI-FRIEDE. THREE VOLS. $50.00)

RABELAIS, MAN OF THE RENAISSANCE *by Samuel Putnam.* (CAPE & SMITH. $3.50)

IT IS hard enough to translate the pre-classical French of the Sixteenth Century—that unpruned idiom which combines the vast vocabulary of the Middle Ages and the rash coinage of Humanists eager to Gallicize their Greek and Latin lexicons. And the hardest of all authors of that age is Rabelais, so fecund that over six hundred of his coinings have remained in the language. The translator's task becomes as "gigantic" as his subject-matter.

Happily Rabelais is a genius appreciated by scholars, so that France has long boasted a *Société d'études rabelaisiennes* and a review devoted to him and to the Sixteenth Century. Many obscure words and references are now explained: six great French scholars have published the first volumes of a critical edition edited by M. Abel Lefranc, while M. Plattard has investigated Rabelais's sources and his life, and M. Sainéan his vocabulary.

A decade of discoveries now finds expression in a new and racy American translation, which dry-as-dusts and lovers of Urquhart will squabble over. But Mr. Putnam is more literal than Urquhart, who whenever puzzled runs into windy words; this is a far more authoritative version. The Marty-Laveaux text is used because we are still waiting for the last volumes of the Lefranc edition. As W. F. Smith profited by Urquhart, so Mr. Putnam has profited by both translators, as he states; but he gives us more than Professor Smith by making himself "a middleman" between recent French scholarship "and the American reader". Variorum notes are supplemented by variant readings, and these marginal glosses by long translator's notes in italics; the cultured public is taken into the translator's workshop and offered a brief but vivid history of Rabelaisian scholarship.

The work is not without a few errors: there are over a score of misprints in the first volume and half as many mistranslations. *En ses lacs tomber* means "to fall into his snares", not into "Lucifer's lakes of fire"; *je maintiens jusques au feu exclusivement* is not "I'll go through hell-fire to prove it" but "I'll go to the stake to prove it—all but!" *De inenarrabilibus* is not "On the unerring things" but "On the things that cannot be told". A scholar must be Argus-eyed to avoid such lapses. And Mr. Putnam is a scholar despite his flings at them. The dry-as-dusts may cavil because *où* is rendered "Where in the hell" or *Quoy* as "What the devil". But the translator's aim is confessedly "to get the author across", and he is no mere popularizer; he shirks none of Rabelais's obscurities. His translation is alive; witness "You're too good to be true" (*tu vaulx trop*), gumshoe sneaks (*cafars empantouflés*), "You've said a mouthful" (*Vous dictes d'orgues*). He may err in using slang which will soon need explanation even in America, or in adding imprecatory color: "What are you butting in for? Who are you anyway? Where do *you* come from, you bespectacled son of Anti-Christ, you; speak up since you're God Almighty" (*De quoy te mesles tu? Qui es tu? Dond'es tu?*

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O lunetier de l'antichrist, responds si tu es de Dieu). The last phrase is a formula of exorcism: "Speak if you're on God's side"; but the passage illustrates the gusto of this version into our living vernacular—full of a zest like Rabelais's own. Each generation must re-translate Rabelais, or supplement Urquhart with fresh corrections.

And neither Urquhart nor his successors can be blamed if one who knows French finds them more highly flavored than the original; their redolence is due to the puritanism which has tabooed so many English words. It is probably Urquhart who made the adjective Rabelaisian mean "unmentionable" to many of his readers and to some who did not read him: *omne ignotum pro magnifico!* Against these traducers and against "the vinous school of biographers" Mr. Putnam defends his author, not only in these volumes but in a life of Rabelais, a work which skims the cream of the notes and sums up the researches of years: *Rabelais, Man of the Renaissance.* Zeal no less than zest makes this an outstanding biography.

M. Maurois has no disciple in Mr. Putnam: read his curt chapter on Rabelais's son, that chance of a lifetime for a "modern" biographer. This is a documentary study, "the biography of a mind". So the introductory defence of the great humorist leads us at once to a panorama of his times: "Thirst is a Renaissance symbol . . . of that passionate craving for life, that hunger for the cosmic cycle of knowledge which followed the period of classical learning, the nailing up of Luther's theses and the inventions and discoveries of the latter half of the fifteenth century". Eighty pages depict the French Renaissance with all its intoxication of new horizons—horizons geographical, intellectual and spiritual—and prepare us for the biography which follows, with its lively interpretation of documents unhappily all too few.

Aided, of course, by French and English scholarship, Mr. Putnam has filled the gaps, and most judiciously. He has used history: how interesting to realize that an unprecedented drought provided the occasion and the vogue for this epic of thirst! He has used the epic which he knows so well as translator and commentator, not only because his book is "the biography of a mind" and the epic cannot be neglected, but because the giant-story was "put over", like all successful tales of the marvellous, by much realistic detail. For years French scholars have been identifying these realistic pages and relating them to probable scenes and events in the author's life. This method, which was used by Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis in his similarly conceived biography of Villon, is not without its dangers. But what matter, if the real Villon and Rabelais spring alive for us?

LEWIS PIAGET SHANKS

THE DECORATIVE WORK OF T. M. CLELAND *With a biographical and critical introduction by Alfred E. Hamill and a Portrait lithograph by Rockwell Kent.* (PYNSON PRINTERS. $20.00)

THIS handsome volume is primarily a record of the accomplishment of a designer whose activity and influence are of great importance. It is remarkable that so much of that accomplishment, as the publisher points out in his discriminating foreword, consists of "small things", that so much of it was "done under commercial conditions". Much of the work, in other words, was done in the realm of advertising. That brings us to the fact that some of our best illustrating today is turned out with advertising "copy", and that some of the advertising men have vigorously entered into the movement for better printing and harmonious book-making.

So this book stands not only for the work of one man, and a man of remarkable talent, insight, subtlety and versatility, but for a present-day movement in the development of printing art (using that term to include the whole operation of book-production: typography, illustration, decoration, and all)

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which it is a pleasure to contemplate, despite the vagaries and weak imitations which any such movements inevitably bring with it.

The present book, then, is not only a worthy record of what Cleland has done, but it is an example of how to do it. An example, not a pattern to be idly copied.

A modern, working under modern conditions for modern purposes, Cleland has, as Hamill says in his introduction, preserved a fine sense of sound tradition, and his influence tends to preserve "respect for high standards". Also Cleland "has always been insistent that the type is as much a part of these designs as the ornament". (It is interesting to note the variety of expression in which this idea is carried out by Dwiggins, Rogers, Singleton and Kent.) As for Cleland, a number of his compositions are here reproduced in their entirety—type, drawings and decorations. His productions are essentially in line; one feels that even in the color drawings. These latter all have the color applied in flat tints, which also is significant.

This book stands as the symbol, the expression, of a period in typography which at its best is characterized by fine ideals and endeavor and by worthy accomplishment. It has been said that our modern efforts toward the well-planned book art apt to smack of an all too conscious striving for what was more or less instinctive in the earlier days of book making. Whatever there may be of truth in this must still be considered in the light of today's conditions. For this is a self-conscious, sophisticated, and not always critical age.

FRANK WEITENKAMPF

THE MIND OF THE SAVAGE *by Raoul Allier* (HARCOURT, BRACE. $3.50)

OSTENSIBLY an anthropological treatise on whether the mentality of "uncivilized" and "civilized" peoples is identical or disparate, this book, by the aged Doyen of the Faculty of Protestant Theology at Paris, is in reality merely a rationalization for "carrying the Gospel to the heathen". As the author's discussion of magic proceeds, the hidden Ethiopian emerges from the word-pile and one becomes conscious of the fact that the book is propaganda.

The classical English anthropologists accepted as an underlying hypothesis the premise that the mental life of all peoples was fundamentally the same. The French scientist, Lévy-Brühl, challenged this belief by contending that primitive mentality was "mystical and pre-logical", dominated by magic, in contrast with civilized mentality which was reflective, logical and systematic. A battle royal has ensued in which other anthropologists have been quick to point out that primitive man's beliefs appear contradictory and "pre-logical" only because they are arranged in logical patterns different from those of the civilized, and that the primitives have well developed technical arts which they regard as distinct and independent of the magic that they use. Incongruities in the behavior of civilized man, which indicated that science had not deeply penetrated his psychology and that magic still permeated his ideology and behavior, were also exposed. The author's contribution to this controversy is negligible, except, perhaps, for the wealth of data which he has collected from the French scene of magic "in higher societies", a task which Voltaire had partially performed before him. After much vacillation, he grants the fundamental identity of human psychology among all peoples but, in order to account for the existing variations in thought and culture in primitive and civilized societies, he resurrects the old religious concept of "degeneration" and presents it in a modified form. According to his thesis, the primitive men now on earth do not typify our ancestors. They are rather the debased representatives of prehistoric man, for the magic that they have practised has led to intellectual inanition and moral deterioration resulting in unbridled lust and sexual indulgence. It is to liberate them from this depraved state

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that Christianity which "alone, in all the world, has invented the notion of purity" must convert them.

The author snatches incidents of primitive behavior from their cultural setting and jumbles them into a bizarre *potpourri* which supposedly illustrates the character of the primitive mind. The untenability of this method may be indicated by his portrayal of ordeals as the dire consequences of the practice of magic, for he implies here that the custom of trial by ordeal was universal among primitive peoples. Amusingly enough, although it is nowhere found among the aboriginal inhabitants of the Americas, trial by ordeal is clearly present among the people of the Old Testament, whose heritage the missions transmit to the natives.

BERNHARD J. STERN

POETRY AND MATHEMATICS *by Scott Buchanan* (JOHN DAY. $2.50)

AN HOUR OF AMERICAN POETRY *by Charles Edward Russell* (LIPPINCOTT. $1.00)

THE CRAFT OF POETRY *by Clement Wood* (DUTTON. $3.00)

THE POETS AND MUSIC *by Edward W. Naylor* (DUTTON. $2.00)

OF FOUR writers who discuss poetry it is perhaps significant that the mathematician has the most to say. And this is not surprising when more and more, in order to command respect, thought must have an exactness which shows at least a bowing acquaintance with science. While Mr. Buchanan may not have done anything very specific for literary criticism, his book is decidedly valuable in pointing an attitude and popularizing a point of view. It is also an attempt to break down the little artificial barriers which our minds create between such different departments of life as mathematics and literature. He tries to show, what modern thinkers are coming more and more to feel, that science and art are merely different ways of describing habits of the human mind. This leads to a more plastic attitude; theories are not considered objectively true, but merely working hypotheses which are perhaps approaching a more accurate definition of mental processes.

In consequence the burden of his song is that thinking is allegorical; the equation just as much as the poetic metaphor is merely a symbol standing for some experience which we have not yet found a better way of describing. He gives us a sketch of the development of mathematics, progressing from geometry to the theory of numbers and trying to show the irrelevancy of emphasis on proof and the validity of the idea that mathematics consists of increasing subtlety in ways of thinking about spatial relationships. From this he goes on to establish certain correlations between different types of numbers and different types of characters. It is this specific linking up of mathematical elements with those in literature that we may suspect of being mere cleverness. It is taking advantage of coincidences to do verbal tricks. His theory of comedy (introducing a variable into the tragic equation) is no more convincing than Bergson's. His final conclusion that mathematics deals with relationships, literature with qualities, is not of much practical value in establishing a theory of criticism.

Mr. Buchanan's book is concisely and clearly written. It is stimulating and refreshing and not without the sanitary virtue of humor. It should be read by laymen who are interested in what is going on in mathematics and science in general.

Mr. Russell is handicapped from the start by excluding all living writers from his monograph in the *One Hour Series* on American poetry. The stretch from the Colonial days to the Twentieth Century renaissance is barren enough, and to it he brings no felicity of style or freshness of insight. From his chapter on modern tendencies one learns that he is very unsympathetic both to the themes and the techniques of recent writing. This

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is reflected in his inept treatment of Whitman, who, for influence alone, would demand a discussion of some length. Mr. Russell quotes "O Captain! My Captain!" as a show piece. The rest of Whitman's work is waved away as mere prose. It is not surprising to find this critic tepidly applauding Longfellow and Whittier for avoiding erotic themes. In an attempt at catholic appreciation of all of our homespun geniuses he is led to remark that Riley must have been a reincarnation of Sidney!

A study such as this runs the risk of being a mere catalogue. Mr. Russell's book hardly escapes this danger. His vision is not broad enough to detect and illuminate currents of feeling, his philosophy of criticism is conservative. Even a genuine understanding of the genius of Sidney Lanier does not raise the book above the level of an uninspired text.

One turns to Clement Wood's *Craft of Poetry* with some relief, for it is at least agreeably and colloquially written despite a slight tendency to obtrude his own personality. He has attempted to bring the verse manuals up to date, choosing his own illustrative material. With Mr. Wood, desire outruns performance. When it comes to a discussion of rhythm he adheres to a superficial marking of accents which shows he has drawn little from Lanier's masterly *Science of English Verse*. He is also apparently unacquainted with Edith Rickert's pioneer work in the analysis of style. He is obsessed by the rather obvious problem of archaic diction. On the whole he feels more surely than he thinks and, judging from examples chosen in this book, he could compile an interesting anthology of light verse.

The Poets and Music smacks of the doctor's thesis. It has the virtue of scholarly exactitude and the vice of being concerned with matters of minor interest. Kipling and Tennyson, it seems, were blithely inaccurate in the use of musical terms, Tennyson made his bugles "warble", Kipling "clashed" his brasses under the delusion that they were cymbals. The older poets were better musicians and Shakespeare in particular used musical similes and metaphors correctly and with magnificent effectiveness. This is a book for specialists and those interested in odd bits of knowledge.

H. R. HAYS

MEN AND MACHINES *by Stuart Chase* (MACMILLAN. $2.50)

AFTER weighing all the evidence which patient, statistical research could amass for and against the machine as an entity in present-day civilization, Mr. Chase has turned his back upon the positions taken by Disraeli, Wells, Spengler and Austin Freeman; he has spurned the fence upon which Dewey, Barnes and Ogburn sit restlessly; he has cast his lot—for his own reasons—with Henry Ford, Professor Beard and Doctor Will Durant. Mr. Chase has come to the conclusion that, when every factor has been taken into consideration, the machine has done mankind more good than harm.

This is his case. To say that the machine has enslaved man is to argue fallaciously. Not more than five percent of the total population of the United States, which is the world's most highly mechanized commonwealth, are engaged in true machine work. Not more than two hours each day are given by the average citizen to direct contact with machines, even when the category is stretched to include electric toasters, adding machines and typewriters.

The machine, it is true, has exerted a tremendous, indirect influence upon the culture of the western world. It has lengthened man's span of life (without necessarily prolonging the period of his maximum development); it has raised living standards for the total population to a peak never before attained; it has annihilated space so that international coöperation has been made (theoretically) possible. Furthermore, it has done away with

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old class distinctions; it has encouraged a healthy curiosity in causes which has undermined superstition and promoted scientific research; it has widened the circle of social sympathy and reduced cruelty as a social phenomenon; it has given man more leisure and a more extensive assortment of choices as to how he may spend it than ever before.

Against these manifestly desirable effects are to be balanced the undesirable influences of the machine. It has brought about a personal and regional specialization, a standardization, that has resulted in the development of a complex "nervous system" without which our social structure would topple. (A handful of expert technicians could cripple an entire city or state, perhaps a nation, by manipulating water and power systems.) It has placed a premium upon the exploitation of natural resources; over-production has led to the "foolish and expensive antics of high pressure salesmanship"; unemployment has followed the displacement of men by machines faster than they can be absorbed elsewhere; the machine has begotten instruments of war which, in the hands of a few hundred amateurs, could wipe out all England—or our own Atlantic seaboard.

When good and evil have been measured against each other, the good predominates, and this despite the manner in which man has allowed the billion horse power of the machine to run about unbridled. The task of the future will be "to break them to service . . . with nothing to guide us but our naked intelligence and a will to conquer".

You may not agree with Mr. Chase. You may argue that he has painted the picture in his own colors. You may even essay to wash those colors away in a stream of your own figures and illustrative instances. But a considerable portion of his pigmentation will remain to distort your own version of the situation. And the process of restoring much of his picture will surely alter, somewhat, the perspective of this Age of Power as you see it.

CHICAGO: THE HISTORY OF ITS REPUTATION *by Henry Justin Smith and Lloyd Lewis* (HARCOURT, BRACE. $3.75)

THIS is no dispassionate study of a *Middletown;* it is a surging, blowing account of the men and events that made Chicago the world's front-page city; it is the newest skyscraper among the books about this amazing commonwealth—Merriam's *Chicago,* Zorbaugh's *Gold Coast and the Slum,* Sullivan's *Rattling the Cup on Chicago Crime*—which have succeeded each other within the year. And it has no betters among them.

The events in Chicago's history have been too numerous to permit enumeration in a table of contents. The reader plunges into those preliminaries of the late Eighteenth and early Nineteenth Centuries which led to the founding of a city on the site of Fort Dearborn. He brushes shoulders and elbows with gigantic and hard men, short, slim and shrewd men, who came to the new town from all parts of the world. There are the Beaubiens, who begat large families to play prominent parts in Chicago's early development. There are Alexander Woolcott, Indian agent; John Wentworth, swaggering founder of the town's *Weekly Democrat;* Cyrus McCormick, owner of the industry that put thousands of reapers on the country's farms; there are Ogden, Wright, Deacon Bross, who did so much to rebuild Chicago after its great fire; Carter Harrison and the packing princes, Armour, Morris and Swift.

There are political conventions, the building of railroads, expansion of commerce and industry, fierce rivalry with other cities, crime waves as early as 1870, and the fire, a year later, that burns its way through the pages as it did through the bewildered city. The roll call of men and events is too extensive to permit recapitulation. All of them, from the humblest Pole to Big Bill, from the World's Fair to the ousting of Superintendent McAndrew, from the running uphill of its river to the shooting down of its striking laborers

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—all of them reflect the pace and attitude that is Chicago. That pace, that attitude is summed up in two statements which belong with each other, Carter Harrison's "The audacity of Chicago has chosen a star—and knows nothing that it cannot accomplish", and Henry Justin Smith's, "Forget it! What does it matter? On to the next thing! . . . Toss your troubles in the lake . . . Come on, boys, let's get this done!"

IRVING ASTRACHAN

THE ADVENTURES OF AN OUTLAW, *The Memoirs of Ralph Rashleigh, A Penal Exile in Australia, 1825-1844.* (CAPE & SMITH. $3.50)

MANY people will welcome this book as a story of horror, but a mistake has been made in offering it as an historical account. By murder, sudden and premeditated, by hangings, drownings, tortures, treacheries and defeats, the story strikes at the nerves of the reader. Rashleigh's adventures are evidently intended to exploit to its fullest the brutality of life among the convicts transported to Australia during the second quarter of the last century. It is well told. The English is simple and direct. There is a wise variety in the narrative. At timely intervals brief interludes of peace are offered to whet the appetite for further cruelty. In his singleness of purpose Rashleigh is a modern. His intention is to shock. By way of heightening the savagery which he is made to witness or endure, his character is represented as never having lost the finer sensibilities of a gentleman and a scholar. This device is effective but it makes the account less credible.

The publishers want this book to be considered as a record of fact. Their note states that the original manuscript, bearing the date of December 31, 1845, is written on "an aged foolscap of undoubted antiquity". It was originally cast in the form of a romantic novel. The publishers say they have merely translated the faded flourishes of the past into simple English. Joseph Wood Krutch, who wrote an introduction and a few notes for the book, did so without seeing the manuscript in its original form. For this reason he says he is unable to state what changes have been made. If the work is to be considered as a serious record, the publishers would seem to have been guilty of negligence in treating the editor in this way. Then there is a short foreword by the Earl of Birkenhead. He assumes that the account is genuine and adds, strangely enough, that "there is no just cause to feel shame that such experiences as are here recorded could befall Britishers". Bear in mind that the following description is only one of average horror in this story:

> This place of confinement was subdivided into cells, measuring about seven feet by four, and eight feet high, into each of which the men were literally crammed until the cell was packed tight with standing men, upon whom the doors were crushed shut, so that the men could scarcely move as much as an arm or a leg. In this condition they were left for the night. Imagination refuses to face the full loathesomeness of this sleepless, foodless, latrine-less state, of men herded in bitterness.

To this and similar passages the former Lord Chancellor of England replies that the sufferers were "rebels or criminals by nature". His attitude is in striking contrast to that of another famous jurist, Macaulay, when he wrote of the hardships of fellow subjects in the Black Hole of Calcutta. Finally there are the exciting, ghastly illustrations of Zhenya Gay. In every one of these the convicts are shown with shaven, emaciated heads, even when living as savages in the bush, when their heads are described in the text as being "overgrown with matted hair". This reviewer believes that less emphasis on the actuality of the story would not have hurt the book. Its appeal as racy, sadistic fiction should not have been clouded by its merits as history.

C. A. CHAPMAN

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE, LIFE MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, IN CO-OPERATION WITH THE PUBLIC LIBRARIES OF AMERICA

The two new titles listed this month were certain to appear, if for no other reason than the reputations of their authors and the popularity of their previous works. Noting that *The Cradle of the Deep* this month occupies the division in which its author and publishers maintain that it belongs, the non-fiction list, your reporter wonders why dramatic works, which are manifestly fictional, are arbitrarily assigned by librarians, booksellers and publishers alike to the same category. Surely *Strange Interlude* is fiction. For that matter, why are poems like *John Brown's Body* also classified as non-fiction? Of course, the answer is that we have narrowed the word "fiction" down to mean novels (or collections of short stories) and nothing else. And if the Editor of THE BOOKMAN will permit it, the proposal is here offered that the upper regions of this score be hereafter so labelled. —F. P. S.

NOVELS

1. ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT	*Erich Maria Remarque*	LITTLE, BROWN
2. SCARLET SISTER MARY	*Julia Peterkin*	BOBBS-MERRILL
3. DODSWORTH	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT, BRACE
4. THE BISHOP MURDER CASE	*S. S. Van Dine*	SCRIBNER'S
5. DARK HESTER	*Anne Douglas Sedgwick*	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
6. PEDER VICTORIOUS	*O. E. Rölvaag*	HARPERS
7. MAMBA'S DAUGHTERS	*Du Bose Heyward*	DOUBLEDAY, DORAN
8. A LANTERN IN HER HAND	*Bess Streeter Aldrich*	APPLETON
9. STORM HOUSE	*Kathleen Norris*	DOUBLEDAY, DORAN
10. YOUNG MRS. GREELEY *	*Booth Tarkington*	DOUBLEDAY, DORAN
11. THE CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA	*Arnold Zweig*	VIKING
12. RHINESTONES	*Margaret Widdemer*	HARCOURT, BRACE

GENERAL

1. HENRY THE EIGHTH	*Francis Hackett*	LIVERIGHT
2. THE ART OF THINKING	*Ernest Dimnet*	SIMON & SCHUSTER
3. ELIZABETH AND ESSEX	*Lytton Strachey*	HARCOURT, BRACE
4. A PREFACE TO MORALS	*Walter Lippmann*	MACMILLAN
5. THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP	*Joan Lowell*	SIMON & SCHUSTER
6. STRANGE INTERLUDE	*Eugene O'Neill*	LIVERIGHT
7. THE MANSIONS OF PHILOSOPHY *	*Will Durant*	SIMON & SCHUSTER
8. RASPUTIN	*René Fülöp-Miller*	VIKING
9. HOWS AND WHYS OF HUMAN BEHAVIOR	*George A. Dorsey*	HARPERS
10. MID-CHANNEL	*Ludwig Lewisohn*	HARPERS
11. JOHN BROWN'S BODY	*Stephen Vincent Benét*	DOUBLEDAY, DORAN
12. THE MAGIC ISLAND	*William B. Seabrook*	HARCOURT, BRACE

* *This title has not previously appeared in the Monthly Score.*

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BON VOYAGE

A Rambling Paper, Beginning with a Dream of Further Constitutional Amendments

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

IN THE words of John Bunyan, as I walked through the wilderness of this world, I laid me down to sleep, and as I slept, I dreamed a dream. In the dream the sky was red with the reflection of a thousand great bonfires, and about the fires there were tumult and shouting, and the chant as of victory. A man stood by my side, his face glowing with fervor. To him I turned to ask what the conflagration meant. Surveying me with eyes of cold suspicion he explained that it was the result of the application of the new Search-and-Seizure Law designed to put teeth into the Twenty-Second Amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

"The Twenty-Second Amendment!" I repeated in some bewilderment.

"Your levity is ill-timed," was his stern reproof. "Are you by chance a scofflaw? Or where have you been that you are out of touch with the great new spirit of uplifting reform, the onward march by which we have nearly attained perfection? Know, sir, that the Twenty-Second Amendment followed hard on the heels of the Twenty-First, which, adopted into the Constitution over the Presidential veto, forbids any American citizen to leave the country except on governmental mission or as an agent of that noble patriotic organization the Anti-Alien-Influence League.

"It was a hard battle," my companion went on, "but we won. Splendidly our Crusaders rallied behind the slogans 'See America First and Only', 'Keep the Dollars at Home', 'Spend It Where You Make It'. Cleverly our business men marshalled statistics proving the certain golden era of national prosperity when the money frittered away in London and Paris, Venice and Vienna, Monte Carlo and Montreal, Havana and the Bermudas, should by law be applied to the building up of Kansas and Idaho. Insidious influence had to be fought; the ignorance of the foreign element and, worse still, the selfishness of those native born 'patrinots' who persisted in clinging to what they called 'personal liberty'.

"But the Twenty-First Amendment was not enough. The poison lurked so long as there remained in our libraries and our homes the pernicious books descriptive of foreign travel. So the great and wise men of our land rushed through the Twenty-Second Amendment, which makes it a penal offense to write, publish, read, transport, or own any book descriptive of foreign travel or likely in any way to stir the spirit of unrest. The ban was extended farther. All books of Continental origin are, of course, strictly excluded, but in that spirit of broad toleration that has marked all of our activities there were certain exceptions in favor of English works. Some novels by Miss Burney, Scott, Thackeray, and Dickens have been allowed to survive, not of course as originally written, but retold from the American angle with the addition of sound moralities by young women of the School of Journalism at the University of Winnemac.

"That Amendment, too, involved its battle. Again there was a Presidential veto to be surmounted. But behold the hour of triumph! Ten million homes were systematically ransacked to find the fuel for those glorious fires that now flare against the sky."

"So the battle is won," I suggested.

His face darkened.

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"Not entirely. Despite our zeal and our care we were guilty of a serious omission. We overlooked the American Novel, and by so doing left open the flood-gates through which iniquity continues to pour in. Through the medium of American fiction there is a wholesale 'bootlegging' of 'foreign parts' to those who in their addiction to appetite and anarchy refuse willingly to accept our beneficent rule. But our work goes on, systematically and painstakingly. When next we issue our orders to Congress it will be with the accumulated evidence of the years. Just now we are engaged with the novels of 1929. Just as one pernicious example, typical of twenty others in the best-seller class of that year, take *Dodsworth,* by a certain Sinclair Lewis. Bearing the label of 'American fiction', it is a cargo of 'bootleg', just off the ship, and 50 per cent proof. Lewis is just one name on our Index. There are some other notorious offenders of his day: Edith Wharton, Booth Tarkington, Arthur Train, Gertrude Atherton, Fannie Hurst, Owen Johnson, Ernest Hemingway, Joseph Hergesheimer—to name only a few—all of them 'bootlegging' 'foreign parts' under the label of 'American fiction'".

Who knows? Perhaps the dream was not so extravagant after all. There is a type of travel book, rather conspicuous just now, that calls for the reproof of the sober-minded. Here, at hand, is one. To sum up Basil Woon's *From Deauville to Monte Carlo* (Liveright. $2.50), as a *succès de scandale*, is to carry on in the tone of the book, which is freely sprinkled with French expressions, some of which would be likely to astonish the French Academy. But Mr. Woon, author of *The Real Sarah Bernhardt, The Paris That's Not in the Guide Books, The Frantic Atlantic*, and *When It's Cocktail Time in Cuba*, is not in the least concerned with "the forty geese who guard the Capitol", as the cynic with a flair for allusion to Roman history called the august body that aims to preserve the purity of the language. Occasionally a Frenchman appears on the scene of his narrative, but for the most part the men and women who cross the glaringly lighted stage of the resorts of Normandy, of the Côte d'Argent and the Côte d'Azur are gathered from Park Avenue and Broadway, from Berkeley Square and Piccadilly, from Newport, Palm Beach, the Highlands, Madrid, and the South American Pampas. It is a picture of the froth of the world, furiously at play.

Yet what the book purports to do, it does well. Here is Deauville, sometimes called "Doughville" and again called the "City of Spectacular Sin", always the lotus-land of the lavish, its life revolving about the Casino, where the bank matches its piles of gold against the daring invaders from many lands and, in the long run, invariably wins. Here are Dinard, and La Baule of recent creation, Le Touquet, made famous by the present Prince of Wales, and Biarritz and Cannes, owing a large measure of their popularity to the Prince's grandfather, Edward VII; and, of course, Monte Carlo. Great names and notorious names abound, and the book teems with anecdote. Almost in the same breath are celebrated the King of Spain and Freddie Martin, cocktail-shaker extraordinary of the Deauville Casino bar, who has "the bearing of a bishop" and an uncanny memory for unpaid drinks.

But once Freddie came a cropper. Wishing to play a joke on him, two Americans got hold of a new arrival, an American who had come that morning from the New York boat at Havre. They whispered to him at length and finally this individual walked up to the bar. "Say, Fred," he said familiarly, "how much was that I owed last night?" Fred hesitated not an instant. "Two hundred and six francs, sir," he said blandly. In the anecdote is the book in epitome.

Thirty years ago Benjamin Ellis and Charlotte M. Martin published their *Stones of Paris*, the result of many years loving research in the city by the Seine. That work comes to

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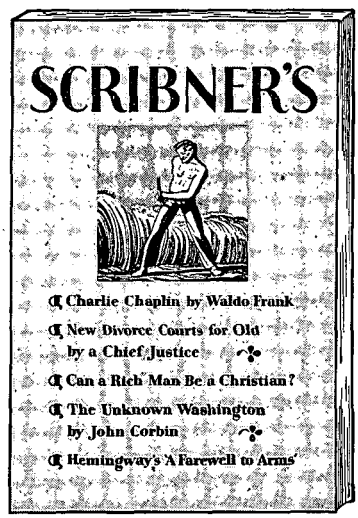

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mind in reading another book of American origin, George Slocombe's *Paris in Profile* (Houghton Mifflin. $4.00). Here is no mere survey of an hour of the garish Paris of the boulevards and the night life of Montmartre. The present is in evidence, but it is backed by a rich knowledge of the city's historic past.

To those who cling to the memory of Paris as it was in the later years of the Nineteenth Century and the pre-war years of the present century there is in Mr. Slocombe's book a pitiless threat. He foresees a Paris reverting to the catacombs of old, through which, in Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables,* Jean Valjean carried the inanimate Marius. Only the catacombs of the future are to be on a spacious scale.

Within ten years, Mr. Slocombe prophesies, the traffic congestion, which increases daily by a remorseless arithmetical progression, will have forced Paris underground. Four subterranean streets have already been planned by the Municipal Council. In ten years there will be forty. Then not only the Paris of the past, but also the Paris of today, the creation of Baron Haussman of the Second Empire, will be a thing of the past. The Parisians of the new age will inhabit vast pyramids of stone and concrete, connected by streets under the ground.

Naturally Mr. Slocombe pays his tribute to French cooking. His words are both reverent and wise. He pictures cooking, like old Gaul and period furniture, divided into its several parts. There is that of the court, when there was a court. Since the days of the monarchy it is largely a myth. Its splendid legend is occasionally revived, when foreign kings are entertained at the Elysée, or the wine-stewards and cellarmen of France dine together.

Middle-class cooking is like middle-class everywhere, solid and tireless. A turbot, a leg of mutton, a cheese, and a pear. But this is not the cooking of the real middle-class, the great burghers of Palzac, farmers of lands and farmers of taxes, the men who cooked a flock of geese *à la Bordelaise,* or a dozen turkeys *en salmis,* to entertain their southern tenants on rent days. That still exists, but is threatened by a changing world. *Paris in Profile* is a book likely to outlive the ephemeral hour.

Whether you are travelling actually or vicariously there is space in the hand-bag or on the shelf for Helen Henderson's *Cathedrals of France* (Houghton Mifflin. $3.00). That is, provided the Europe in which you are interested is not exclusively the frothy, Americanized Europe of Mr. Woon's previously discussed book. To *Cathedrals of France* the author brings experience and wide reading. There is a fund of sound information, admirably digested and presented. Of the one-hundred-and-fifty cathedrals of France, some twenty are described in detail. The very finest of them are those of Rheims, Chartres, Paris, Amiens, and Bourges, and among these Miss Henderson's personal preference is for Chartres. The great cathedrals were built between 1180 and 1240; work upon them began in the first years of the reign of Philippe-Auguste and declined in the early part of the reign of Saint Louis. The Middle Ages conceived the cathedral as the Bible of the poor; a name given to it in the Fifteenth Century. There, through their eyes, the simple and ignorant learned all they know of their faith.

The conventional tour of the Caribbean and the old Spanish Main, a thirty-day affair with stops at Nassau, Havana, Jamaica, the Canal, Cartagena, Curaçao, La Guayra and the ride over the mountains to Caracas, Trinidad, Barbados, Martinique, the Virgin Islands, Puerto Rico, and the Bermudas, is one that can always be safely recommended to the prospective traveller. Without journeying far from home various Old World civilizations may be sampled. There is one Spanish civilization in Cuba, and another in Panama and Colombia. Jamaica, Trinidad,

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and Barbados are as English in tone as the Isle of Wight. Fort-de-France of Martinique is to all practical purposes a French provincial town. The Danish influence still persists at St. Thomas. Wilhelmstadt, in Curaçao, with its canal and its funny toll-bridge might be a thriving little city on the Zuyder Zee.

Harry L. Foster, following the unbeaten as well as the conventional path, found in the Caribbean the suggestion for *Combing the Caribbees* (Dodd, Mead, $3.00). The book reflects his adventures in pursuit of color, his experiences as a roving vagabond with a lean pure and a convenient Mark-Tapleyan philosophy. Thus he visited Guadeloupe—where, marooned, the Mark-Tapleyan philosophy was highly serviceable — Martinique, Trinidad, the Venezuelan coast, and eventually Haiti, his ultimate objective. His testimony about the reaction of the Haitians to the American occupation bears out that of other recent books dealing with the subject, for example, W. B. Seabrook's *The Magic Island* published a few months ago. The Haitians accept and acknowledge its practical benefits but, proud of their "culture", find the personal attitude of Americans bitterly wounding to their pride.

To cap fittingly this rambling paper, here, ranging widely through two hemispheres, is *Bob Davis Abroad* (Appleton. $2.00). In the seventy sketches that make up the book the man who has been called "The Sinbad of the New York *Sun*" is at his mellowest. The trail of his humor leaves no wounded susceptibilities. He can be funny without irreverence; he has learned, what a good many self-styled American humorists have yet to learn, that every Englishman is not a butler, every Frenchman a cook, every German a barber, every Italian a waiter, and that the Scotch have contributed something to this world besides an example of rigid parsimony. The book sparkles with curious bits of relatively unwritten history. *Bob Davis Abroad* is good reading and sound humanity. It conforms to the Golden Rule.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS—(*Continued*)

time he keeps himself aloof from active politics, but the murder of two rebels in jail by the British sets him definitely on the Irish side. Coming out of the jail where he has seen the prisoners, he speaks to a meeting of patriots and is arrested for seditious threats. When his trial comes before the military courts, he is astonished to find that the judge is Colonel Blunt, his rival for Beatrice. The end of the trial is inevitable, and Francis joins Dermott.

The melodrama is skilfully handled. A new artist has joined the ranks of France's great writers.

WAR *by Ludwig Renn* (DODD, MEAD. $2.50)

HERE is another expression of the German soldier's life during the Great War, different in detail from other recent books of the same nature, but essentially the same: the impressions of a German infantryman from the 1914 advance into Belgium down to the Armistice. Without heroics, without frills, without even unifying his experiences into some sort of a philosophy, the author has set down the story of fighting, disease, misery and death, lit up here and there by flashes of grim humor which intensify, without alleviating, the tragedy. The style of writing is stark, with a tendency to bareness. Mr. Renn leaves the reader just as the war must have left him, and tens of thousands of his fellow fighters—dull, benumbed and devoid of all sensation and faculty to think.

THE SUN CURE *by Alfred Noyes* (COSMOPOLITAN. $2.00)

THE first incursion of a poet into the fields of novel-writing is always awaited with curiosity, and when the poet happens to be Alfred Noyes more than the usual measure of anticipatory eagerness is to be expected. Intending readers of *The Sun Cure* will not be disappointed in this happy-go-lucky story of Basil Strode, the curate of an English village. Salvation from his flatulent impeccability is thrust upon Strode when he loses his clothes, roams mother-naked over the downs for three days and three nights and finally gets arrested on a burglary charge. Mr. Noyes

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has arranged the farcical incidents with great skill and has made a vastly entertaining story. The book is more than a mere farce, however, for subtle humor and delicate satire are threaded into its texture. There are also certain passages of sweetness and beauty.

NIGHT FALLS ON SIVA'S HILL *by Edward Thompson* (DIAL PRESS. $2.50)

A CLASH comes between "Nicky" Lyon and her father when he refuses his consent to his daughter's love. By one of those coincidences that have served literature since the beginning, Nicky has fallen in love with the son of a man who had wronged her father before she was born. The book never seems to spring completely to life, and one wishes that Mr. Thompson had succeeded in endowing his characters with an *élan vital* which would justify their actions. There are some magnificent descriptions of Indian scenery, but both dialogue and prose are too plentifully peppered with italics.

ATMOSPHERE OF LOVE *by André Maurois* (APPLETON. $2.50)

TRANSLATED by Dr. Joseph Collins, Maurois's story, if it can be called that, deals first with a man's love for a weak, pleasure-loving woman and, later, a strong woman's love for the same man. The book is written in the form of two long letters, one written by Marcenat to Isabelle, and the other written by Isabelle to Marcenat to whom, by this time, she is married. It is a beautifully told story, as one expects from the pen of so versatile a writer as the author of *Ariel,* but it lacks a great deal of the naïve charm that pervaded the pages of the latter.

THEIR OWN DESIRE *by Sarita Fuller* (DOUBLEDAY, DORAN. $2.00)

WHILE Beth Cheever and Henry Marlett, novelist, think they are renewing their youth in an overwhelming passion, their children pay the piper. Lucia, Henry's daughter, is the most tragic figure. Clear-thinking, sportsmanlike, she is let down by her father, her mother, her lover. It is a heart-breaking story of the consequences that sometimes follow in the wake of broken homes.

THE GOD WHO DIDN'T LAUGH *by Gleb Botkin* (PAYSON & CLARKE. $2.50)

TOSHA STAVROFF entered a Siberian monastery as a novice just after the Revolution. His childhood conception of the Deity had been that of a jolly sort of God who would laugh and gleefully see the funny side of things. But later, on the eve of ordination, he encounters the God who does *not* laugh, and leaves the monastery for ever, torn between the sense of freedom gained and the loss of something very precious. The descriptions of Tosha's struggles for closer communion with his God, and the bitter fights between the flesh and the spirit are entirely convincing. Mr. Botkin has himself been a novice and draws vivid pictures of monastic life—"that fantastic, abnormal world, with its lugubrious sanctity, brutal cynicism and absurd sophistry".

PAYING GUESTS *by E. F. Benson* (DOUBLEDAY, DORAN. $2.50)

MR. BENSON here describes with delightful satire a group of people taking the cure at Bolton. Banded together at Wentworth, an establishment run by the genial Mrs. Oxney, the half-dozen characters are submitted to a ruthless scrutiny, with hilarious results. Particularly choice are two scenes—a bridge game that will afford malicious delight to all victims of the self-elected bridge authority and an account of five people tactfully trying to make conversation without, by the slightest suggestion, bringing to mind a recent embarrassment.

WHITE NARCISSUS *by Raymond Knister.* (HARCOURT, BRACE. $2.50)

RICHARD MILNE wants to marry Ada Lethen, but her stubborn sense of duty will not allow her to leave her parents, who have not spoken to each other for many years, though living in the same house. Mrs. Lethen's very soul seems to have been absorbed into the white narcissus round which the household revolves. Fortunately for Richard and Ada, Mr. Lethen, two pages before the end, conveniently upsets the bowl of narcissus and thus breaks the sombre spell that had descended on the family. Whether symbolic or realistic, an atmosphere of gloom such

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as Mr. Knister has attempted to create through two hundred odd pages is very difficult to achieve. Especially difficult to manipulate, granted that such an atmosphere has been successfully sustained, is the convincing ray of sunshine which shall clear away the clouds. The author's intentions are clear, but he requires more technical skill to realize them.

LAST NIGHTS OF PARIS *by Philippe Soupault* (MACAULAY. $2.50)

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS has translated an excellent example of the post-dada fashion in French fiction. M. Soupault has written a mystery story, but it is not the solution of the crime —the dismemberment of a rival lover by a sailor—that holds the interest; the real mystery is the character of the little prostitute, Georgette, who happened to witness the aftermath of the murder. But Georgette is not just Georgette. She comes to be the essence of Paris. *Last Nights of Paris* is the story of the mystery of a great city. M. Soupault has written charmingly on his themes of chance and strangeness: he strives, as Kenneth Burke says of writers in general, in order that the reader may relax. His story glides through the mind like a dream, facile, astonishing, strange, and like a dream it vanishes, leaving behind a pleasant after-taste of having adventured in "Paris and her supple and silent nights—Paris and her folds, Paris and her faces".

EXTRA GIRL *by Stella G. S. Perry* (STOKES. $2.00)

THE thousands of movie-struck boys and girls who flock to Hollywood each year furnish as good material for drama as those who have already reached the top. *Extra Girl* tells the story of these, the ones who stick it and those who go under, the ones who quit and the regulars who play "bits".

ROUX THE BANDIT *by André Chamson* (SCRIBNER'S. $2.00)

A SIMPLE TALE, simply told. At the outbreak of the war, Roux, a young peasant of the Cévennes district of France, wandered away to the hills to avoid doing his military service. The peasantry, not sympathizing with his pacifist ideas, outlawed him and called him The Bandit, although he had never robbed or killed. Unable to live in the village, he stayed throughout the bitter snowstorms up there in the hills, with no food but what he could make from deserted rye fields. After a while, some of the peasants learned that it was a belief in the unholiness of war and not cowardice that kept him from joining the colors. One by one the villagers were brought to see his side of the case, but this did not prevent his being sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment.

André Chamson has made a fine story out of this simple legend and the language is not unlike that of Merimée at his best. It is translated by Van Wyck Brooks.

SUZY FALLS OFF *by Cecil Barr* (BONI. $2.00)

"A GIRL'S virtue is a narrow plank: once she falls off she can never climb back again"—such was the philosophy of Suzy. Her attempts to keep her balance in Paris and later on a motor trip to Biarritz form the theme of this story. Her adventures are numerous and some of them most amusing.

VALLEJO KITTY *by Ann Knox* (CENTURY. $2.50)

KITTY, young and beautiful but with no name, drifted into the easiest profession. Through one of her lovers she made a substantial sum of money. She then started out to attain respectability and marrying into the peerage reached her goal.

THREE *by Pamela Frankau* (DOUBLEDAY, DORAN. $2.00)

FLORIO, a small town on the Italian Riviera, seems to have a strange effect on the English colony there—they lose all sense of perspective. In particular, this is what happens to Janet James, spinster, twenty-seven, and soon to be married. This latter fact, however, in no wise interferes with her affair with an Italian Count and it is this affair with which the story is mainly concerned—the affair and its subsequent effect on her fiancé and on the colony of Britishers.

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BLACK SUN *by Aben Kandel* (HARPERS. $2.50)

"SOMEBODY stole my life", is the refrain of Michael, the sensitive, ingrown journalist who intends to be a poet, but finds himself caught with prosaic Louise in the trap of marriage and parenthood on the salary of forty dollars a week. His only pleasures are his surreptitious passion for Janet—independent, lovely, inspiring—and his love for Peter, friend of his own vagabond days. In them he sees life as it might be and is again quickened to the cry: "Somebody else is living my life". Hard, shining clarity and strength are in this book.

OLD MISS *by T. Bowyer Campbell* (HOUGHTON MIFFLIN. $2.50)

A PICTURE of life in Virginia over a period of seventy-five years, beginning in the year 1811; the south of vast plantations, loyal Negroes, gracious masters and mistresses, endless visitings from one plantation to another. A picturesque period, it centers in the life of Charlotte Stepleton as child, demure bride, disappointed mother of girls and finally as Old Miss, undisputed manager of the plantations during the prolonged absences of a peripatetic husband. The times change; the railroad comes, and lastly, the war. The book is a memorable picture of the period.

THE REBEL PASSION *by Kay Burdekin* (MORROW. $3.00)

ACCORDING to the quotation from Gilbert Murray on the frontispiece of the book, the rebel passion is pity. According to the author, man's first sin is cruelty.

Kay Burdekin, through visions revealed to Giraldus of Glastonbury, monk with the soul of a woman, in the seventh year of the reign of King Stephen of England, shows the growth of pity in the heart of man. Through this unique and effective method, she interprets a series of significant historical events beginning with the first man, continuing through the present age, then ventures to prophesy the future development of the world for a period of twelve hundred years. There is beauty of style, and a rare, mystic quality in the writing. On the whole, *The Rebel Passion* is an unusual and stimulating book.

Detective Fiction

THE COPPER BOTTLE *by E. J. Millward* (DUTTON. $2.00)

AN excellent story employing an unusual method of solution. In reconstructing the crime, Fork, an astute detective, reveals an astounding knowledge of those who commit the "perfect crime". The author knows the art of writing a well-constructed mystery tale.

THE PERFECT MURDER CASE *by Christopher Bush* (DOUBLEDAY, DORAN. $2.00)

A NOTE to the newspapers and Scotland Yard indicating that a "perfect murder" would take place at a stated time and spot did not prevent its occurrence. But after many months of weary searching ex-detective Franklin got his man, only to lose him again. A good beginning and a swift ending.

INSPECTOR FROST'S JIGSAW *by H. Maynard Smith* (DOUBLEDAY, DORAN. $2.00)

THE sudden descent of Scotland Yard upon a peaceful little hamlet to solve the shooting of Mrs. de Morville causes much village gossip and conjecture. Inspector Frost, brightly arrayed in plus-fours, together with his assistant Billy Smith, unearths a couple who add murder to their petty thievery.

THE MAN WHO RANG THE BELL *by Milward Kennedy* (DOUBLEDAY, DORAN. $2.00)

CORNFORD of the C. I. D. and Mr. Merriman, landlord of the Tenby Close apartments spar warily over the stabbing of a man found outside the door. A tenant, Merriman, discovers the murderer long before Cornford does, but for obvious reasons refuses to disclose his information to the Inspector.

THE POISON PLAGUE *by Will Levinrew* (MCBRIDE. $2.00)

WHEN more than a score of people have been killed with cyanide in a prosperous city and martial law has been proclaimed to prevent wholesale riots, Jimmy Hale, reporter on the

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Herald, gets his college chum, Matthews, to persuade Professor Brierly, a brilliant scientist, to get to the bottom of the mysterious poisonings and help restore order. How the murderer, who kills for sheer enjoyment, is traced and apprehended provides a good plot.

DAREDEVIL *by Leslie Charteris* (DOUBLEDAY, DORAN. $2.00)

KIT ARDEN, ex-soldier of fortune, head of the Special Branch of the London police, upsets the plan of a shrewd megalomaniac to blow up the Parliament Buildings, extract £5,000,000 from the Treasury, and otherwise terrorize the entire city. A book full of thrills, excitement and chuckles.

THE SHADOW AND THE STONE *by Laurence W. Meynell* (APPLETON. $2.00)

THE theft of a precious stone, generations ago, from the eye of an African idol; a modern setting, in which an organization of criminals starts a rebellion amongst African negroes to obtain possession of the stone; the adventures of Charles Felstead and Jean Chambers.

THE NORTHING TRAMP *by Edgar Wallace* (DOUBLEDAY, DORAN. $2.00)

OCTOBER JONES, the belle of Littleburg, New York, marries a hobo, to fulfill the terms of her father's will, and gets entangled in her new husband's escapades—including a cross-country chase. He later turns out to be a Canadian member of the British peerage. Mr. Wallace's picture of American life is hardly authentic, but he manages to fill his story with pleasurable excitement.

BEWARE AFTER DARK *by T. Everett Harré* (MACAULAY. $2.50)

AS MR. HARRÉ has suggested in his introduction, the modern detective story, no matter how gruesome, is frothy compared to many of the old stories of mystery and horror. He has gathered in this book twenty-one short stories, each one composed by a well-known writer, masterpieces of mystery and horror fiction. Not recommended for people inclined to hysteria.

THE DEATH FEAR *by Wyndham Martyn* (MCBRIDE. $2.00)

JOHN ADDISON, prominent New York financier, is beset by a nameless fear that he will explain to no one. After an attack on his life the police are thrown off the scent; but Anthony Trent, millionaire sportsman and amateur criminologist, is not fooled. He starts an investigation, in the midst of which Addison disappears. Undismayed, Trent digs deeper and finally locates both the missing man and the would-be murderer.

THE DUKE OF YORK'S STEPS *by Henry Wade* (PAYSON, CLARKE. $2.00)

INSPECTOR POOLE is called in on the murder of Sir Garth Fratten and in the course of his investigation bares a family secret that bodes ill for the dead man's son. Towards the end an unexpected discovery gives the book a clever turn.

THE RIDDLE OF THE ROSE *by W. B. M. Ferguson* (MC BRIDE. $2.00)

A MODERN mystery story centering about the ghost of Barsac de Rose, a medieval warrior, who supposedly haunts a suit of armor. By the body of each victim is found a red rambler rose and, as the murders go on, terror increases.

HELL'S LOOSE *by Ronald Pertwee* (HOUGHTON MIFFLIN. $2.00)

INGENIOUSLY protecting his find, the formula of a substitute for gasoline, ex-Commander Robert Shaftoe is able to save England from annihilation. The climax, a description of London in the hands of outlaws who fire all the gasoline supply-tanks, is probably a fair picture of any large city of the world as it might be under similar conditions, despite the presence of armed troops to preserve order.

THE SANFIELD SCANDAL *by Richard Keverne* (HARPERS. $2.00)

BURIED in the Castle Tower for eleven years, the Sanfield family's secret had been safely kept. But the theft of certain documents from their solicitor's safe wrought havoc. Richard Borden,

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self-elected investigator for the family, undertakes to solve the problem. He and the attractive sister of the local physician uncover a smooth blackmailing scheme and recover a diamond necklace, after three men have been killed.

THE NEEDLE'S KISS *by Austin J. Small* (DOUBLEDAY, DORAN. $2.00)

THE water-front in London, with police dragnets, cocaine peddlers, doubtful night clubs, a Chinese mandarin in the Limehouse section, and the abduction of a wealthy girl. The C. I. D. comes out top-hole after eight long chapters of keen sleuthing, which reek of horrors and murders.

SEALED ORDERS *by John Goodwin* (PUTNAM. $2.00)

A STORY of the race for a fortune between a young girl and a gang of scheming crooks, with action ashore and afloat. Felicia Drew, that obstinate red-headed heiress-to-be, and Anthony Kirkpatrick, a hard-boiled young sea captain, take a hair-raising trip on the rum-running *Arrow,* and discover other things besides hijacking and murders. Recommended.

MYSTERY AT SPANISH HACIENDA *by Jackson Gregory* (DODD, MEAD. $2.00)

RAPIDAN, who loves to roam the Western prairies in his little house on wheels, runs across a mystery involving a ranch that he has bought. He saves an innocent lad from being hanged, and becomes infatuated with an imperious Spanish señorita. A good story of riding, shooting and romance.

BETWEEN TWELVE AND ONE *by Vernon Loder* (MORROW. $2.00)

SUICIDE or murder? Nine guests of the persuasive Mr. Cupolis, who had invested in his stupendous project, learn of their host's untimely death and all are suspected. A brilliant bit of investigation and deduction by Superintendent Cobham solves the apparently impenetrable mystery. A well-constructed story with human interest, action, and romance.

THE MURDER IN THE BROWNSTONE HOUSE *by Wilson Collison* (MC BRIDE. $2.00)

A BRILLIANT if somewhat unlegal account of the trial of Jerry Belden, accused of the murder of May Marnes, a successful Broadway gold-digger. The evidence, while purely circumstantial, is damning, and it is only through the cleverness of Jerry's counsel that the real murderer is caught.

THE INVISIBLE WEB *by H. Ashton-Wolfe and Edmond Locard* (STOKES. $2.50)

TAKEN from police documents, these ten episodes show how the "Invisible Web", or Intelligence Department of France, works in crime deduction. Both authors are expert criminologists. One does not find here the carefully balanced detective-fiction plot, but stories weird almost beyond credibility.

THE MYSTERIOUS PARTNER *by A. Fielding* (KNOPF. $2.00)

WHEREIN Inspector Pointer explains the ghostly laugh of Dame Anne, and rounds up the murderer of Edgar Danforth of Farthing Hall.

HELP YOURSELF TO HAPPINESS *by Frank R. Adams* (MACAULAY. $2.00)

THE story of the strange romance of Peter Bernaberry and Anne Harkness, who meet under the shadow of a murder and a missing bride. After various adventures these two characters find the key to happiness through a plausible coincidence.

THE ROMAN HAT HYSTERY *by Ellery Queen* (STOKES. $2.00)

INSPECTOR QUEEN and his son, Ellery, score another victory in bagging the murderer of Monte Field, blackmailer and unscrupulous New York lawyer. A problem in deduction, in which the clues are all too few, and the fate of the murderer cleverly concealed in a silk hat. There is no let-up in action, and the chances are slight that the reader will strike on the guilty one until Ellery Queen gives it away at the very end. Entertaining and original enough for the most particular crime reader.

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THE BOOK MART

Before we enter upon another season of selling books in the auction room, it might be well to consider what has happened in the last year, leaving out of consideration the amazing Kern sale, which had a standard of values all its own. The significant thing is that the prices of some of the books sold in that sale have since been surpassed, not only in sales in this country, but in England. While the American auction season closed earlier than is usually the case, the English season lasted into August this year with important sales at which record-breaking prices were paid. Particularly noticeable was the advance in prices of manuscripts and autograph material. At the Panter sale at Sotheby's in London on July 11th an autograph letter of one page from Oliver Goldsmith to Mrs. Thrale, written about 1773, was bought by Maggs Brothers for £1,300 ($6,500). Some years ago Maggs owned this autograph letter, having then bought it for £40 ($200). The whole history of last season's sales is a story of increasing prices, and to indicate to speculative collectors anything more than the general trend of book and autograph prices would be like giving advice about buying stocks in the present bull market.

Yet it is pretty safe to say that the one best bet today is George Bernard Shaw, the Irish dramatist who admits that he is the greatest since Shakespeare. Anything even remotely connected with him appears to be of interest. During the last year Shaw first editions, manuscripts, letters and postcards written by Shaw have brought more than $250,000, which is more than he can have received in royalties from his publishers. And this in spite of the fact that Shaw is constantly writing to friends whom he knows to possess some of his writings, advising them to sell "before the market breaks". It has shown no signs of breaking—in fact, has not even cracked. The recipients of these postcards generally add them to their collections of Shavian literature rather than turn them into cash.

Shaw letters were becoming appreciated before Frank Harris sold to Gabriel Wells, the American dealer, the letters in which Shaw told Harris exactly what he thought of him, but it was this sale a year or so ago that started the real Shaw boom. Mr. Wells, scenting a "find", went to Dobell's shop in London and asked if they had any Shaw letters. They had a big bundle of very frank letters which Shaw had written to Janet Achurch, the actress, about her plays, helping her over many difficulties. Then came the sale of the Shaw letters to Ellen Terry, an extensive correspondence for which an American collector paid $20,000. Just before Mrs. Campbell appeared in *The Matriarch* Shaw advised her to sell all her inscribed copies of the books he had given her, some of which contained no less than five or six pages of comment and criticism. A copy of *The Dark Lady of the Sonnets* was inscribed "To His Dark Lady of the Sonnets from G. B. Shaw". Mitchell Kennerley, who has been abroad all summer to start his sons in the publishing business in London, claims one of the largest collections of Shaviana in existence. This includes scrap books with Shaw's letters to the newspapers and fugitive contributions, mostly unknown; letters, essays on political and religious problems, and hundreds of postcards written by Shaw about his books. It is not surprising, therefore, that the first book published by Mr. Kennerley's boys should be *Adventures with Bernard Shaw* by Dan Rider, the London bookseller who fought the London landlords in favor of rent restriction and beat them. Rider once bought a whole attic room full of Shaw material, including most of the manuscript of *Love Among the Artists,* for one pound.

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How long the present demand for handsomely-printed books is going to keep increasing the number of "private" presses which are turning them out—this is a question only to be answered by time. It would seem, however, that the number of "private" presses (which are, in fact, commercial) is sufficiently large to supply the demand for new limited editions of old favorites in literature. The exhibition of "Fifty Books of the Year" which has been given at the New York Public Library in conjunction with a similar exhibit of British-made books, will be fruitful in promoting the interest in good printing. But there is considerable confusion in the public mind regarding the private press. Most people are inclined to regard the Kelmscott, Doves, Merrymount and other famous presses as "private" presses, which they distinctly were not, being conducted as commercial enterprises, although each may claim to be private in the sense that the quality of the output was largely due to the dominating force of an individual and original mind. The history of these has been written, the latest being George Parker Winship's account of the Merrymount Press, a thoroughly workmanlike piece of writing.

Although A. Edward Newton some time ago announced *This Book-Collecting Game* as his swan-song he has come forth again with another burst of melody in *Thomas Hardy, Novelist or Poet?* a privately printed quarto of some fifty pages, with a portrait and facsimiles, in which he discusses the place in literature of this great figure of English literature. The entire edition, with the exception of a few copies reserved by the author for presentation purposes, is to be sold and the profits are to be forwarded to the committee in England having charge of the erection

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THE BOOK MART

of a suitable monument to Thomas Hardy, either on Egdon Heath or elsewhere. The edition is limited to 950 copies and the letters reproduced in this volume are an important addition to Hardy literature.

Publication of the Isham Collection of Papers of James Boswell, which has been undertaken by William Edwin Rudge, will not be materially delayed, it is understood, by the sudden death of the editor, Geoffrey Scott. The death of Mr. Scott, which happened soon after returning from England to resume his work on the Boswell Papers, is a distinct loss to literature. Born in England in June, 1885, and a student at Rugby and Oxford, taking all the literary prizes at the university, he made a name for himself by his brilliant writings, and the Boswell Papers would have been the cap-sheaf of his career. Six of the possibly sixteen volumes have already been published, and Mr. Scott read the page proofs of four more before going to England. He was a very systematic and methodical worker, and the "Journal", as he called it, is all in his handwriting, giving a very clear idea of what he intended to do with the remainder of the volumes and considerably simplifying the task of his successor. Mr. Scott had been for years at work on a Life of Boswell, which was to be published by Harcourt and which, with the additional light gained from the Isham Papers from Malahide Castle, would have been definitive.

It is too early to make any forecasts or predictions regarding the coming auction season, except that it is not likely to produce anything as sensational as that of last season. It is fairly safe to say, however, that the prices of rare books will not diminish and that a good many English books will be sold in the American market.

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Best Poems of 1928 *edited by Thomas Moult* (Harcourt. $2.50). British and American magazine verse; decorations by John Austen; pleasant; conservative.

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